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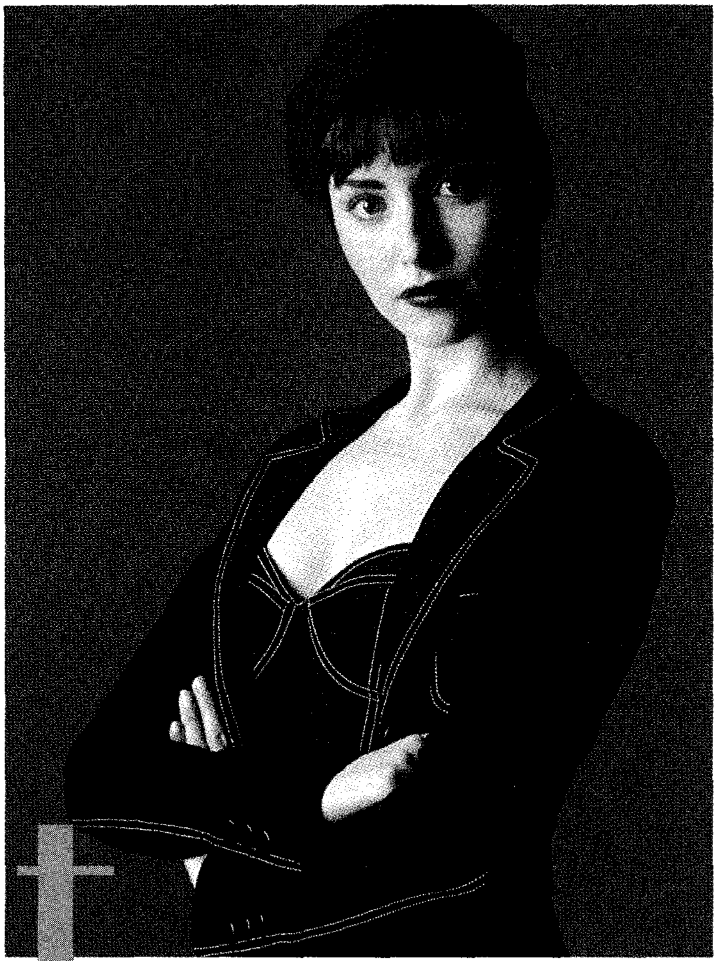

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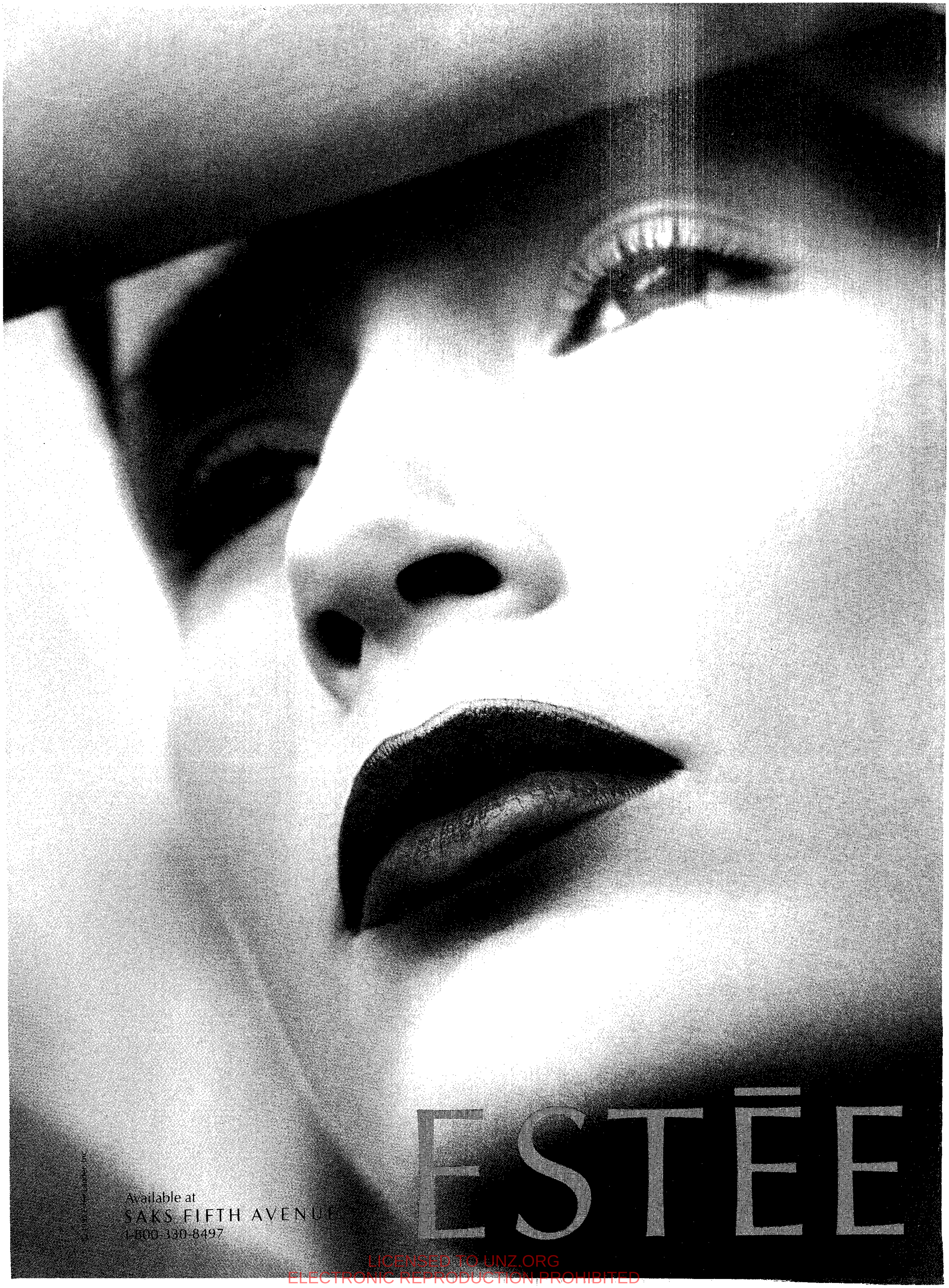
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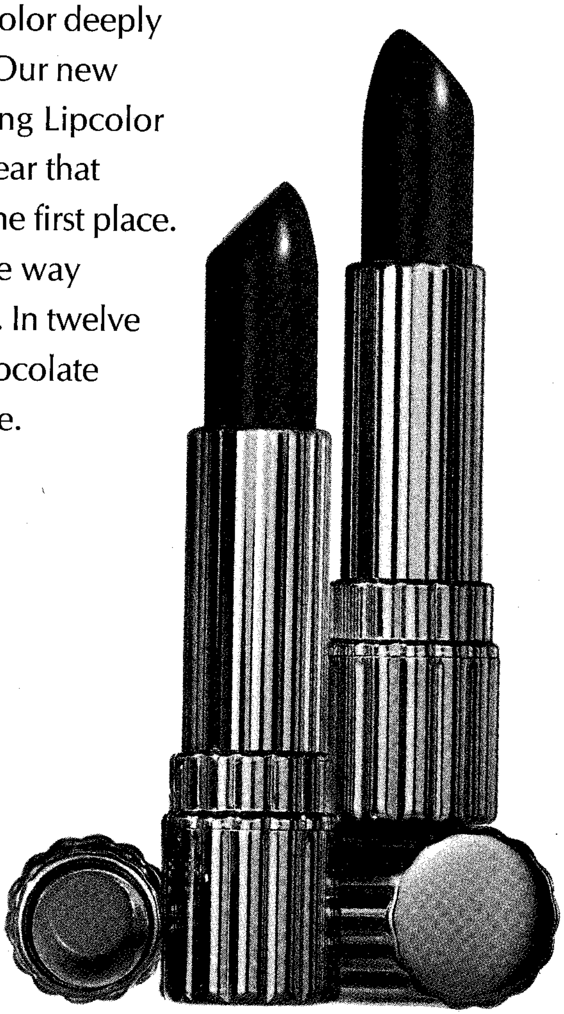

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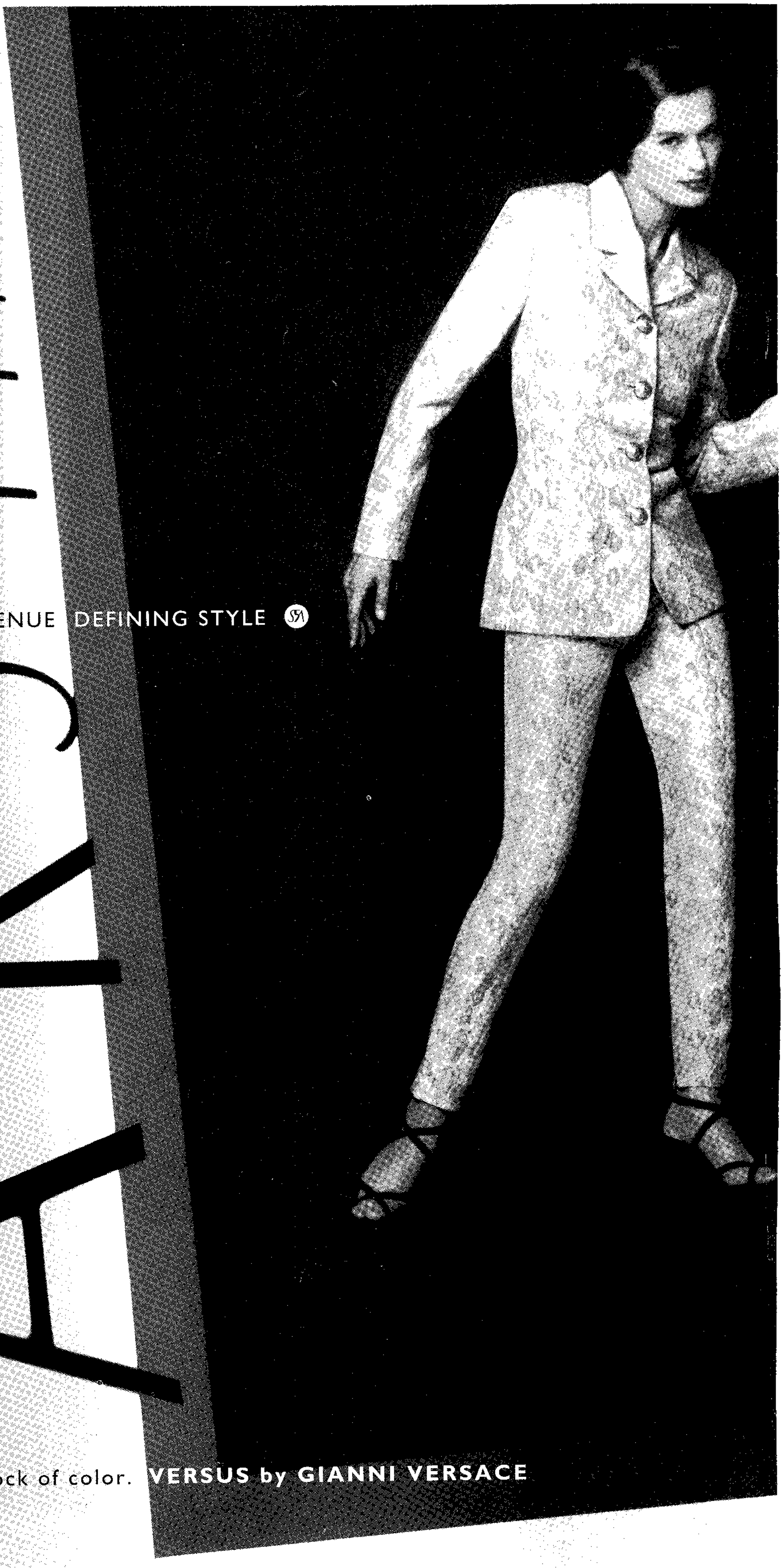SAKS FIFTH A

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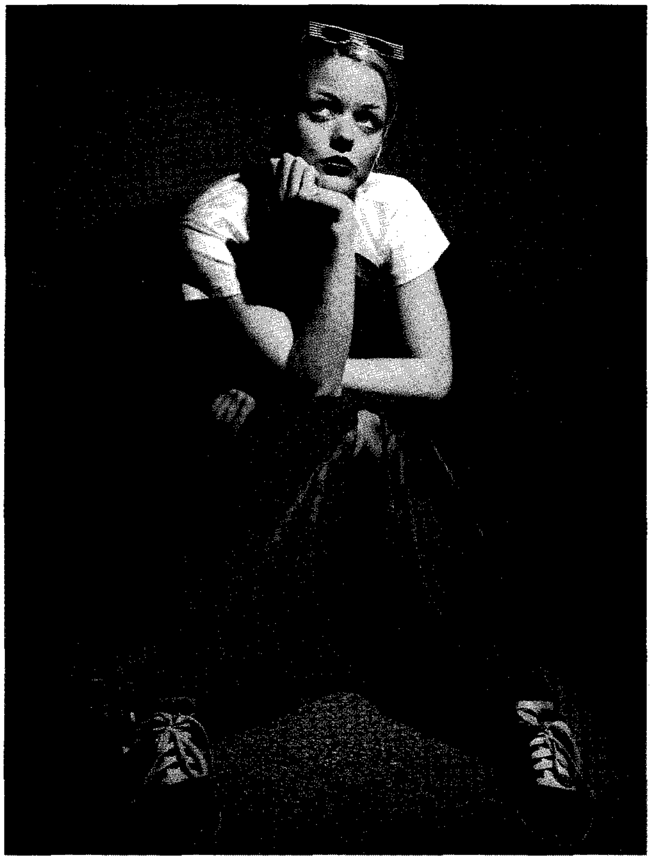

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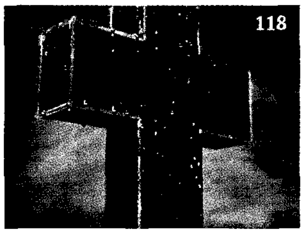

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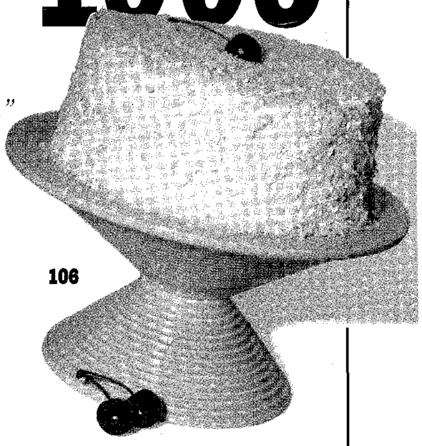

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FEBRUARY 27, 1995—VOL. 28, NO. 9. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-880-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

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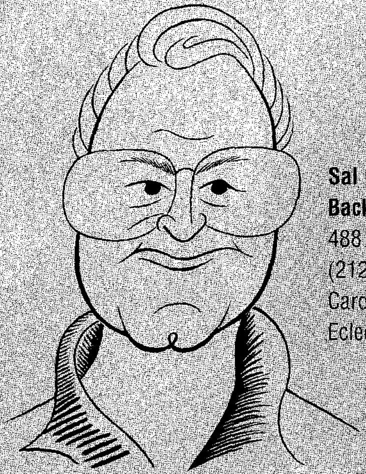

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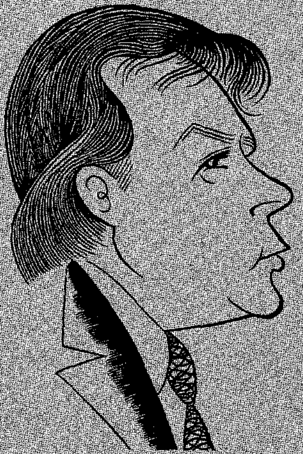

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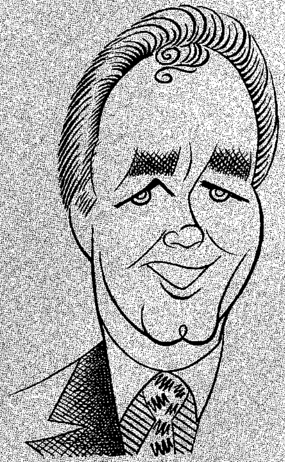

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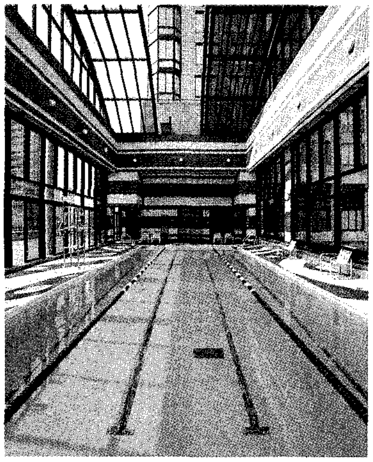

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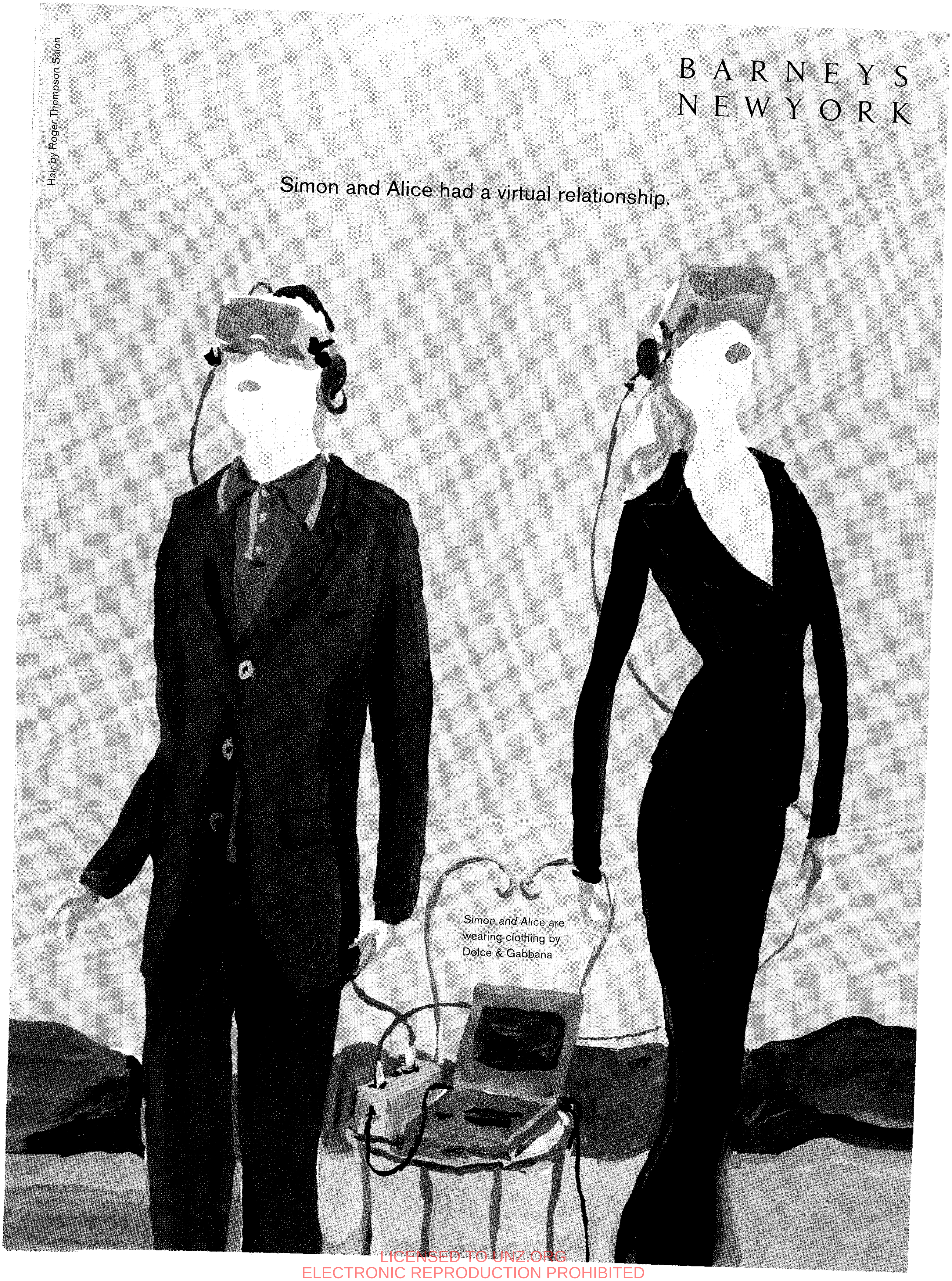
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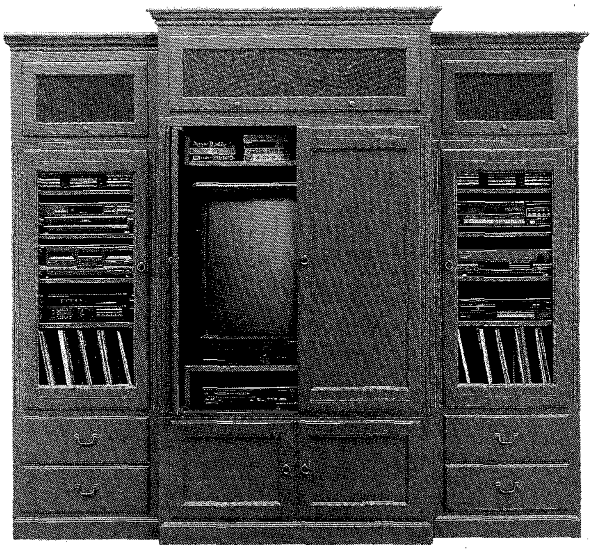

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Heard on The Street

Everything that is amplified in New York—aspiration and failure, glory and indifference—is paraded on the streets and sidewalks of New York. Forget Broadway, forget Lincoln Center, forget the Met. Long walks are the quintessential local entertainment. There are reasons for this. Wealth and its absence are felt most acutely in the street. Energy is most palpable as Grand Central fills, as the Staten Island Ferry empties. Tears fought back in the glare of office fluorescents come freely in the glare of Fifth Avenue. An immigrant positions himself on the sidewalk with an entrepreneur's leaflets, courting apathy.

Roger Rosenblatt

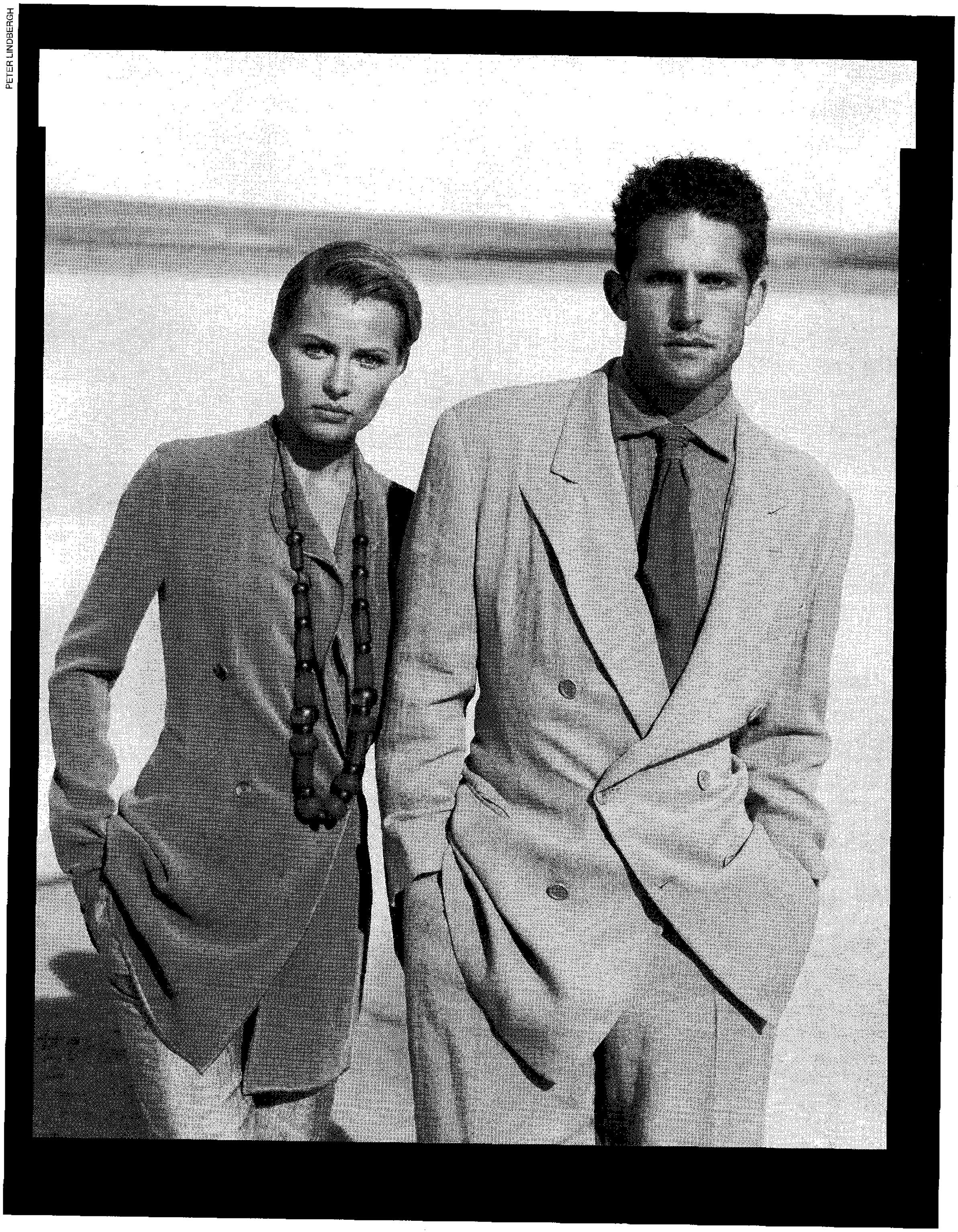
"People forget that a city exists only outside," says Roger Rosenblatt, age 54, who joins *New York* this week as a contributor with the first of his "Citizens" columns.

"It's the part of the city that justifies why we live here, so the idea for the column is to just go around and look at New York. I'd like not to hold it to one neighborhood, and there will have to be connections between the columns. Tony (the subject of this week's column), for example, will appear again a few months down the road. I'll look at the middle classes, people who run shops, the upper classes."

The style as well as the subject of the column excites Rosenblatt. An essayist and playwright whose most recent book is *The Man in the Water,* he prefers an approach that is modest, digressive, discursive. "The journalism I most admire," he has written, "is that which . . . focuses on a steady condition or continuing process. If one wants to learn about America's poor, one ought not to look at some spectacular event like a city street riot or a march on Washington. The poor are poor all the time." ■

Terry Arthur/Gamma-Liaison.

PETER LINDBERGH



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LETTERS FEBRUARY 27, 1995

Mind Over Matter

Readers decide on the best minds of our generation; how much Newt is enough; paraphrasing Pablo Picasso; the ADL responds.

THERE'S AN UNINTENTIONALLY HUMOROUS mistake on your "100 Smartest New Yorkers" [by Ariel Kaminer, Larissa MacFarquhar, and Liesl Schillinger, January 30] cover. With the gears touching each other as depicted in the illustration, three of the four gears would immediately lock, and none of the four gears would be able to move.

Could it be that the illustration is intentional, a metaphor for your interpretation of "smartest"? Your criteria seem to rest solely on one's ability to amass a fortune. This often requires the ability to ignore the far-reaching consequences of one's selfish actions. Locked gears might be an appropriate depiction of this mindset.

Marguerite DelGado
HOBOKEN, N.J.

I WOULD LIKE TO SOCK IT TO MISA CHANG with one of her wet noodles now that I know she is the founder and instigator of the shove-a-menu-under-your-door movement. Please provide her home address in your next issue so thousands of New Yorkers can shove their annoying and unwanted menus under *her* door.

Rita Fabac
MANHATTAN

ALFONSE D'AMATO? ONE OF THE 100 smartest New Yorkers? You sure you didn't mean the 100 most corrupt New Yorkers? Your definition of intelligence is so broad, I'm surprised certain fire hydrants did not qualify.

Sparrow
MANHATTAN

AMERICAN MENSA LTD. (THE INTERNATIONAL high-I.Q. society) was happy to see your article on the smartest people in New York. Although Mensa's sole criterion for admission is a score on an I.Q. test in the top 2 percent, we do indeed recognize that there are many kinds of smarts that cannot be measured by paper-and-pencil tests. Some day, perhaps, there will be measures by which we can identify other-than-traditional intelligence. Until then, it's nice to see all of the other kinds recognized in your article.

Abbie F. Salny, Ed.D.
American and International Supervisory Psychologist, MENSA
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

IF CENTRAL PARK ADMINISTRATOR ELIZABETH Barlow Rogers is so smart, why has she been unable to devise a way to loosen the grip of the taxi industry and free Central Park from the perilous abuse by hundreds of taxis, cars, and limousines regularly speeding through it?

Lori Vendinello
MANHATTAN

IT WAS PUZZLING TO NOT SEE MILTON Glaser and Clay Felker included in your list of the 100 smartest New Yorkers. After all, had they not founded *New York* Magazine, where would you be?

Eva Doman Bruck
MANHATTAN

YOU LEFT FRAN LEBOWITZ, A LONGTIME New Yorker and a genius in her own right, off your list of the 100 smartest New Yorkers. I'm sure it was just an oversight on your part.

L. Sullivan
QUEENSBURY, N.Y.

Equal Time

YOUR SO-CALLED CARTOON "BAD Publicity" of January 2 ["Late Hit: Meanwhile, in the Bunker . . . ," by Larry Doyle and Kyle Baker] was stupid and pointless. The real problem, however, is that it was totally unfunny. I would appreciate some equal time for dumping on the hypocritical "Contractors" of the reactionary right, particularly Newt Gingrich, in order to show some semblance of impartiality on your part. I don't buy your magazine to get the New York version of Rush Limbaugh, and if you insist on keeping up your trashing of President Clinton, I won't buy your magazine anymore.

Joyce Weinstein
MANHATTAN

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO YOUR COVER attributed "everything Newt Gingrich hates" to the death of the Mafia ["Did the Counterculture Kill the Mob?" by Jeffrey Goldberg, January 9]. Then you ran an article on the folks down in "Newt country" ["Why America Hates New York," by Tad Friend, January 23]. Are you guys obsessed with this guy, or what?

Gordon M. Henry
MANHATTAN

Words of Art

IN HIS REVIEW OF THE FRANZ KLINE exhibit at the Whitney Museum ["Art: Power and Melancholy," January 16], Mark Stevens writes, "Early viewers of his pictures called them 'melted Mondrians.' " It's doubtful more than one viewer came up with that remark, but I'm certain the first had read John Richardson quoting Picasso, who, when shown reproductions of Willem de Kooning's paintings, said, "They look like melted Picassos."

George E. George
MANHATTAN

Answering Anti-Semitism

IN NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S FEBRUARY 10 "Letters" column, there was a letter asserting that what is wrong with New York City "is a four-letter scourge known as Jews. . . ." Is *New York* trying to assure the Jews of America that anti-Semitism exists? Hardly necessary, since the evidence is all around: The Anti-Defamation League just recorded the highest number of anti-Semitic incidents in the history of our annual audit.

If *New York* felt obligated to publish such a letter, you had an even more compelling responsibility to comment editorially about an American citizen who felt entitled to bare his disgusting anti-Semitism in a national publication.

Abraham H. Foxman
Anti-Defamation League
MANHATTAN

Editor's Note: New York printed the letter referred to by Mr. Foxman because we felt a need to acknowledge the distressing number of anti-Jewish letters received in response to the story "Why America Hates New York" (January 23). Mr. Foxman is right, however: We should have made it clear that we found the views expressed in the letter both offensive and inexcusable.

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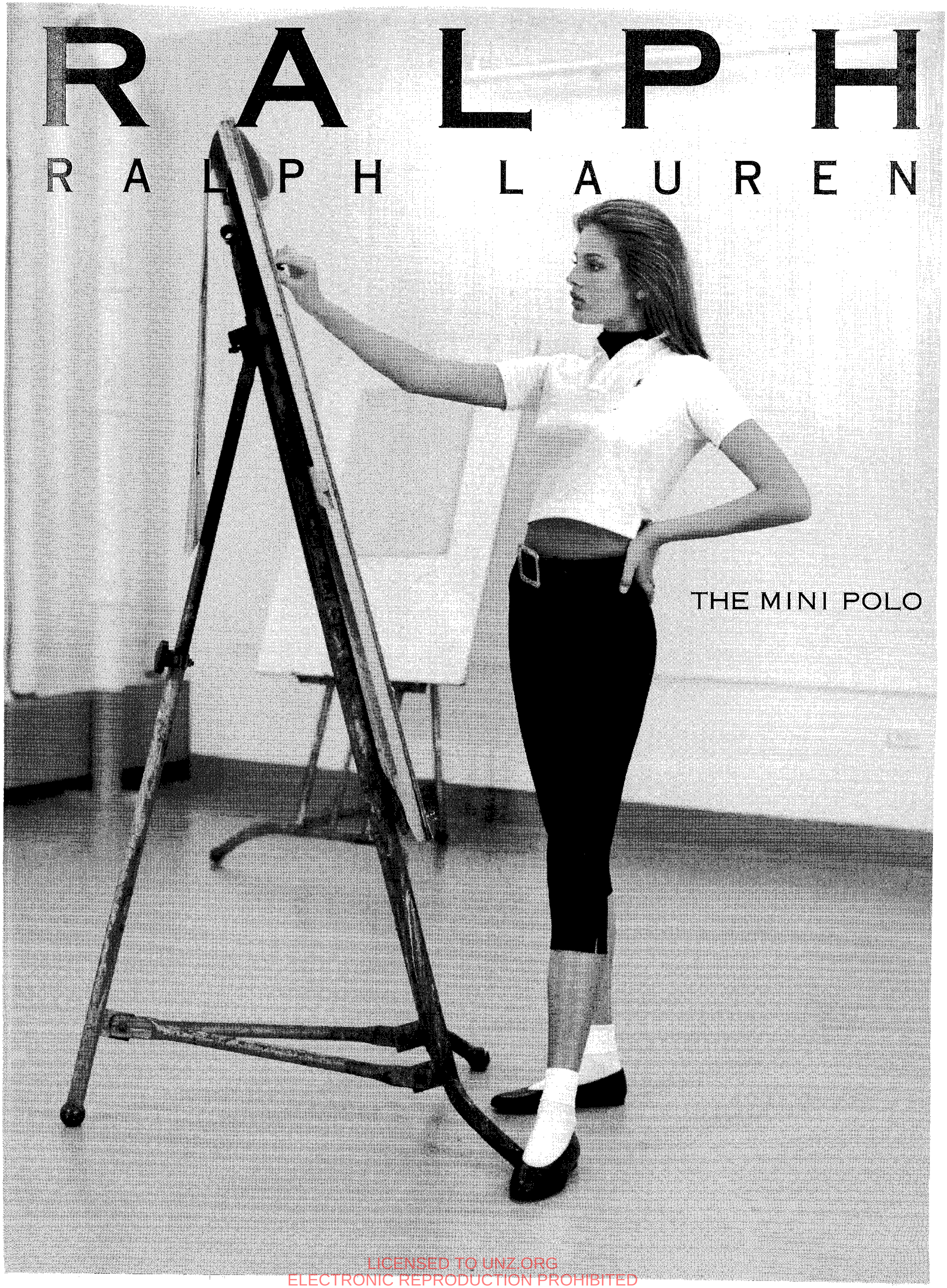

RALPH
RALPH LAUREN
THE MINI POLO

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

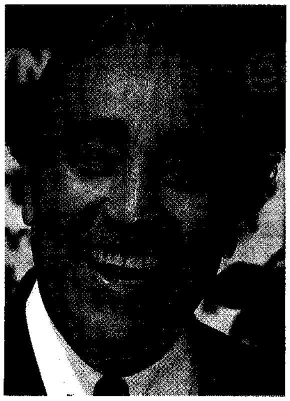
INTELLIGENCER

PORK, THE OTHER EMPOWERMENT MEAT

When Harlem, Washington Heights, and the South Bronx were declared a federal empowerment zone in December and promised $300 million over the next ten years, the immediate result was an outbreak of local pols eager to empower one another. In one recent battle, Bronx Borough President **Fernando Ferrer** has been trying to unseat Bronx Congressman **Jose Serrano** by getting salsa band leader and sometime politician **Willie Colon** to run against Serrano in the Democratic primary next year. Serrano incurred Ferrer's wrath by failing to support his battle against Harlem Congressman **Charles Rangel,** who wanted to exclude the South Bronx from the zone. Rangel, one of the chief sponsors of the empowerment legislation, has attempted to take total control of the money, sources say, but has run into a problem. "When he was running for Congress, he kept telling people he would end up as the chairman of Ways and Means," one source says. "But then the Republicans took over, and all he had left was this money. The black and Latino communities haven't been this politically divided from each other and among themselves since before David Dinkins."

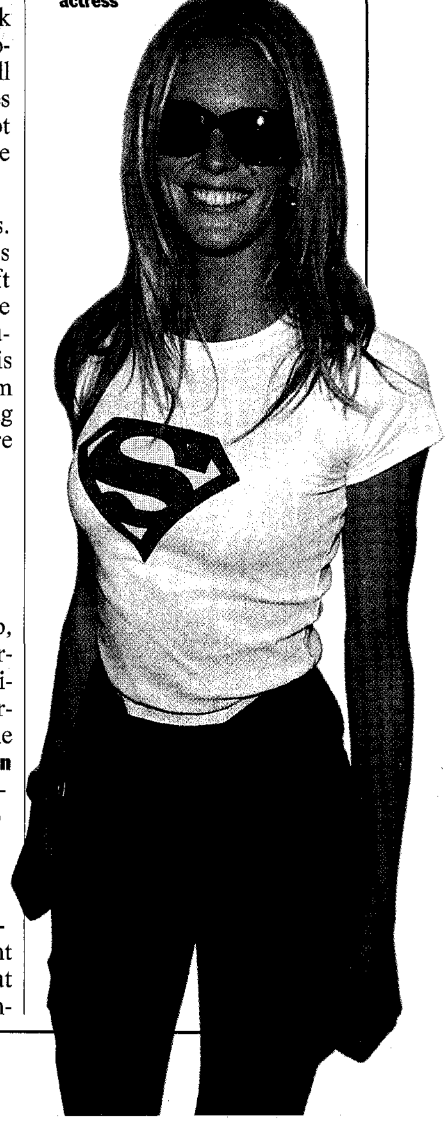
MIRAMAX PRESENTS BRONTË'S *JANE ELLE*

Franco Zeffirelli, who's making a film version of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre,* is suffering from the same problem as Brontë's hero Rochester: too many women. Zeffirelli, known for maudlin, opulent Metropolitan Opera productions and the movie *Romeo and Juliet,* hired the increasingly underemployed **William Hurt** to play Mr. Rochester, French femme fatale **Charlotte Gainsbourg** as Jane, and British actress **Elizabeth Hurley** in the smaller role of Blanche Ingram, Rochester's pre-Jane interest. When Hurley backed out ("She only wanted to play Jane," says a source), Zeffirelli hired a lesser-known actress to play Blanche? Then Miramax's **Harvey Weinstein** came onto the scene with the money needed to finish the $13 million film and, as usual, a few suggestions. His first: why not **Elle Macpherson**—with whom Weinstein has a multi-project deal—as Blanche. One screen test later, Macpherson had the job. Nevertheless, Hurt, who had already been reported at odds with Zeffirelli on the set, was furious about the switch. "He was so mad," says a Miramax insider, "that he blamed Zeffirelli and refused to speak to him for most of the shoot." Weinstein has a different memory of the situation. "Elle and Bill Hurt got along great. But Bill and Franco squared off every day over interpretation. Bill likes to rehearse. Franco likes to shoot." Says an insider: "It was not a happy situation to see them work together. I hope I never have to see anything like it again."



Charles Rangel,
power wrangler

Elle Macpherson,
actress



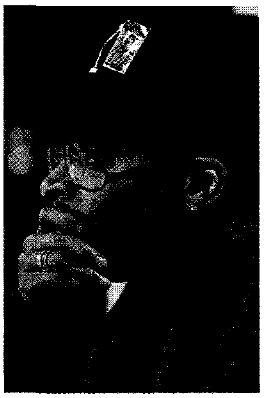
IT'S NORMAN'S TIME

Norman Pearlstine had kind words for **Walter Kiechel** in the memo replacing him as managing editor of *Fortune* last week, but sources say the new Time Inc. editor-in-chief (pictured right) had been down on Kiechel ever since he took over the magazine just nine months ago. Kiechel had wanted *Fortune* to be less newsy and more service-to-the-executive oriented, but sources say Pearlstine wants it to compete more directly with *Forbes* and *Business Week* and has conveyed that idea to several top editors. Kiechel has been replaced by executive editor and former Pearlstine lieutenant at the *Wall Street Journal* **John Huey**—who, according to insiders, was told he would be succeeding Kiechel long before Kiechel learned he was moving to the 34th floor. Kiechel, in fact, was told only a few days before the announcement. Meanwhile, the uncharacteristically abrupt management change has reignited rumors that Pearlstine plans to bring in still more *Wall Street Journal* alumni—**James Stewart** is a frequently mentioned name—and play musical chairs with the rest of the Time Inc. top editors. Time spokesman Peter Costiglio denied that other changes were in the offing.

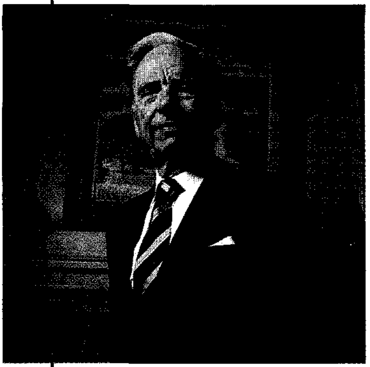
EYEWITNESS: O.J. SEEMED UPSET

Two weeks ago, Ron Shipp, the former LAPD cop and former **O. J. Simpson** friend, testified that Simpson seemed surprisingly composed on the night after **Nicole Brown Simpson** was murdered. But Mark Partridge, a 40-year-old Chicago lawyer who happened to be sitting next to Simpson on his return flight from Chicago to Los Angeles the morning of June 13, has a different story. Partridge says that Simpson certainly was un-

Photographs: top, Frances M. Roberts; bottom left, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders; bottom right, David Allen/LGI.



Spike Lee,
big fan



Rupert Murdoch,
big man

nerved about his wife's death. "At the start of the flight he appeared visibly upset," recalls Partridge. "I never felt during or after the flight that it was an act; he was genuinely shaken. . . . I think he behaved the way I would have if I heard the same news." **Steve Valerie,** the passenger who sat next to Simpson on the flight *to* Chicago, told *New York* last summer that the ex–football player had no cuts on his hands, but Partridge reports that on his flight the next day, Simpson's right middle knuckle was "cut and raw. There was no bandage and no scab." Partridge says he called the LAPD and the defense within a week of the murders, and that only the latter showed much interest in him. The police did not bother calling him until nearly four months later. Partridge will appear as a defense witness.

MIKE MCALARY'S DEEP O.J.

Daily News columnist **Mike McAlary**'s headline grabbing in the O.J. Simpson case seems to have caused the rift among private investigators working for the defense team. Former partners **John McNally** and **Pat McKenna** are no longer talking to each other, and a third investigator, **Bill Pavelic,** is on the outs with McNally as well. What happened? McAlary (pictured left) wrote a series of columns last September that made the others believe McNally, a seasoned Staten Island private detective, was his source. Within weeks, McNally was on his way home, but he insists he was just taking a hiatus from the case to save Simpson money: "I was suddenly asked to take a pay cut, and I wouldn't. They owed me $22,500." McNally says he planned on returning but claims a January 4 McAlary story that cited "East Coast sources" and skewered Shapiro made him the target of suspicion again. "After that column, I knew I wouldn't be back," says McNally, who denies that he was the source for the columns. McNally is not the only one claiming that McAlary harmed him. A January 30 McAlary story harshly criticized Pavelic's work for the defense team. But Pavelic claims that McAlary never bothered to contact him about that story. "I've never heard from him or met him. He didn't have the intestinal fortitude to contact me. Everything he wrote about me is totally false." McAlary did not return calls.

SPIKE'S LAYUPS; JOHNNIE'S CLIENTS

RECORD BREAKING: The long search for a president of beleaguered RCA Records may finally be over. After being turned down by music agent **Tom Ross,** RCA parent BMG is about to announce that the job will go to the president of BMG Canada, **Bob Jamison,** sources say. BMG–North America chief **Strauss Zelnick** interviewed "just about everyone" for the job, the sources claim, which would mean intramural competition with BMG's other offspring, Arista Records, headed by superstar president **Clive Davis.**

THE SPIKE THING: How much would **Spike Lee** pay to play with his heroes, the Knicks? As much as $10,000, perhaps. Lee will be taking the court—a makeshift one anyway—with **Patrick Ewing,** several other Knicks, and former Los Angeles Laker **Magic Johnson** March 19 at an AIDS benefit called March Magic, sponsored by the Robin Hood Foundation and the Magic Johnson Foundation. The temporary court will be constructed in the Sheraton Hotel, site of the benefit, and other patrons like Lee who buy the high-priced co-chair package will get to mix it up with sports stars. Besides Ewing and Johnson, other co-chairs of the event are Knicks coach **Pat Riley** and Rangers captain **Mark Messier.**

A DIAMOND BY ANY OTHER NAME: Sources say that actress **Martha Plimpton** (pictured below), former girlfriend of River Phoenix and daughter of Keith Carradine, has become engaged to actor **Jon Patrick Walker,** who just opened Off Broadway in *The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)*. The two met while working on *subUrbia.* No wedding date has been set.

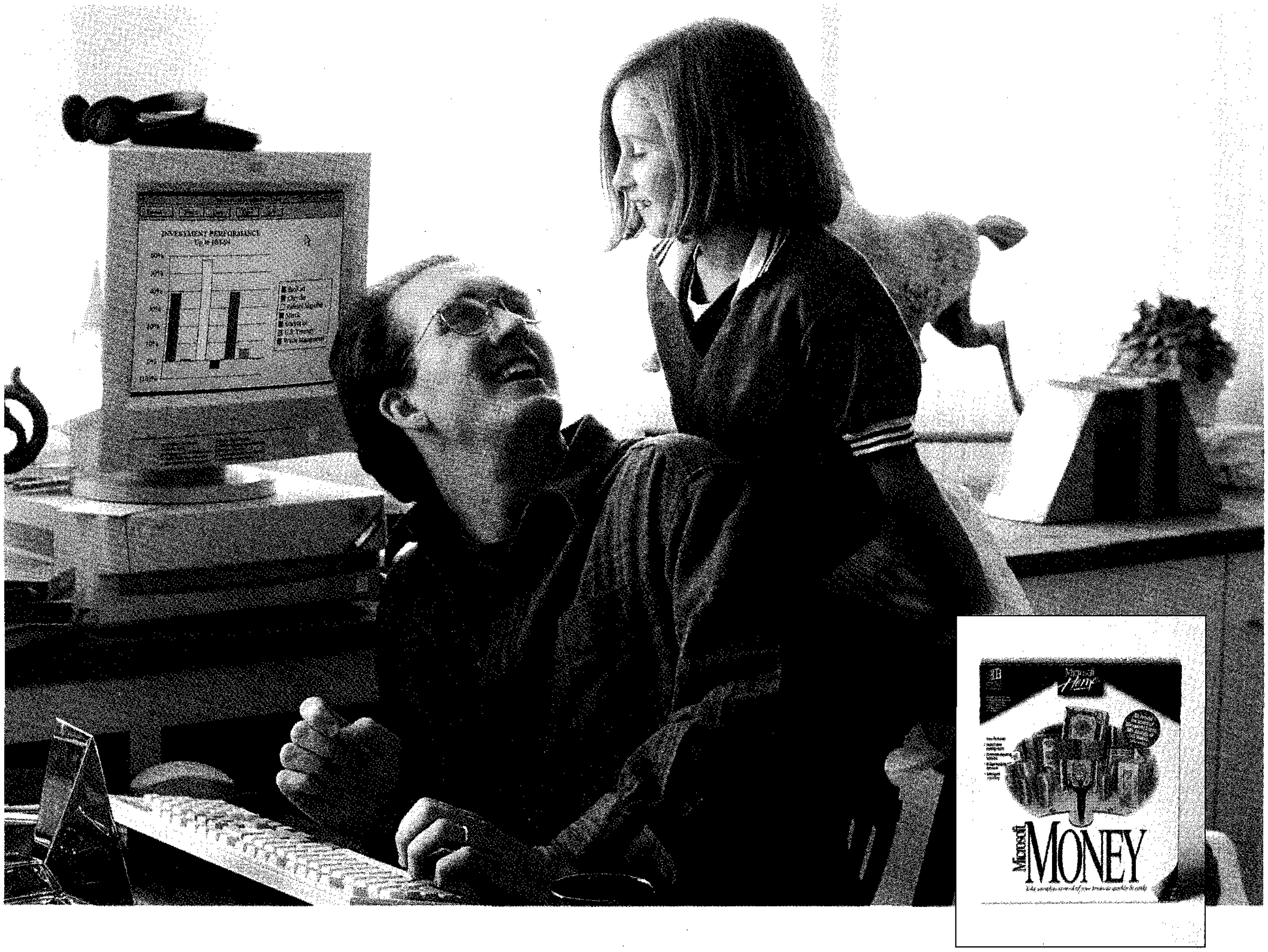
THAT'S NOT HIS CLIENT: L.A. *Über*lawyer **Johnnie Cochran** recently hosted a party introducing the entertainment division of his law firm. L.A.'s top black talent turned out, including **Eddie Murphy** and **Michael Jackson** and **Lisa Marie Presley.** Does this mean that Cochran, who handles criminal matters for Jackson, has wooed him away from his longtime entertainment lawyer **John Branca**? "Johnnie put out a brochure with lots of names on it, including Eddie's and Michael's. They're Branca's clients. This is just Johnnie's ego run amok."

ABE AND NBC: VERY STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Abe Hirschfeld, turbocharged millionaire gadfly and former momentary New York *Post* owner, seems to have made an unholy alliance with NBC in its battle against **Rupert Murdoch.** Hirschfeld says that he is about to embark on an advertising campaign, asserting that Murdoch obtained his waiver from the Federal Communications Commission to own both the *Post* and Fox 5 under false pretenses. While there is nothing formal between the real-estate mogul and the network, Hirschfeld claims to have spoken to NBC about his plans to attack their mutual enemy and to have exchanged legal papers. NBC recently went after Murdoch in a complaint to the FCC claiming that his Fox network is illegally foreign-owned. Hirschfeld's concern is the *Post.* "Mr. Murdoch claimed that he was the only willing and able buyer for the New York *Post,*" Hirschfeld says. "But I was a willing and able buyer then, and I still am a very able and a very anxious buyer today." Hirschfeld has met with the P.R. firm Hill & Knowlton about his proposed ad campaign, which he'd like to start this week. "Remember," he says, with customary hyperbole, "my last ad campaign got Pataki elected."

Photographs: top left, Mitchell Layton/LGI; top right, Mitchell Gerber/LGI; center left, Amy Etra/Outline; bottom, Joseph Marzullo/Retna.

ME & MY MOUSE



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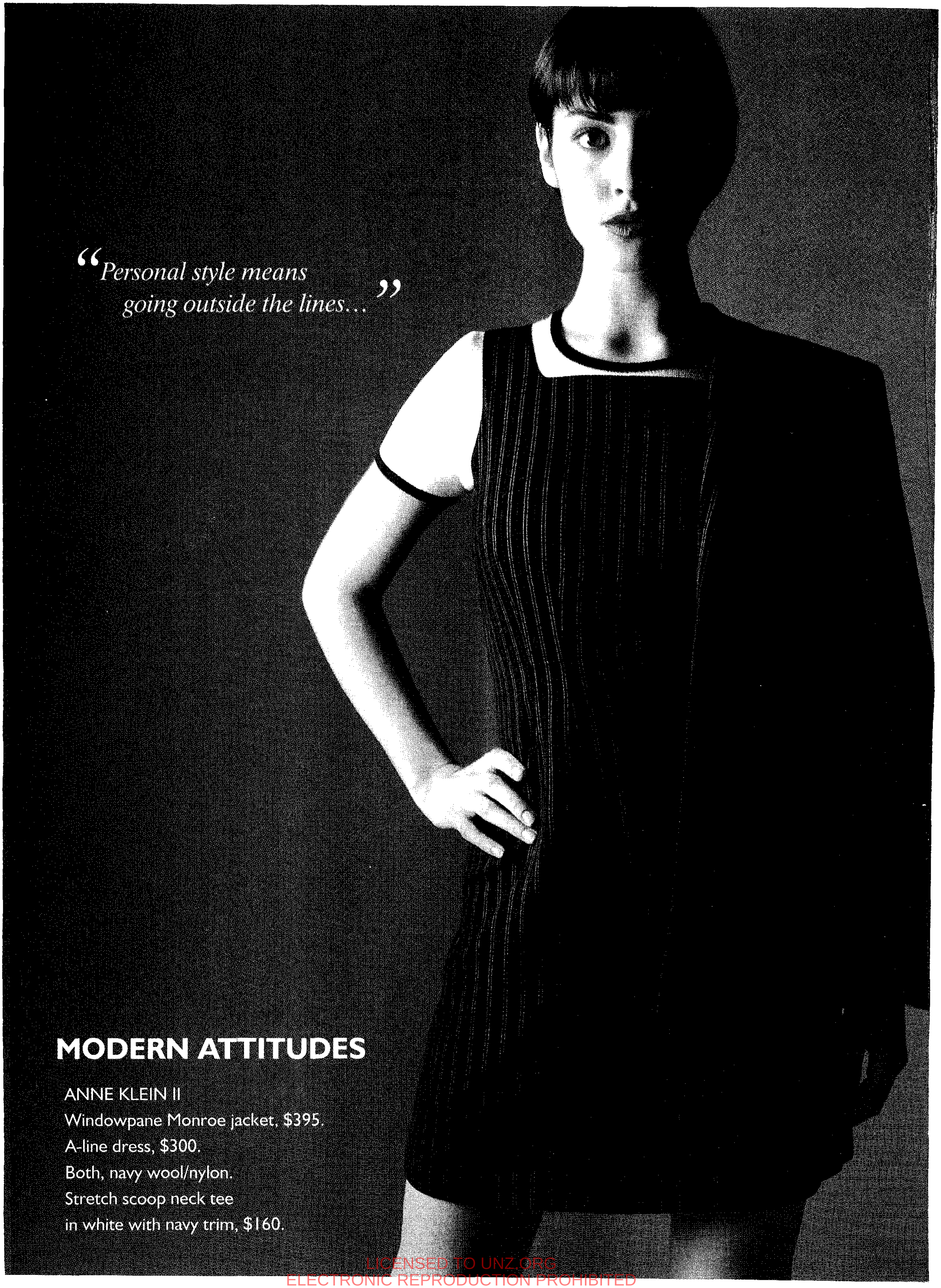
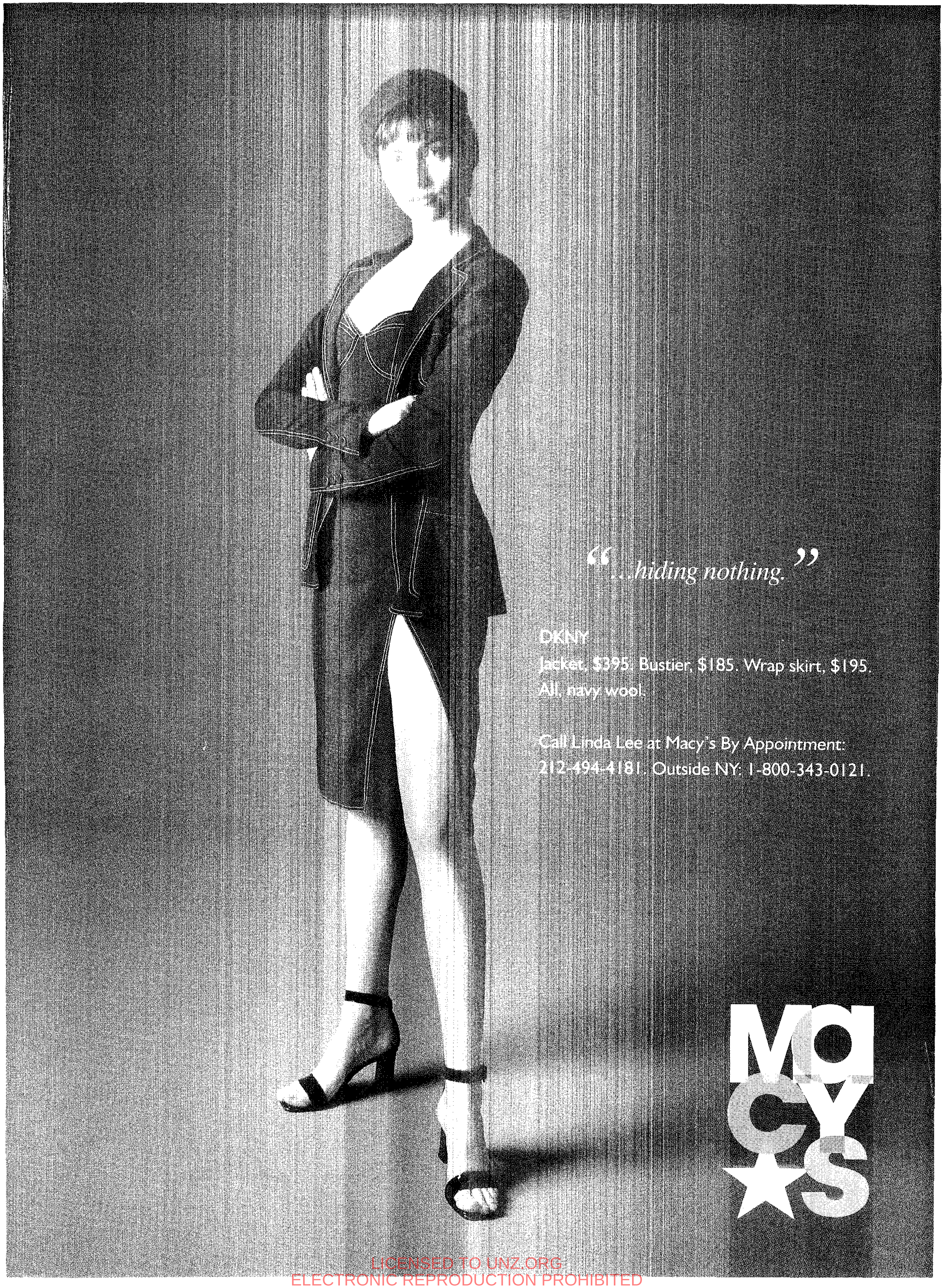


“Personal style means going outside the lines…”

MODERN ATTITUDES

ANNE KLEIN II
Windowpane Monroe jacket, $395.
A-line dress, $300.
Both, navy wool/nylon.
Stretch scoop neck tee
in white with navy trim, $160.

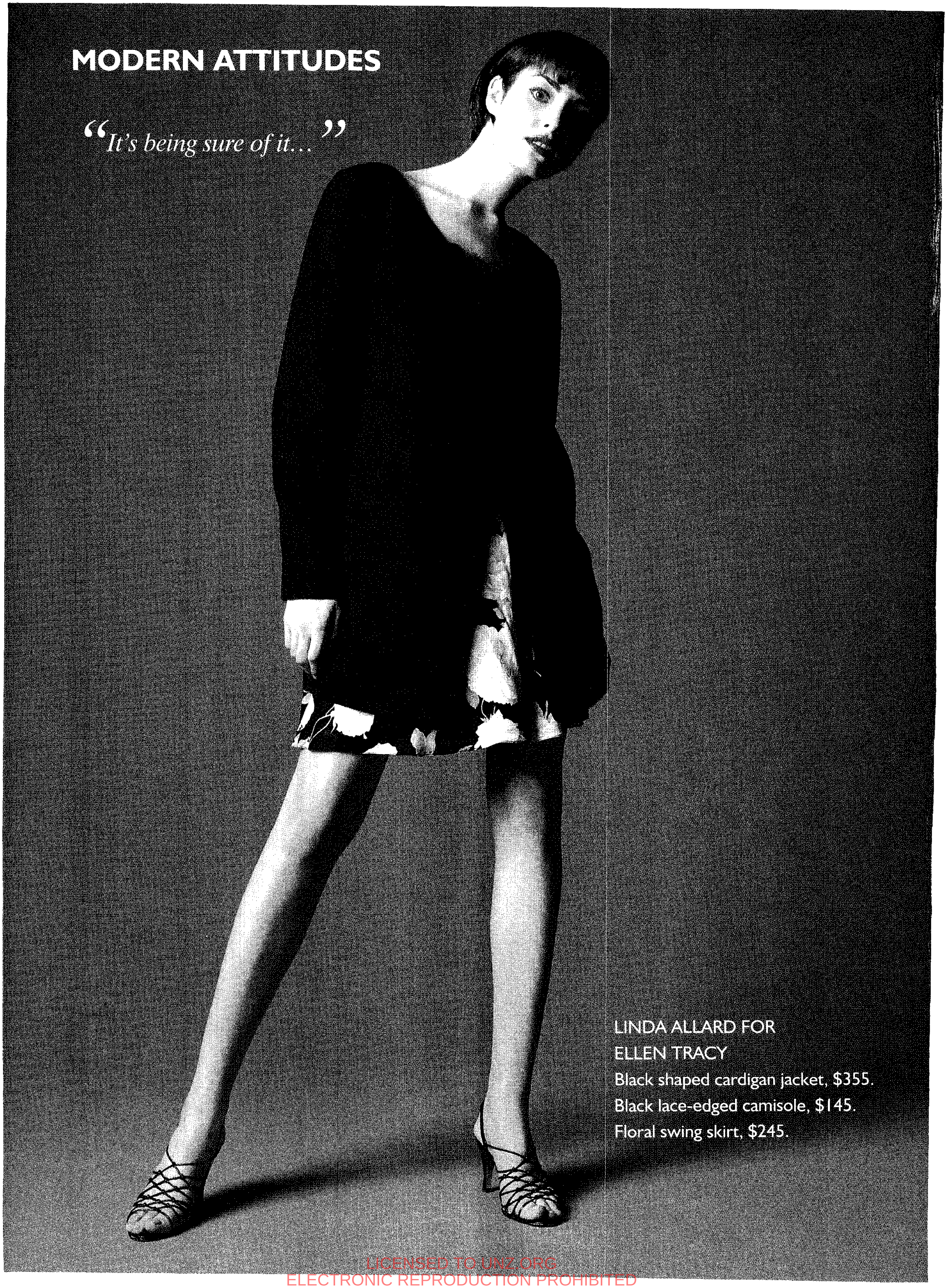


"...hiding nothing."

DKNY
Jacket, $395. Bustier, $185. Wrap skirt, $195.
All, navy wool.

Call Linda Lee at Macy's By Appointment:
212-494-4181. Outside NY: 1-800-343-0121.

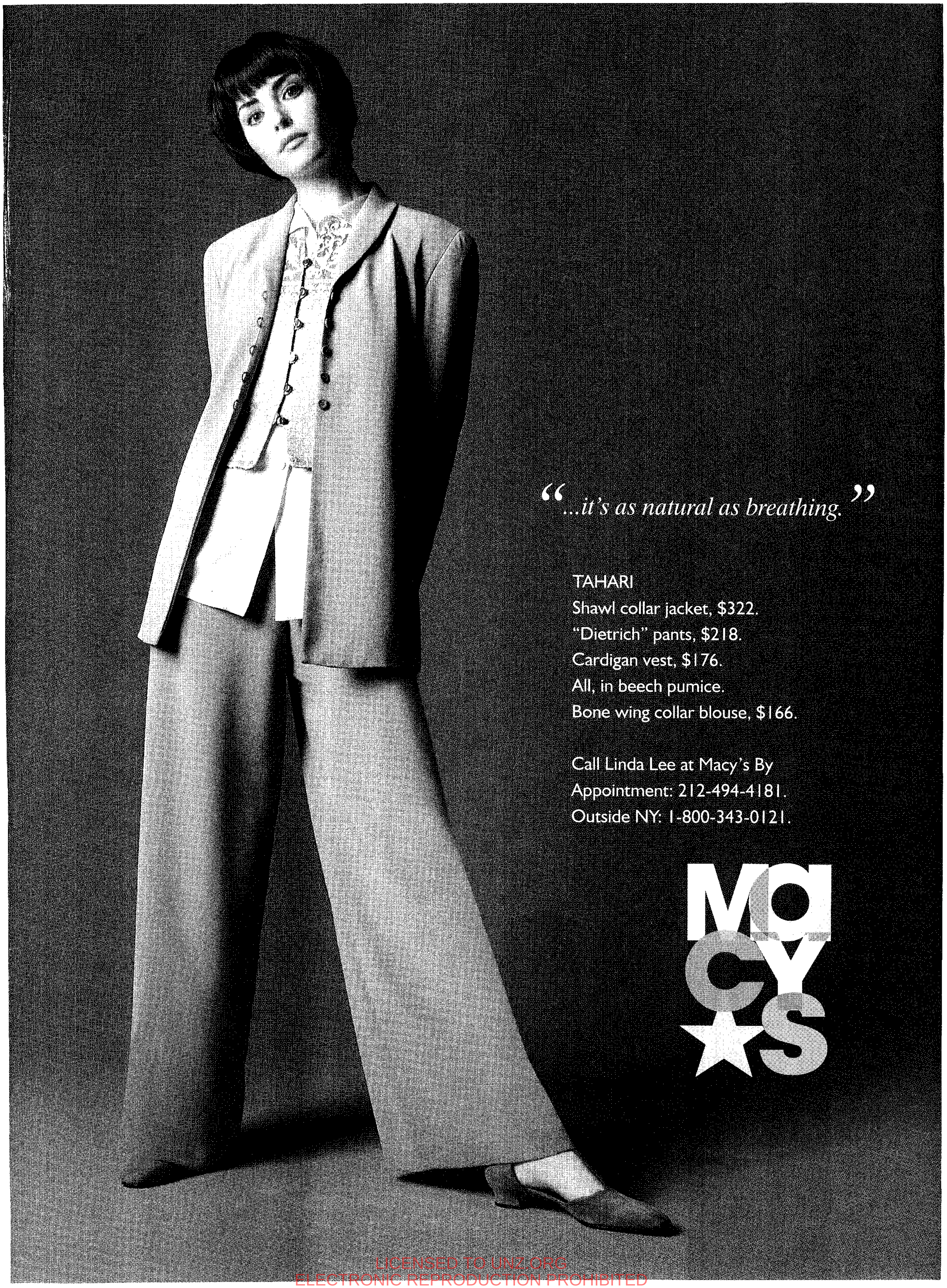
MACY'S



MODERN ATTITUDES

"It's being sure of it..."

LINDA ALLARD FOR
ELLEN TRACY
Black shaped cardigan jacket, $355.
Black lace-edged camisole, $145.
Floral swing skirt, $245.



"...it's as natural as breathing."

TAHARI
Shawl collar jacket, $322.
"Dietrich" pants, $218.
Cardigan vest, $176.
All, in beech pumice.
Bone wing collar blouse, $166.

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MACY★S

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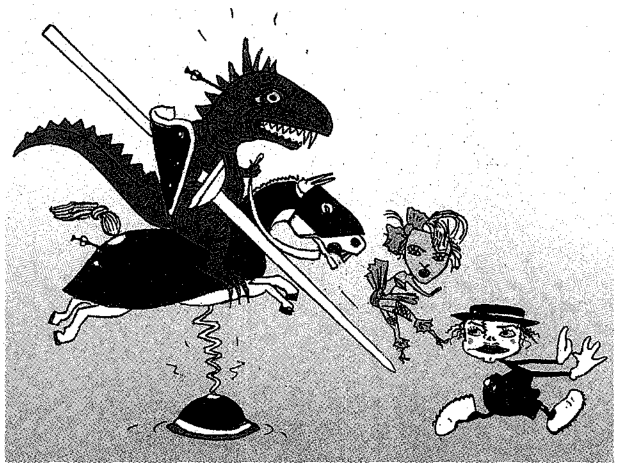
GOTHAM

[illegible] the [illegible] business of leading the city [illegible] Roy Goodman

THE FRONT PAGE

The New Victim Class

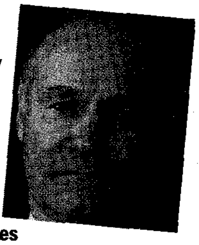
Is everybody a victim? Sure, we've learned to tune out and even mock the complaining of welfare mothers, of sexual-harassment victims, of gun-shy abortionists—but now comes evidence that loudly pronouncing one's hurt feelings is pandemic overseas, even among professional tough guys. Nematullah Khan, one of the leaders of the small but influential anti-American Party of Islam in Pakistan, was angry last week that his country had returned Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, alleged mastermind of the World Trade Center bombing, to New York for great-satanic justice. In return, Khan said, we should ship over Madonna and Michael Jackson to face charges that they are "destroying humanity." "Terrorists are not just those who set off bombs; they are also those who *hurt others' feelings,*" Nematullah Khan was quoted as sharing. (It's McKinnon-Dworkinism, Jihad-style.)



Similarly victimized were the perpetually put-out young conservative writers, thinkers, and radio-talk-show producers dubbed the *Counter*-Counterculture by *The New York Times Magazine.* The neo-kids are apparently unsatisfied with control over both houses of Congress and a probability in 1996 of extending to three decades the Republican domination of the White House. "They got the plum jobs," complained Lisa Schiffren, a former Quayle speechwriter, of former Carter-administration staff members who now work at *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic.*

Speaking of persecution complexes, no amount of couch tripping (see "Inside Rudy's Brain," page 32) will enable his minions to understand exactly why Mayor Giuliani reportedly banned his staffers—and especially regular Cristyne Lategano, his press secretary—from making the scene at Elaine's. Speculation focused on Giuliani's obsession with Police Chief William Bratton—who, in addition to getting a better seat at *The New Yorker's* seventieth-anniversary fiesta, was spotted at a Waldorf benefit last week effortlessly mingling with the likes of Arnold Scaasi and Susan Gutfreund (*Where do you stand on strappy sandals, Bill?*) and apparently has a regular table at the newly glammy Upper East Side bistro. Was Giuliani jealous that Bratton was getting more face time with Elaine's regulars Sid Zion, Bobby Zarem, Joey Heatherton, and Robin Leach? It must be a cultural thing.

"A lot of it is cultural," confirms first-out-of-the-box Republican presidential candidate Phil Gramm, who presumably wouldn't be caught dead splitting a calamari fritti with the host of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous.* Gramm was explaining to *Newsweek* why his brand of Christian Coalition–approved complaining will play in the heartland. Impending frontrunner Bob Dole was probably thinking the same thing when he mused aloud to the *Times* about whether he will have time to do *Saturday Night Live* with Dan Aykroyd. "I like Aykroyd," Dole said. "He plays me. I think he's great." And if he screws up, we can ship him off to Pakistan.



OFF THE RECORD "Suppose that Bratton goes and they bring in the fire commissioner. That would be crazy. He can't even hold down a department of 12,000 people. He can't even get fireboxes off the street. Oh, my God, what a zero. I hope he doesn't come over."
—A ranking police detective, on Fire Commissioner Howard Safir's speculated takeover of the NYPD

THREE STRIKES AND YOU'RE IN-ISH Total number of prisoners in New York State penal system in 1993: 64,354. The number who had served more than 20 years: 136. The number who had served more than 30 years: 7.

OVERHEARD At a Rainbow & Stars tribute to playwrights Terrence McNally, John Guare, and Edward Albee.
CNN Reporter: "I have to tell you, Mr. Guare, that *The Lisbon Traviata* is one of my favorite plays."
John Guare: "It's one of my favorites, too. You should tell that to Terrence."

NO OFFENSE "They're conceived to be as tough and as strange as the things we fear in New York. [But] there was nothing particularly 'from the Bronx.' "
—Disney's Chuck Champlin, defending the company's tie-in to its animated television series *Gargoyles:* scary winged Hellhounds named Brooklyn and Bronx, which debuted at last week's toy fair

Photographs: top, Frances M. Roberts; center, Photofest; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

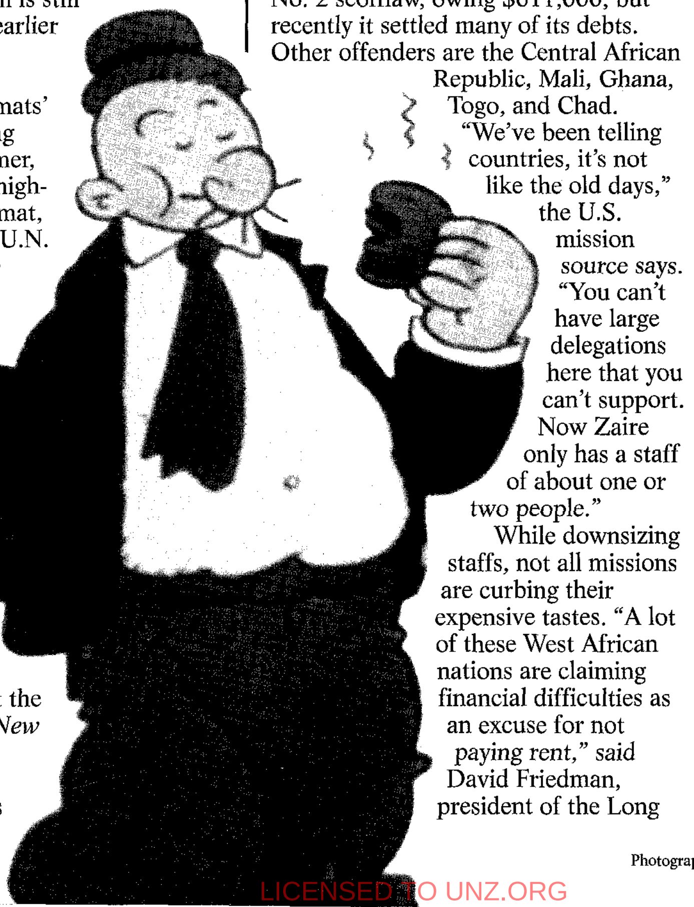
International

MY COUNTRY WILL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TODAY

KHADIJATU AHMADU-FONTIE'S TWO-bedroom, Normandie Court apartment on East 95th Street had a doorman, a garage, an ATM, and optional maid and valet service. At $2,061.32 a month, the rent was more than five times the per capita income of her native Sierra Leone. But the United Nations diplomat didn't sweat the rent; she simply didn't pay it.

When Ahmadu-Fontie surrendered the apartment last September, she was $27,500 in arrears. What's more, three of her compatriots, first secretary Thomason Lawson, third secretary Amara Dennis Turay, and former head of chancery Andrew Bangali, all owed money for their own apartments, and the Sierra Leone mission itself owed $32,000 to a secretary and $11,000 to a cleaning woman. Last week, the U.S. State Department, after already making two official warnings, took an extremely rare action: It expelled Turay and Lawson. Then last Wednesday, after receiving a certified check, the U.S. mission withdrew the expulsion papers and set a third deadline, February 21—just time enough to see if the check would clear.

Deadbeat diplomacy, it appears, is no longer limited to accumulating parking tickets (scofflawism is still rampant, though; earlier this month, Mayor Giuliani forgave $800,000 in diplomats' outstanding parking tickets). Last summer, Victor Marrero, a high-ranking U.S. diplomat, complained to the U.N. secretariat that the diplomatic community's unpaid debts—to banks, landlords, utility companies, and other creditors—had risen to $5.3 million. That figure has since climbed "closer to $7 million," a well-informed source at the U.S. mission told *New York.*



And there's not much the creditors can do about it.

"You can't sue a mission, period," says Joseph Burden, attorney for landlords who had problems with the missions of Gabon and the Ivory Coast. "You chalk up your losses. You contact a city agency and try to let them work their influence. If they don't pay, you have very limited remedies."

Burden, of the Manhattan firm Belkin Burden Wenig & Goldman, said that Gabon and Ivory Coast owe his clients $10,000 and $8,500, respectively, for back rent. Zaire, however, is by far the worst offender, currently owing $1 million, according to the U.S. mission official. Last year, the Congo was the No. 2 scofflaw, owing $611,000, but recently it settled many of its debts. Other offenders are the Central African Republic, Mali, Ghana, Togo, and Chad.

"We've been telling countries, it's not like the old days," the U.S. mission source says. "You can't have large delegations here that you can't support. Now Zaire only has a staff of about one or two people."

While downsizing staffs, not all missions are curbing their expensive tastes. "A lot of these West African nations are claiming financial difficulties as an excuse for not paying rent," said David Friedman, president of the Long Island–based D.B.F. Collection Corporation, which has received between 20 and 25 diplomatic-real-estate claims in the past five years. "But at the same time, they're renting very deluxe apartments. They should be renting $700-a-month apartments and sharing them."

One of D.B.F.'s clients is Milford Management, manager of Normandie Court, which has had dealings with more than its share of deadbeat diplomats: Sierra Leone and Chile (the general consul of Chile owes $5,517, also for back rent in Normandie Court); Ghana (two diplomats skipped out on their leases at 151 East 31st Street, owing $17,000); Cyprus; the former Yugoslavia. Another one of D.B.F.'s clients has even had trouble with permanent Security Council member France, which owes $3,800.

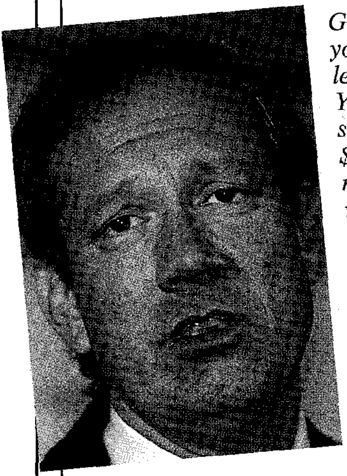
Often, the only way to get the diplomats to pay is to, quite literally, create an international incident. As in the Sierra Leone case, "the Congolese diplomats were also going to be thrown out," the U.S. source says. "That's when they started to pay."

"The new president in the Congo wanted to get his financial house in order to regain credibility and attract foreign investment," explains Jake Smith of PSC International, a small Washington, D.C.–based public-relations firm that represents the Congo, Sierra Leone, and the Central African Republic. PSC persuaded the Congo's various creditors to accept $388,000 to settle most of the New York–based claims.

Many local creditors, however, are fed up. A spokesman for Milford told *New York* that the company will no longer rent to some foreign missions unless there is a method of insuring payment, such as a payment in advance. Two other property-management firms

ASK PATAKI

Root, Root for the Home Team



Governor Pataki, in your new tough-love budget, you've cut millions that were earmarked for minor-league-baseball stadiums scattered across upstate New York. Only three parks were spared, one of which is still under construction and already $3 million over its $5 million budget, $1.4 million behind its goal of $1.5 million in local-business support, and generally viewed as a financial sinkhole. It's the Dutchess County ballpark, frequented by voters in your old State Senate district. Why is that?

"Funds for projects already completed or fully under way have been included in the state's spending plans for the upcoming year," Pataki spokeswoman Eileen Long explained. Asked what constituted "fully under way," Long said, "It's something that you would call a stadium at this point, right?"

ED SHANAHAN

Photographs: top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; bottom, Everett Collection.

that asked not to be identified said that they, too, "categorically would no longer rent to foreign missions without an ironclad guarantee of payment."

"A lot of my members will not rent to diplomats," adds Roberta Bernstein, president of Small Property Owners of New York, which represents over 25,000 owners and managers in the metropolitan area. And one high-level banking executive told *New York* that he "would not even entertain the thought of giving a loan to a mission or a diplomat."

One common solution—waiving diplomatic immunity on lease or loan agreements—is abhorrent to diplomats. "Diplomats are one of the biggest moneymakers for midtown," complains one Eastern European delegate. "For higher-ranking diplomats coming to New York, the precondition that you will not use your diplomatic immunity is an insult. You cannot approach an ambassador with the assumption that he will not pay the rent. Diplomats are not sleeping in low-cost apartments in Chelsea and are not eating in McDonald's. We are good customers."

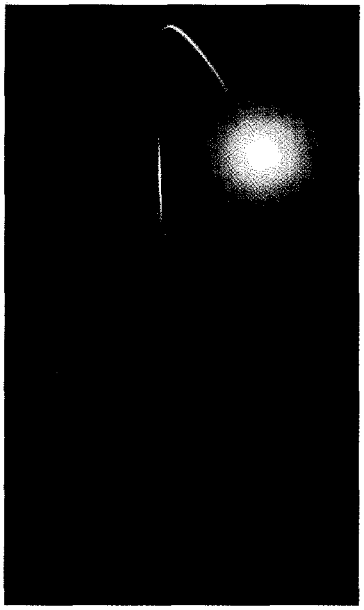
LANCE GOULD

Crime

THE $25 MISUNDERSTANDING

IT'S 3 A.M. AND SEVEN DEGREES ABOVE zero, and the prostitutes are out at West 28th Street and Tenth Avenue, as always. On weekdays they wear practical blue jeans and earmuffs, but Friday and Saturday nights the rule is miniskirts and exposed flesh. "You think this is cold," says Tanya, a 25-year-old mother of three, shivering on the curb. "You should have been out here last night."

Across the street is Star, who works this area only on weekends. She's wearing thigh-high leather boots, a week's supply of makeup, and a black thong. Tall, thin, and severe-looking, Star theatrically waves at passing cars, hard at work only six days after an unsatisfied customer—who also happened to be a police officer—allegedly pulled out a .38 and took three shots at her.



About 4 A.M. on February 5, according to police, George Clarke, an off-duty Brooklyn cop, bartered with Star and then paid her up front for oral sex. Star performed her services for a while before deciding that Clarke was "taking too long" and climbing out of the black Chevy Blazer. Clarke then allegedly pulled out his off-duty revolver and fired. An eyewitness says he circled the block before firing at Star two more times. Clarke never hit Star, though one bullet did lodge in someone's cable-TV box at 427 West 26th Street.

Star doesn't want to talk about it; she screams, "I'm not going to talk to any newspapers or magazines" from across the street while dozens of cars, many with New Jersey license plates, drive slowly by.

Star's colleagues feel no such reticence.

"He got mad because he couldn't get off," says Cynthia, 32 and a twelve-year veteran of the area. "We can only do so much." Cynthia—and Ming, Tanya, and Memphis—say that many customers encounter this same frustration, especially those who are intoxicated. The going rate for oral sex is $20 to $40, but, Cynthia says matter-of-factly, "for $25, I'm not going to do a guy for 25 minutes."

Tanya says the only reason Star won't talk is that she's afraid of the police.

"You can see how they harass us. It's like this every night," Tanya says, as the tenth cop car of the evening approaches with its lights flashing. "Squad car on Tenth Avenue," she shouts and dives into her van. Ming abruptly stops servicing a customer and jumps out of his car to join Tanya. Star sprints down the sidewalk in her four-inch spike heels and races into snow-covered Chelsea Park to avoid being spotted.

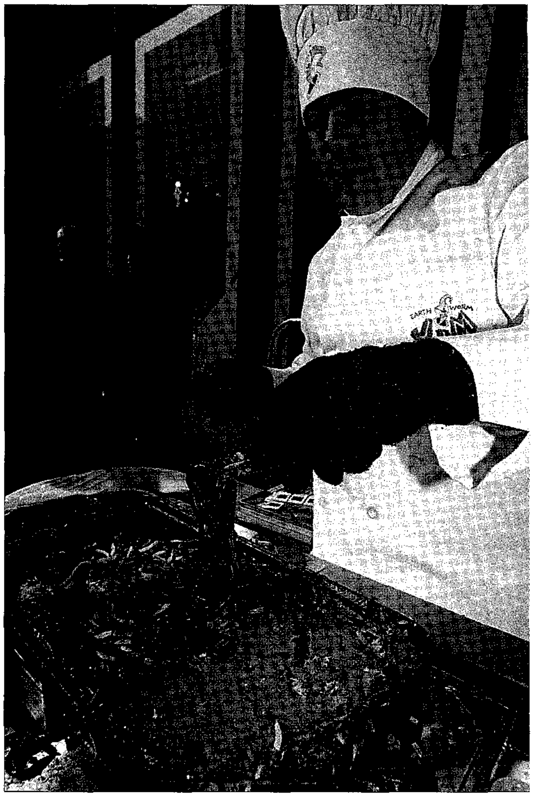
The three prostitutes who say they saw Clarke fire his gun at Star at 4:18 A.M. spent the next nine and a half hours in the 10th Precinct picking Clarke out of a lineup and telling their stories. But two days later, not all of them showed up for a meeting with the assistant district attorney who is investigating the incident. (Neither the district attorney nor police will comment.) At his arraignment last week, Clarke, charged with second-degree attempted murder, attempted assault, and reckless endangerment, had his case adjourned until April. He was represented by a law firm hired by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, but a PBA spokesman says Clarke is on his own from here on out.

In the meantime, Tanya hopes to rally her fellow streetwalkers to push for a conviction. "No police officer," she says, her two-inch red nails poking through her gloves, "should get away with *shooting* at one of us."

JENNIFER GONNERMAN

Shot

SPAGHETTI WITH AN ATTITUDE



A GRILLED-WORM VENDER OUTSIDE THE International Toy Fair on Fifth Avenue last Monday, promoting Earthworm Jim, a new worm action figure.

Art

THE BATTLE OF SOHO

THE ART-DEALERS-ARE-SLEAZY-CUTTHROATS-versus-artists-are-just-plain-nuts debate continues.

David Row (an abstract painter known for his combination of austere geometry and rich color): "I'm owed a substantial amount of money and at least three pieces. It's difficult to tell the number because he's told me he hadn't sold something at least once when I know he was lying."

John Good (a mid-level SoHo contemporary-art dealer who deals mostly in abstract painters): "I don't know why he's goings nuts over such a small sum of money. I'm willing to sit down and negotiate."

Row's version: In the months before he left Good's space for the more prestigious André Emmerich gallery last September, Row inquired several times

Photographs: top right, Richard B. Levine; bottom, Rex Miller.

Little Cats Fête

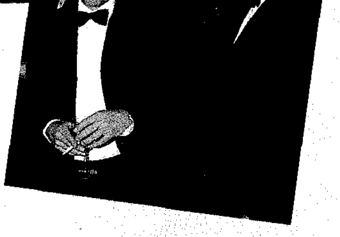
By Alex Williams
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

'We're a little on the weird side," confides Cheryl Fiandaca, explaining why she and her husband, Police Commissioner Bill Bratton, have cats named Molokai, Lanai, Kauai, Ilikai, Maui, and Charlie pattering around their Central Park South apartment. "I've had cats all my life," says Bratton, growing soft. "Cheryl's magnified that fivefold."

Only seamless images of (undead) fur could stir up such an anti-eighties cute-out among streamlined social powers like Bianca Jagger, Barbara Walters, and Mort Zuckerman occupying floors one through three at Leonard Stern's Fifth Avenue townhouse. But there, under the host's stellar, if unremarked-upon, Van Gogh, a strikingly warm turnout raised money toward the Fund for Animals's low-cost "fast fix spay/neuter clinic," which the group hopes to open on West 57th Street.

The Fund's founder, *The Cat Who Came for Christmas* author Cleveland Amory, is meanwhile explaining the real reason he organized the famed 1979 airlift of unwanted donkeys out of the Grand Canyon. "Donkeys are very hard to kill," Amory says, straight-faced. "You have to shoot them in the heart or the head. We just knew it would make a mess."

At the Stern townhouse, Warnaco CEO Linda Wachner greets philanthropist Carol Petrie (above).



Above: The late Robert Maxwell's daughter Ghislaine Maxwell, left, mingles with Allison Stern, wife of Hartz Mountain owner Leonard Stern, and Susie Hayes, wife of lawyer Ed Hayes. Left: At *The New Yorker's* seventieth-anniversary party, Tina Brown, S. I. Newhouse, and Jim Florio share a black-tie laugh. Inset: British novelist Martin Amis and new fiction editor Bill Buford, imported from Britain's *Granta*.

Below right: At Amber Valletta's birthday party, Brandywine, left, and Brenda A Go-Go flank Susan (Cindy Brady) Olson; left: models Toneya Bird and James Gooding.

about his paintings and was told they hadn't sold. Row then contacted Jerry Speyer, a collector, who said he had bought and paid for *Ozone,* one of Row's pieces, six months before. "The first time that I had confirmation was when I went with the police, and the painting he hadn't admitted to selling was not there." In all, Row says he's owed $44,000.

Good's version: "I sold [*Ozone*] sometime in July, and I told David, but this guy was a hard bargainer, and we went back and forth for a while. David said I didn't tell him about the discount, but that's bullshit." He adds, "I'd say it's an unresolved Oedipal conflict on David's part."

Row's wife Kathleen's version: "The whole gallery system is set up against the artist. They don't have any safeguards. The moment a deal is made, the artist's part should be put in an escrow account. If a dealer uses that money, that's basically stealing."

The two sides met in New York Supreme Court late last month; the case is still in progress.

Row, in conclusion: "It's all up to John. All he has to do is write me a check and return my work."

Good: "His career kind of tailed off; maybe this will help."

JONATHAN NAPACK

Sports

UNSPOILED SPORTS

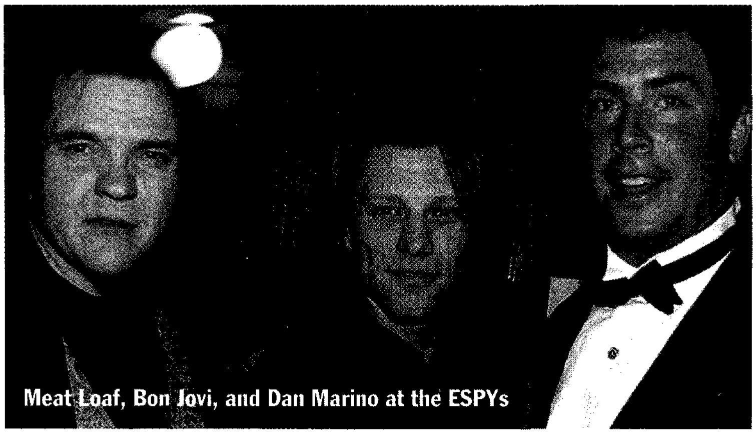
AT RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL LAST MONDAY, 4,500 gathered for the sports-boosting ESPY awards, ESPN's third annual athlete-celebrity mixer. *New York* took the opportunity to ask, "Is there any untainted sport in America today?"

"I would say amateur sports, but they're tainted, too. We all know that elementary-school kids are recruited for high school, high-school kids are recruited for college, and college kids are recruited for the pros. But I guess elementary-school basketball is the most pure."—Hammer, former batboy for the Oakland Athletics

"I don't know. You tell me. Everything has got its dilemma these days."—Dick Vitale, TV basketball analyst

"Probably bowling. It's had no big drug scandals. It will remain untainted. And unwatched."—Denis Leary, comedian

"I think they all are untainted when they're played. When a Dan Marino or a Deion Sanders or a Wade Boggs is on the field, they have to think about only that play. They have to at that level. They have to love the game or they can't do it. I know from rock concerts that you can tell when someone is doing it for the money."—Meat Loaf, singer


Meat Loaf, Bon Jovi, and Dan Marino at the ESPYs

"I think golf and tennis, maybe. . . . It's interesting, because they're both individual sports, and as big as the money gets in golf and tennis, the games go on. Hey, once you get unions and the teams involved . . ." —Joe Theismann, TV football analyst

"Hang gliding? I dunno. Are you talking about spoiled players or spoiled owners?"—John Kruk, Philadelphia Phillies first baseman

ALEX WILLIAMS

Shopping

MANLY ROMANCE

"THERE'S JUST TOO MANY OF them," said a dazed, practically shell-shocked female salesclerk. "It started to get nuts late this afternoon, and now it's out of control." Men, cold panic in their eyes, kept streaming into the 57th Street store, keeping the doors open past the 7 P.M. closing time.

It was Valentine's Day, and this was the only Victoria's Secret in all of Manhattan.

"I'm on a search-and-destroy mission," said David Fuller, a banker who squeezed through the doors at 7:01, heading straight for a rack of silk things. "I need to find it, buy it, and have 'em toss it in some tissue paper. There's basketball on ESPN at 8."

"Black or red, black or red," Charles James, of Queens, muttered to himself anxiously, standing before the lace teddies.

"Um, excuse me . . . I think my wife's around your size," one mortified man said to a female shopper, gripping a lacy red-and-black number in his sweaty fist.

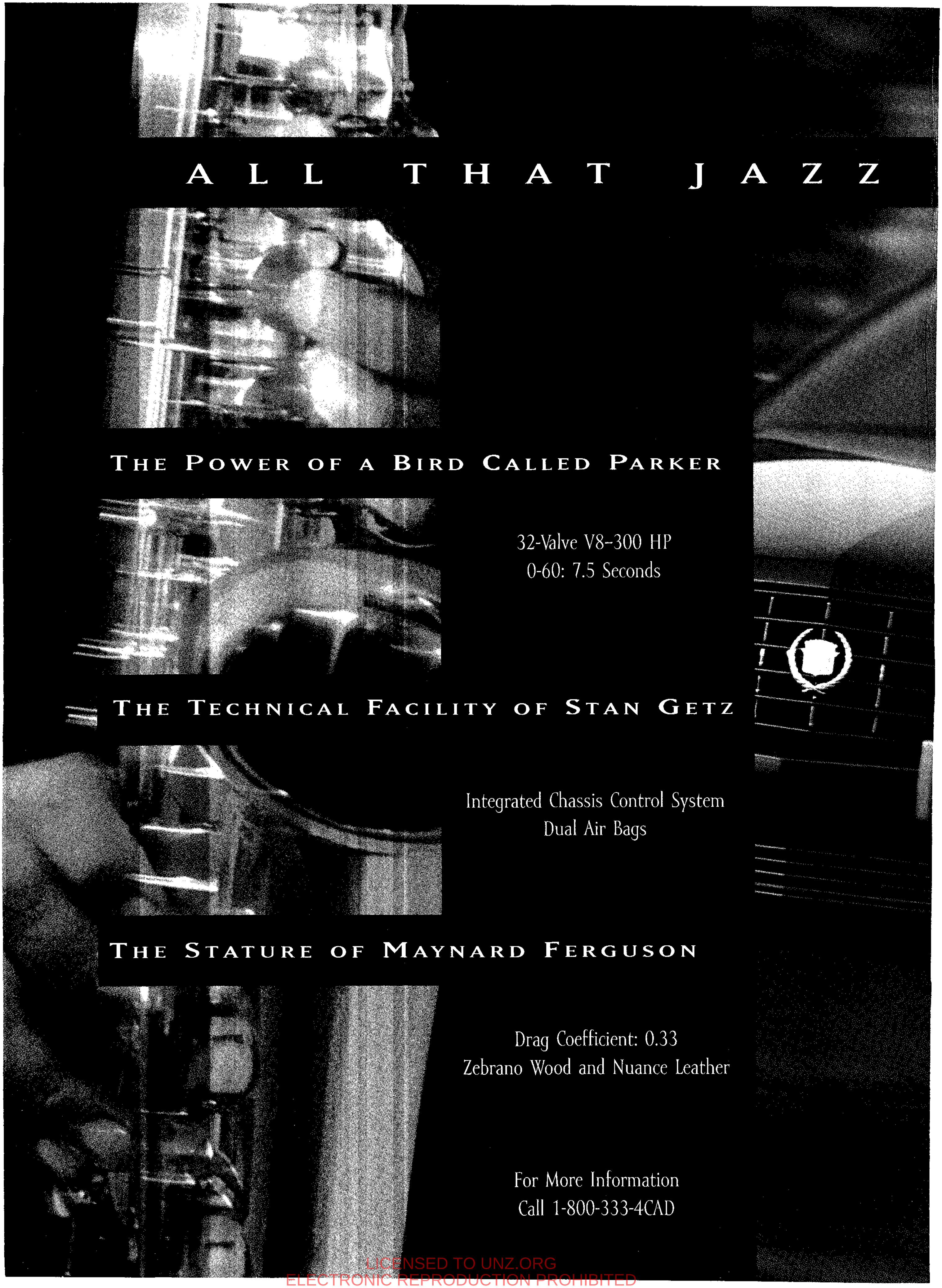
"Is there," he asked, "any way you could go try this on? I mean, not come out in it or anything, just let me know if it fits."

Another man raced in, blindly grabbed a pair of tap pants and a camisole, and got in line. Said a female bystander: "You didn't even look at the size or the price."

"So what? She's going to return it anyway."

JEANE MACINTOSH

Photographs: top, Patrick McMullan; bottom, Photofest.



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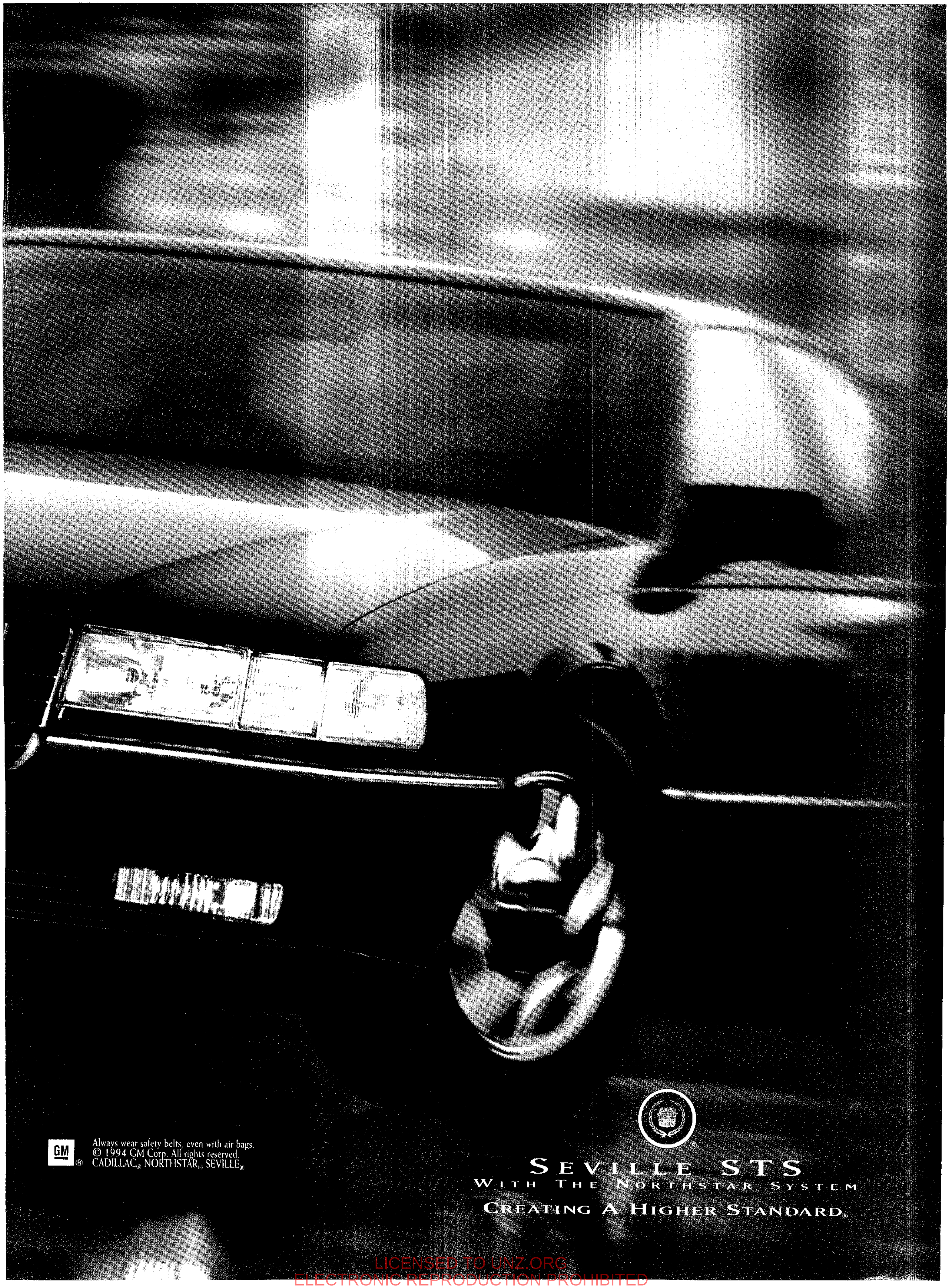

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Inside Rudy's Brain

What's the cause of the mayor's bizarre behavior—the purge, the feuds, the general egomania? Phrenological analysis produces surprising results.

AS EVERY REINVENTOR OF GOVERNMENT from Robespierre to Rudy Giuliani sooner or later learns, political purges have a way of getting out of hand. Once the True Believers start sharpening knives and drawing up lists, it's just a matter of time before innocent people get slaughtered. In the case of Giuliani's Great February Purge, which began two weeks ago, the enemies list includes up to 300 mid- and upper-level officials whose crime it is to have been appointed during the Dinkins, Koch, or Beame administrations. For the most inscrutable reasons, these bureaucrats have been branded as disloyal—"off agenda" and "still carrying on the philosophy of a prior administration." So far, about 40 people have been fired without severance pay or notice beyond a curt *clean out your desk.*

As he girds for another budget battle, Giuliani understandably wants to have people working for him who share his vision; what's troubling is that no one in City Hall has been able to explain—to *anyone,* on or off the record—the basis for these firings. "I was tried for unspecified crimes," says one who got the boot. "Rudy's people *heard somewhere* that I wasn't sufficiently committed to the cause."

Since no one around the mayor will shed light on Giuliani's urge to purge, I'm conducting a guided tour of the mayor's brain—as a public service to those groping to comprehend how Giuliani, who has accomplished so many good things, can behave so badly. Lesson One: Most brains have a pleasure center; the mayoral brain, by all available evidence, does not. Giuliani derives his satisfaction from five other important brain centers.

1. The Loyalty Center, 15 percent of brain mass. If you work in city government and you're not unambiguously devoted to Giuliani, you might as well type up a new résumé. Talk of "fusion government," Cuomo-era courting of Democrats—all that is gone now. "Political operatives are running amok," says a Giuliani aide. "When Pataki purged all those Cuomo people, it gave Rudy his cue; now we're arbitrarily whacking Dinkins people. Strong, irrational forces have been unleashed. It's time to keep your head down."

The reign of terror has even claimed officials who have been loyal to Giuliani. One manager (anonymous, because he's groveling to get his job back) got fired even though he vocally took Giuliani's side in one of the mayor's uglier recent battles. Sustained excellence doesn't help people keep their jobs, either: Kathleen Grimm, the first deputy finance commissioner, had steered her department since the Koch years, serving as acting commissioner four times. "What makes us crazy," says a commissioner, "is that we weren't consulted in the firing of our own aides; we were simply told to terminate. What's the message? Show no initiative. Take no chances. The next coffin could be yours."

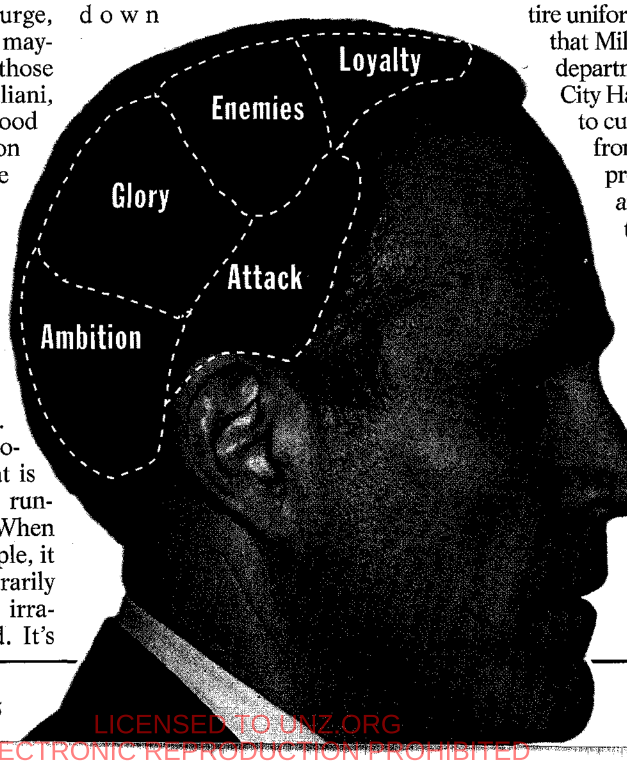
2. The Attack Center—19 percent. The mayor's need to consolidate power and dictate every detail of his administration—from grabbing for control of the Board of Education to, yes, choosing the starting shortstop on the administration's softball team—has even longtime supporters shaking their heads. "The mayor is making an error in trying to micromanage," says Ed Koch. "It's bad for morale." Giuliani disagrees or doesn't care. He ordered Health Commissioner Margaret Hamburg to can her spokesman. When Hamburg defied the order, Giuliani came down hard, firing not just her P.R. man but also a top deputy. Some Health people are trying to figure out if their boss will stick around. "You want to say, 'Rudy, *you* be health commissioner,' " says one. "But he's too busy being police commissioner."

3. The Glory Center—26 percent. There's a spot in Giuliani's brain where neurotransmitters from the Attack Center fire across synapses from the Glory Center—and the the mayoral mind becomes obsessed with leaks and public relations. Giuliani believes his "message"—the bang-up job he's doing—must be manipulated by holding the press in his own clenched fist: shutting out uncooperative reporters, making sure that leaks come from him alone, consolidating municipal P.R. within his already-overtaxed City Hall press operation.

That's why the purge began with what will be remembered as the Defenestration of the Flacks. One was fired because Giuliani's shoes got wet during a photo op, but most were cast out because they were too experienced and knew too many reporters. They'll be replaced by Rudy's kids, who will stonewall when the budget cuts make horror stories fly.

No firing received as much attention as the tearful, televised resignation of NYPD spokesman John Miller, who bowed out with a maudlin, late-Sinatra performance rather than follow orders to reassign his entire uniformed staff. Giuliani told reporters that Miller quit rather than downsize his department, but Miller says he met all of City Hall's reduction goals (the first was to cut the number of police press reps from 35 to 17, because the mayor's press office has 18) until the mayor, angry about NYPD leaks, decreed that all of the officers in Miller's unit be immediately reassigned. Miller called in a camera crew to say he wouldn't be a "loyal Nazi."

Essentially, Miller had done too good a job. "This was about who gets the glory," says a source close to Bratton. "City Hall wants the commissioner to stay off the Sunday interview shows. Rudy doesn't want Bill talking about crime stats. He doesn't want magazine profiles of Bratton. He's banned reporters from



Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

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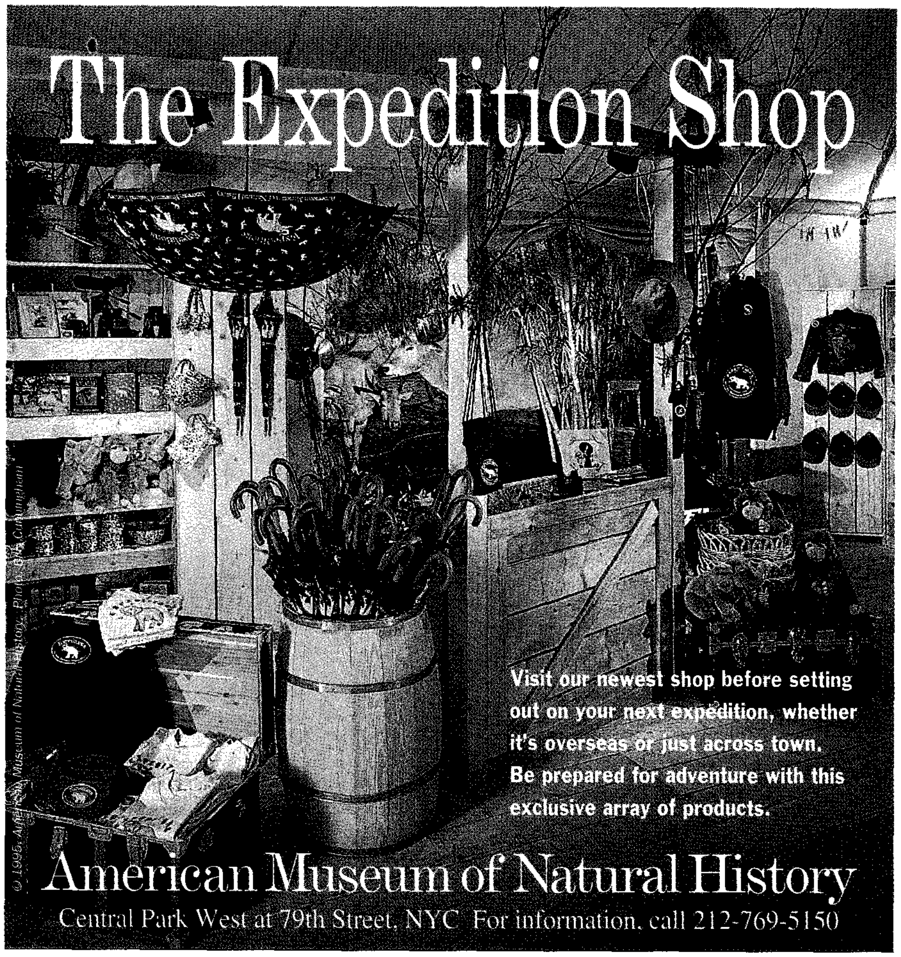
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squad car ride-alongs, and decreed that he will announce all statistics, strategies, and promotions. City Hall rewrites all of our press releases, then tells us the mayor's office will be the only one to issue releases. Basically, he wants the run of the table."

Rumors flew that Bratton was heading out the door; he didn't, because he hadn't found the million-dollar corporate job he's dreaming of nor locked up his place in department history. It was too soon to go. Inside Rudy's brain, however, Miller and Bratton moved from the Glory Center to an even scarier place:

4. The Enemies Center, 20 percent. Giuliani believed Miller and Bratton were scheming to promote Bratton *at the mayor's expense.* There was some truth to this—"Bratton's ego *is* out of control," says a friend of his—but the mayor's response mostly hurt the mayor. By destroying the NYPD press operation, he leaves himself vulnerable the next time a cop shoots a kid in the Bronx—who'll be there to explain what happened? Who'll be *credible*?

While mayoral aides complain about a sievelike NYPD, people around Bratton claim to be mystified by the amount of time the mayor's top aides spend hunting for leakers. "How does City Hall get anything done?" says a Brattonite. "We'll work for hours trying to reconstruct who said what to whom—stupid, small stuff." Giuliani, NYPD sources say, canceled a drug offensive called Operation Juggernaut last December because it was trumpeted in a *Daily News* story that didn't mention Giuliani. Publicly, the mayor said he aborted it for budget reasons; Miller had to pretend that the operation had never been greenlighted. "This is the level of lunacy," says a source. "He scratches this ambitious drug offensive because it was called Bratton's plan in some article?"

5. The Ambition Center, 20 percent. The mayor's political future depends on his steering city agencies, already chaotic, through the deepest spending cuts in 60 years. Giuliani needs committed, energized commissioners to help him manage through the crisis. Instead, his purge has left many feeling angry and depressed.

What's hardest to reconcile about Rudy is that the character traits that make him so difficult to deal with also make him effective. Nobody cares less than Rudy about people hating him—an essential quality in a reformer. The same trait, however, could destroy Giuliani: He is becoming more authoritarian as the budget situation grows more dire, and he continues to alienate those whose help he needs. "He'll probably end up being a great mayor," says Miller. "His shortcomings appear when it comes to being a good *man*. His character flaws will make it difficult to keep recruiting the best people—I mean, who's going to want to work for this guy?" ■

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Why Moynihan's Mum

Our senior senator is one of the country's foremost welfare authorities. So why, as the reform debate gets under way, won't he tell us what to do?

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE DANIEL PATRICK Moynihan go thermonuclear, there's one sure way: Talk rubbish about welfare in his presence. For the past two years, it has been mostly members of the Clinton administration who have been getting on his nerves. For instance, Mary Jo Bane, a top Health and Human Services official, got flamed at her confirmation hearing in 1993 when she failed to pinion the precise rate of out-of-wedlock births for the nation, New York State, and New York City (28, 33, and 44.5 percent, respectively). "If you do not know that, you do not know what your job is," Moynihan sputtered. "You hear me?" More recently, it was the House Republicans who sent him into orbit. In a meeting with reporters, Moynihan blasted their proposal to turn welfare over to the states and end benefits for unmarried teenage mothers as "retrograde and punitive." Then he laid into the White House for a response he called "ambiguous and worse."

Moynihan: an opportunity to lead on welfare. Why won't he take it?

New York's senior senator has the standing to criticize. He's one of the country's leading authorities on welfare, a prophet honored decades late on the issue of family breakdown, the architect of two major reform plans, and the author of two books on the subject. Yet there is something curious about Moynihan's pronouncements on the topic in recent years. He talks passionately about welfare all the time. But he never reveals what he wants to do about it. At the president's recent welfare summit, Moynihan is said to have been as entertaining as ever on the subject of illegitimacy. In answer to a point made by Al Gore about the drop in the average age at which women begin menstruating, Moynihan noted that all species reproduce when they can. "Butterflies do," he joked. "Newts do." But according to a participant, Moynihan failed to make any positive contributions beyond his suggestion to HHS Secretary Donna Shalala that she restore traditional values—"bring back John Wesley." As Congress prepares a drastic overhaul of the welfare system, no one has any real idea what Moynihan favors.

When I requested an interview on the question last week, Moynihan declined. People close to the senator give various explanations for his uncharacteristic reticence. He is waiting for his Democratic colleagues to decide on a strategy in opposition to the Republicans', one aide posits. It would be premature for him to spout off now. Well, perhaps—though he's never hesitated to speak out of turn in the past.

Another suggestion is that over the next several months, Moynihan may be cast in the role of moderator between Democrats and centrist Republicans trying to forge a passable alternative. In such a situation, it does Moynihan no good to play his own hand. Again, maybe. But given the influence he has over his colleagues on the matter, a compromise might well develop *around* his view—if anyone knew what it was. Inside politics doesn't really answer the mystery. Rather, the explanation for Moynihan's odd abdication seems to be that our leading thinker on welfare no longer knows what he thinks.

Moynihan has at different times in the past propounded contradictory positions. One is guaranteed income, or negative income tax: the idea of assuring everyone a subsistence-level existence without conditions. Though this now sounds like the ultimate lefty fantasy, it was Richard Nixon who proposed it, at Moynihan's behest, in 1969. The Family Assistance Plan would have been "a fundamental innovation," Moynihan wrote in his 558-page book *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income* (1973): "If what the poor lacked was money, giving it to them directly was, on the face of it, a reasonable response: direct, efficient, and immediate." Part of the idea was to do away with the incentives to family breakup contained in the main welfare program, AFDC, which allocated benefits only to single mothers.

After the plan died, evidence surfaced suggesting that it would have been a bad idea anyway. One experiment showed dramatically higher marital breakup rates, the very problem Moynihan was trying to solve. "We expected quite different outcomes from these tests," Moynihan said in 1978. "We must now be prepared to entertain the possibility that we were wrong." The senator's next thrust was to oppose Ronald Reagan's plan—nearly identical to the current House Republican one—to convert AFDC into a lump-sum payment to the states.

In the mid-eighties, Moynihan developed his second big idea: Instead of doling out a larger check without conditions, he wanted to condition benefits extensively. In 1988, he told the New York *Times:* "We're going to take a payments program with a minor emphasis on jobs, and create a jobs program in which the income supplement is assumed to be temporary." Moynihan's Family Support Act set up the JOBS program, which nudges welfare recipients toward education or training. The bill became law in 1988, which is part of the reason Moynihan has been so testy about Clinton's campaign pledge to "end welfare as we know it." Welfare as we know it is now welfare as Moynihan reformed it.

No one argues that the Family Support Act has been harmful. But it has also clearly fallen far short of Moynihan's Clintonesque expectation that it would "turn

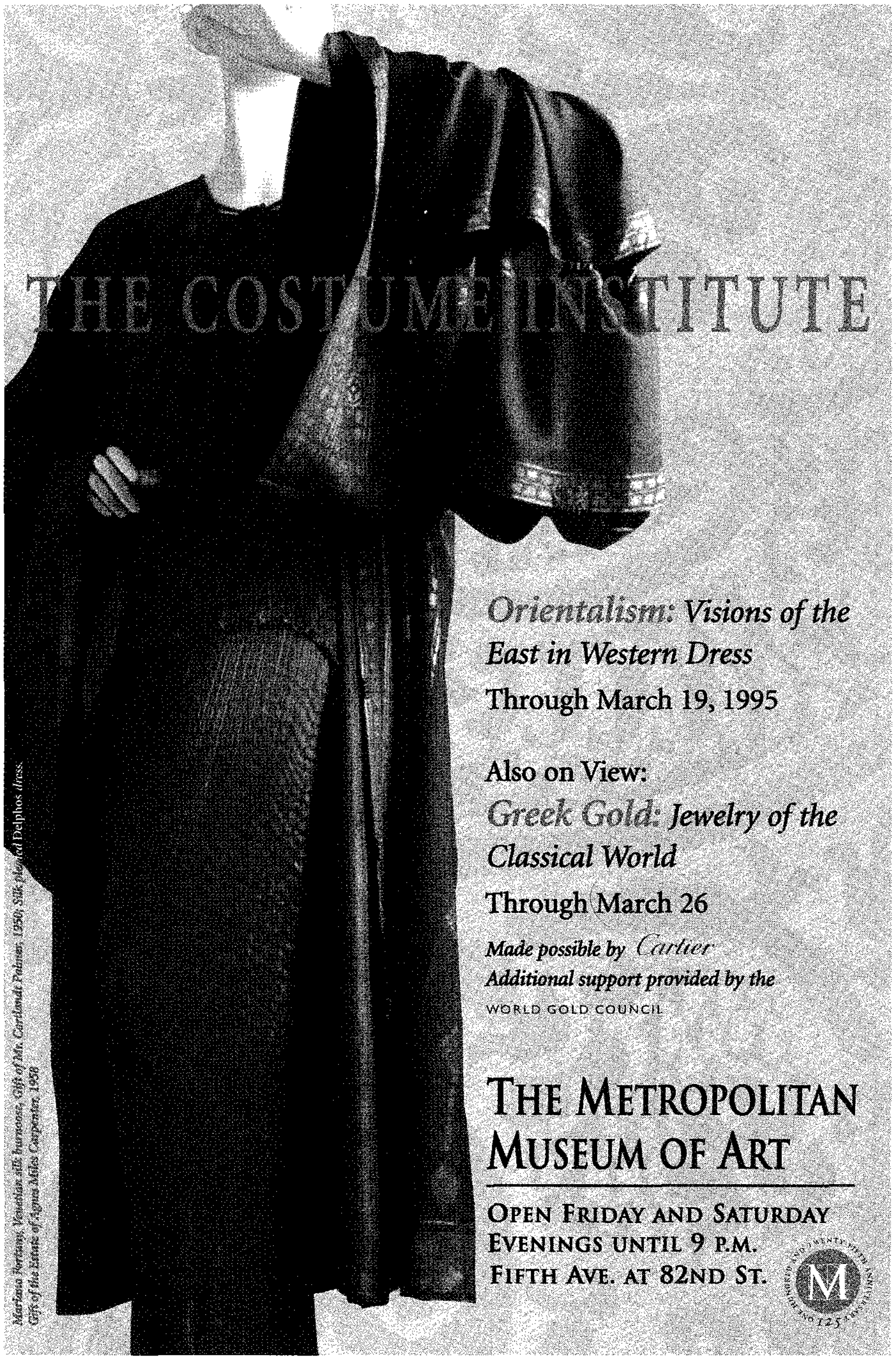
Photograph by Richard Bloom/Saba.

the welfare program upside down." After more than six years, just 11 percent of welfare recipients are enrolled in some sort of program, according to a recent General Accounting Office report. Only one percent are working. Moynihan has argued that at $1 billion a year, JOBS is underfunded, and that many states have been slow to act upon it, which is true. Yet even with more money, the program would be inadequate to the problem, something Moynihan tacitly acknowledged when he began bellowing in 1993 that Clinton should fulfill his campaign promises on welfare reform.

Many people assumed this meant he agreed with Clinton. But Moynihan never endorsed the president's approach of instituting time limits and work requirements. Bruce Reed and David Ellwood, the two main authors of Clinton's proposal, understood Moynihan's potential antagonism and took care to woo him. They frequently paid court and cast their work as an embellishment of JOBS, although it is actually a departure. As a result, Moynihan took the unarticulated stance of neither supporting nor attacking the Clinton plan. What, then, was he for? Moynihan wouldn't say the last time I interviewed him, in 1993. At least we knew he wasn't for guaranteed income anymore, I ventured. Oh, no, he replied. That moment was past. But he didn't repudiate the idea. Not at all.

"In his own mind, he hasn't fully reconciled it," one source close to the senator says of the contradictions in Moynihan's views. "He is a bundle of ambivalence about the whole issue." Others point out that Moynihan, though he remains viscerally a liberal, has over the years become a deep pessimist about government action in general. "Nobody knows how to change the way people behave," Moynihan told a reporter in 1987. Reed says that when he first began visiting Moynihan, the senator told him, "Anyone who is willing to admit they don't have all the answers will always be welcome in my office."

Bafflement is an intellectually respectable, even admirable response to problems as intractable as welfare dependency and illegitimacy. But if Moynihan, after his decades of thought and study, doesn't know what to do, he should say so, as the conservative political scientist James Q. Wilson recently did in a speech to the Manhattan Institute. Such a confession would make a strong case for a period of experimental and incremental change instead of the wholesale revisions promoted by both the White House and the Republicans. Moynihan's would be the most influential "I don't know" in American politics. In one way, it would be an admission of defeat in a lifelong crusade. But in another, it would be a powerful call to prudence. ▬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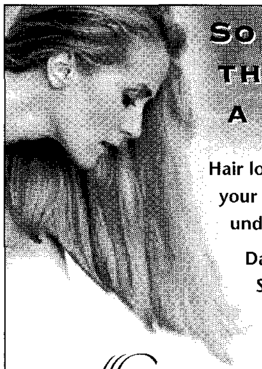
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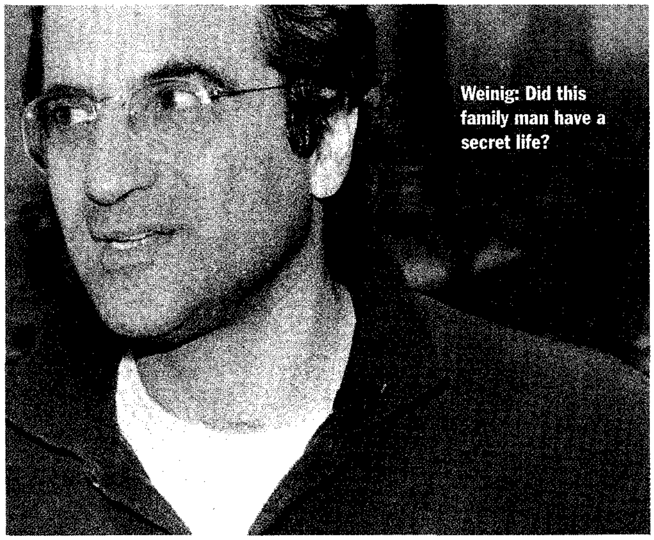
Who Is Harvey Weinig?

Well-placed friends say this prominent attorney was framed by his partner. Feds say he's a world-class criminal who laundered millions in drug money.



Weinig: Did this family man have a secret life?

HIS NAME IS HARVEY Weinig, and before his tidy—some might even say enviable—life suddenly and completely came apart three months ago, he appeared to have everything any overachieving Upper West Side baby-boomer could want. At 46, he is a founding partner in the two-year-old law firm of Hirsch Weinig, a practice that employed ten lawyers and had handsome new offices in the Bertelsmann building on Broadway. He lives with his wife and two sons, ages 13 and 9, in a nice Riverside Drive apartment. The boys go to Ethical Culture. He plays tennis once a week with Jerry Della Femina. The family regularly skis in Colorado; last summer, Weinig and his wife went to Italy while the boys were at camp. Then there's the house in Amagansett, where Weinig belongs to the Beach Association, a low-key, old-shoe private club with only 80 families—the kind of place, as one friend put it, "where they spend six weeks deciding who to let in and six minutes on the menu."

"They were very West Side," says one friend. "Harvey was not insanely careerist. He certainly valued living a certain way, but he was not extravagant."

The trappings meant nothing, however, when a warrant was issued for his arrest two months ago. Guns drawn, the Feds came for him in the early-morning darkness. Weinig's sons, who were still in their pajamas, stood stiffly by their mother's side and watched as their father was taken away in handcuffs. In the days and weeks following his arrest, Weinig would calmly but insistently tell his friends that he was a victim of circumstance, that his only crime was the bad judgment he exercised in choosing a law partner.

Weinig's bail was set at $1 million, which he quickly managed to raise with the help of three friends. To the absolute astonishment of everyone who knew him, Weinig was charged by the federal authorities with being a leader of a network that laundered more than $100 million for the Colombian drug cartel over the past two years. This network, which the federal authorities came to call simply the Organization, had a global reach that included New York; Los Angeles; Zurich; Cali, Colombia; and Mulheim, Germany. The money that was laundered came from drug sales in the U.S., Canada, Puerto Rico, and cities throughout Europe. The indictment charged that Weinig's law partner Robert Hirsch and a former New York City fireman named Richard Spence formed the rest of the Organization's ruling troika. In all, there were 23 people named, 16 of whom were arrested on November 30 along with Weinig.

It was, according to the U.S. Attorney's office, one of the biggest money-laundering busts in the city's history. The government is promising many more as it begins an attack on the drug business's financial lifeline, which is centered in New York. The case against Weinig and his co-defendants was the result of a ten-month investigation by the FBI and the DEA that included more than 1,000 hours of wiretaps (in English, Spanish, Hebrew, and Yiddish) and extensive surveillance. But the key element of the case, particularly where Weinig was concerned, was the fact that his 41-year-old law partner Hirsch began cooperating with the Feds in September. The day before the November arrests, Hirsch officially pleaded guilty to money laundering; now, it is believed, he is in the federal witness-protection program—and perhaps on his way to Israel. Weinig, meanwhile, is facing twenty years in jail and a $500,000 fine.

Still, prosecutors say they were surprised by the vehemence with which Weinig's friends have proclaimed his innocence. "I was at the Manhattan Sky Rink skating on a Friday night recently," says one prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney's office, "and one of Weinig's friends came up to me and said, 'What are you guys doing? He couldn't have done this. He's a good husband and a devoted father, and you're ruining his life.' "

"The overwhelming sense on the part of his friends is that he was framed," one Weinig confidant said shortly after the arrest. "His partner was a sleazebag. I mean, he pleaded out. Harvey made a catastrophic error in judgment with this guy." Says another Weinig ally: "My impression is that Harvey may have been like an honest cop in a bad precinct. You know what's going on, you know the other guys are dirty, but you're not prepared to turn anybody in."

Weinig met Hirsch when the two worked together for about a year at Berger Steingut Tarnoff & Stern. When the 21-attorney firm broke up in April 1993, in part because of financial problems, at least two firms were formed out of the wreckage. Neither invited Weinig or Hirsch to join, and Weinig may have thrown in his lot with Hirsch as a last resort. "Hirsch was part of the reason the firm disintegrated when it did," says a former Berger Steingut partner. "He was a bad person, a lousy lawyer, and he was dangerous. He was not the kind of lawyer that I wanted to be in partnership with. I loathed him as soon as he joined the firm. The assumption that all of us had at the time [of the arrests] was that Robert had somehow seduced or inveigled Harvey into the thing."

The problems at Hirsch Weinig began almost immediately. Partners from the dissolved Berger Steingut sued Hirsch and Weinig in August 1993, charging that the two were getting clients to pay them money that was actually owed to the old firm. The case was pending when Hirsch and Weinig were arrested. "They were essentially stealing money from the old firm," one of the Berger Steingut partners says. "Weinig was as guilty in this case as Hirsch."

(Continued on page 132)

Photograph by Jennifer Weisbord/New York *Post.*

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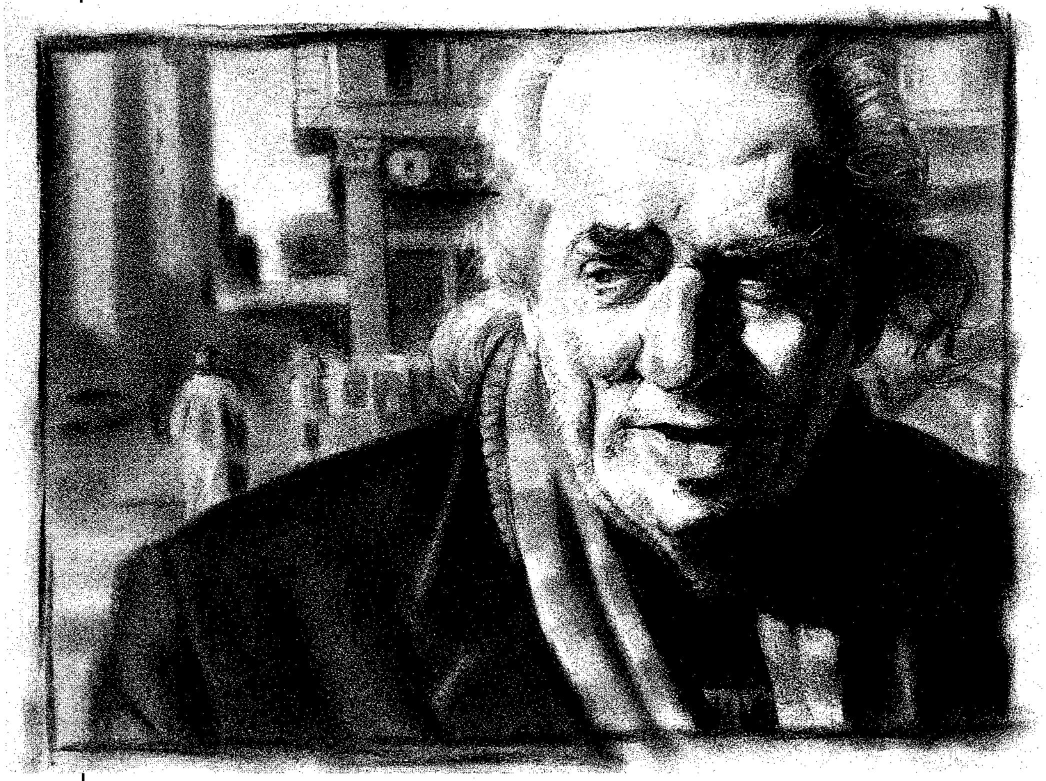
CITIZENS ROGER ROSENBLATT

Begging the Question

From his spot on the corner of 86th and Columbus, a homeless man dispenses blessings to a neighborhood with mixed feelings about his presence.



THAT'S TONY STANDING AT HIS POST AT THE NORTHEAST corner OF 86th and Columbus. He wishes everybody "God bless you." Whether they give him money or not, "God bless you." He is pale and haggard like an old salt; his voice, a dog's growl. He wears his hair long and shaggy, and his beard, the same white-gray-black color as his hair, hangs from his jaw like dirty icicles. A black overcoat envelops his body, which is scrawny and twists in a coil, as if he'd slipped a disk and must stand like a corkscrew forever. From the corkscrew position, he bestows his blessings on the neighborhood. Some people pass him by, making a wide arc, as if Tony were a sprinkler on a lawn, but no one seems frightened by him or disgusted by him, and he makes no menacing lurches as he begs. Technically, he does not beg. He offers his upturned hands in the direction of the people and says, "God bless you," leaving it up to them to interpret his gesture as a plea.

"That's what gets me," he says, looking helpless. Only his child's-blue eyes suggest that he is closer to 50 than 100. "Couple of cops come by last week and tell me they'll lock me up if they catch me begging again. None of the other cops round here ever bothered me. Hell, they gave me money. But these guys are new. You know me. Have I ever asked you for a penny?" He lights a Marlboro, takes one puff, explodes a cough, then stamps the cigarette out. A woman wearing a yellow turban and pulling a Maltese terrier rushes by. Tony twists toward her too late and calls after her: "God bless you."

Tony is a little crazy, of course, but so are most of the other people in this neighborhood. A huge sign on a new building of rental apartments reads: WELCOME TO THE FASHIONABLE UPPER WEST SIDE. But the Upper West Side is fashionable only in the way that Greenwich Village used to be in the early years of the century. When Greenwich Village was first fashionable, the Upper West Side was a polar waste—a few grand apartment buildings like the Dakota, the Apthorp, and the Belnord (once the largest apartment house in the world) rising among the farms, pigsties, and slaughterhouses.

Today, the neighborhood is fashionable in the sense that a rich mixture of people live here; they want a neighborhood that still feels like a real city, a civilized mess where there is as much life outdoors as in. The attraction of the messiness invites genuinely crazy residents and appeals to the craziness in everybody. Last summer, a man set up an entire living room on the sidewalk in front of the Presbyterian church at 86th and Amsterdam. From trash heaps left out in front of apartment houses, he had collected a couch, an easy chair, a rocker, a coffee table, and a standing lamp—plugged into nothing. The arrangement was attractive. Some people navigated their way around his living room; others walked straight through. Because of my trade, I sat in the easy chair and talked with him. After a short while, it was clear that I was boring him, because he stood up abruptly, extended his hand, and said: "Well, I've enjoyed this little chat of ours, Roger. But you'll have to excuse me now. I'm expecting guests."

"You got kids?" Tony asks me. He keeps rocking laterally like a boxer, to fend off the cold. I tell him I have three. "I got two," he says. "A son in college I haven't seen in two years. He's ashamed. You know? My daughter works for the L.A. *Times*. She comes to see me three, four times a year."

Tony was reared in Cohoes, upstate, a town near Albany, where he once had a go-go bar. He started out as a waiter at the Saratoga racetrack, then followed the circuit. "The best job I ever had was working as a rep for Budweiser. Six hundred bucks a week to go around stores and check the dates on bottles."

"How'd you lose the job?" I ask him.

"The sauce." He shrugs.

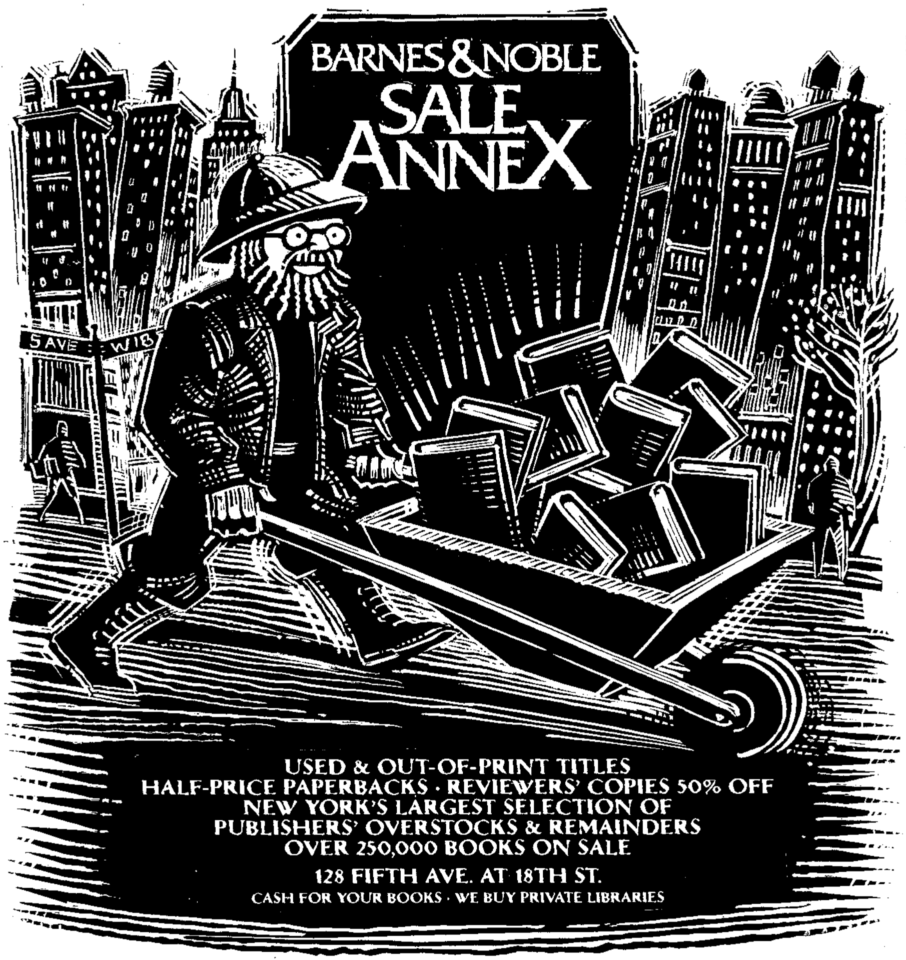
"You off it now?" I ask.

"Ninety percent," he says. He will not look me in the eye. "Begging," he mutters to himself. "Ask *her*." He rolls his head to indicate a woman in a shawl who has just dropped a quarter in his coffee cup. "Thanks, Chris." He looks more and more dismayed. "Ask *her* if I'm begging."

It is hard to tell whether he believes his own argument, but the question he either begs or poses is interesting. Since he

Illustration by Scott W. Hunt.

JOAN
DAVID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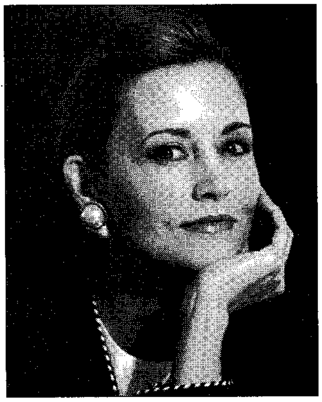

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confronts passersby with nothing but "God bless you," and since it is really his body and posture that do the begging, the moral burden of his existence is passed to others. Give or don't give; either way, you will be blessed.

In any event, he is breaking no law. A statute against "loitering for the purposes of begging" was found unconstitutional in 1992 by the U.S. District Court in New York, and the finding was upheld by the federal Court of Appeals a year later. The two new cops are simply harassing Tony. Several residents have already offered to report them.

Tony has so established himself as a figure of affection in the neighborhood that he could probably marshal impressive local support if the cops did try to lock him up. Among his "God bless you" recipients are doctors, lawyers, and Denny, who, says Tony, was the lead guitarist for the Mamas and the Papas. A truck driver making deliveries stopped to hand Tony lunch today. Tony lifts a stained cardboard tray from the trash can, rubbing it between his thumb and index finger, as if it were a holy icon. "And the lunch was *hot* too," he says. "Pork, salad, soup, Brussels sprouts. I gave the soup to Freddie." (Freddie is a small Hispanic man who spells Tony when the corner is vacant.) Tony calls Peter Straub, the author of *Ghost Story,* who has a brownstone around here, "a friend of mine." At Christmas, Straub gave Tony two sport coats, a heavy woolen jacket, and a sweater.

"A blonde lady I'd never seen before in my life comes over and hands me a twenty," he says, "out of the blue. Then she reaches in her purse and hands me another twenty. Then she does it again. Sixty bucks! I asked her why. 'Christmas,' she says."

"Does he bother you?" I ask a man dressed like a banker who, in fact, has just walked out of the Chemical Bank down the block. "Sometimes. He affects me according to my moods. One day he'll give me the creeps, with that 'God bless you' of his. The next, I *want* to give him money, feel good only if I do."

"I really don't know how I feel about him," a young woman in a Smith sweatshirt and jeans says in response to the same question. "I think it has to do with the way I look at begging generally. It gets on my nerves, but it's part of city life. Frankly, he bothers me a lot less than those jerks who force leaflets on you, with the karate sweep of their arms."

I sort of ask her: "You'd rather give away your money than accept a leaflet?"

"Well, look at him," she says. Tony is rubbing his face with both hands, working himself into a state over the cops. "What's he doing wrong, really? And he's in terrible shape. I bet he's very sick."

Late at night, I have glimpsed Tony on his corner—no one else in sight—swinging like a weather vane in a squall. Often, he is buckled over from coughing.

"It's all in the style," he explains to me. "People see I mean them no harm. It's not like that guy who was killed in the subways. Remember?" He refers to a homeless man who menaced a father and his young child. The father defended himself, beating the homeless man's head on the subway platform and killing him. There was no indictment. The homeless man was never identified. The story reverberated in the city because it seemed to embody the mixture of pity and rage that people feel about the homeless.

But Tony, as he points out, is a different story. He seems to anger no one but those new cops. "Know what I got to do now?" he says. "I got to wait until dark, when they're off their beat. Think it's winter now? At *night,* it's winter."

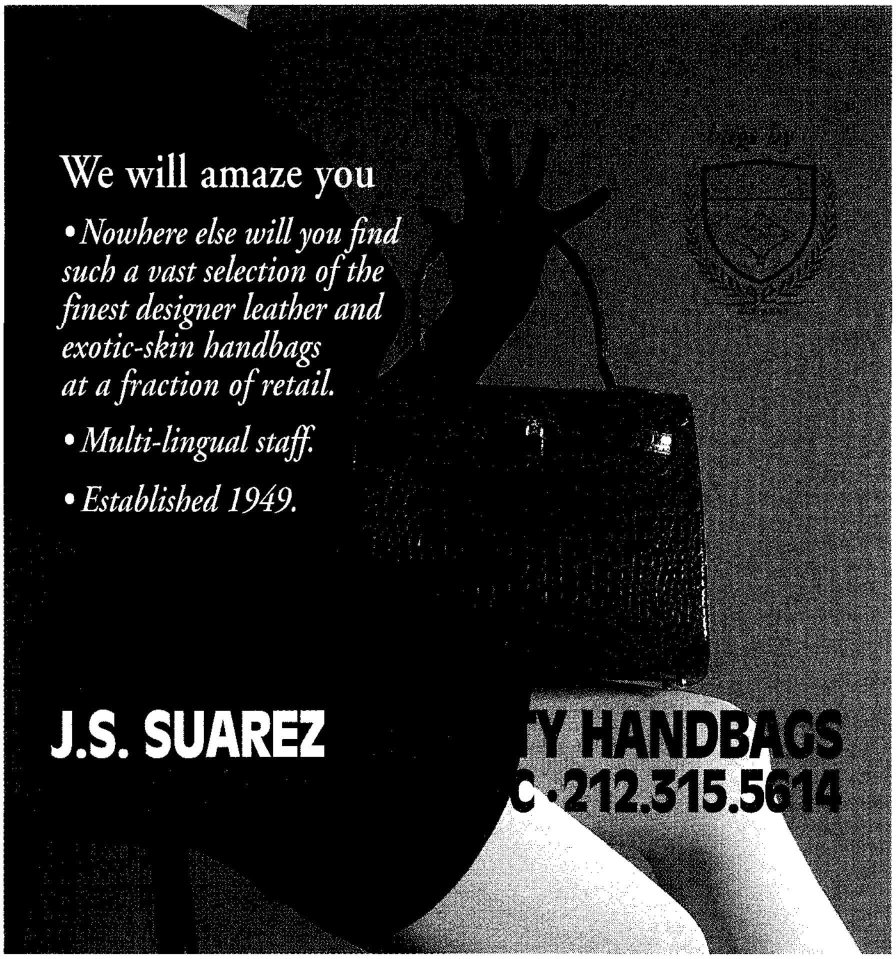
Today is a big day for him, he tells me. He has a three o'clock interview with a woman named Laura at the Euclid Hall, an SRO between 85th and 86th on the west side of Broadway. Built around 1900 and modeled after apartment houses in Paris, the Euclid Hall must have originally been one of the more beautiful buildings in the area. Even today, elaborate ironwork balconies remain intact on the upper floors, and the visual effect of the building, with its wine-reddish façade, is of a nineteenth-century ball gown, even though many of the windows are covered with fragments of blankets and naked bulbs sway from frayed cords like gleaming eggs.

"If I get into the Euclid Hall," he tells me, "I won't have to sleep on the A." At night, the A train is the mobile hotel for hundreds of the city's homeless.

"Are you okay doing this?" I ask him. "Or would you rather be on the wagon and get a job again?"

"Who's going to hire me?" he says. A sudden wind off the Hudson spins him around, and he nearly falls. "Anyway, this isn't the worst place in the world. People know me. It's a money neighborhood. I got friends. This is where I *am.* You know?" He goes dark. "So why're these cops jerking me around? You tell 'em, okay? Tell 'em I'm okay. Tell 'em this is my place. And if I *am* begging, so what? People like giving to me better than some charity, when they can't see who they're giving to. They can *see* me."

"Why do you say 'God bless you'?" I ask him. He smiles. "Well, it's a way of getting their attention, sure. But everybody needs God's blessing." A black man in a ski jacket approaches, and Tony says "Hi, James." He pats Tony on the shoulder and stuffs $2 in his paper cup. Tony starts to say something, but the man cuts him off. "And gesundheit to *you,* Tony," he says. They chuckle. ▬



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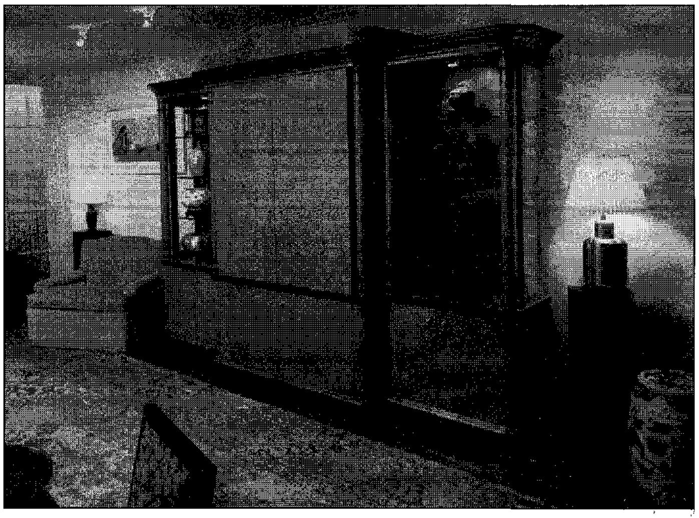

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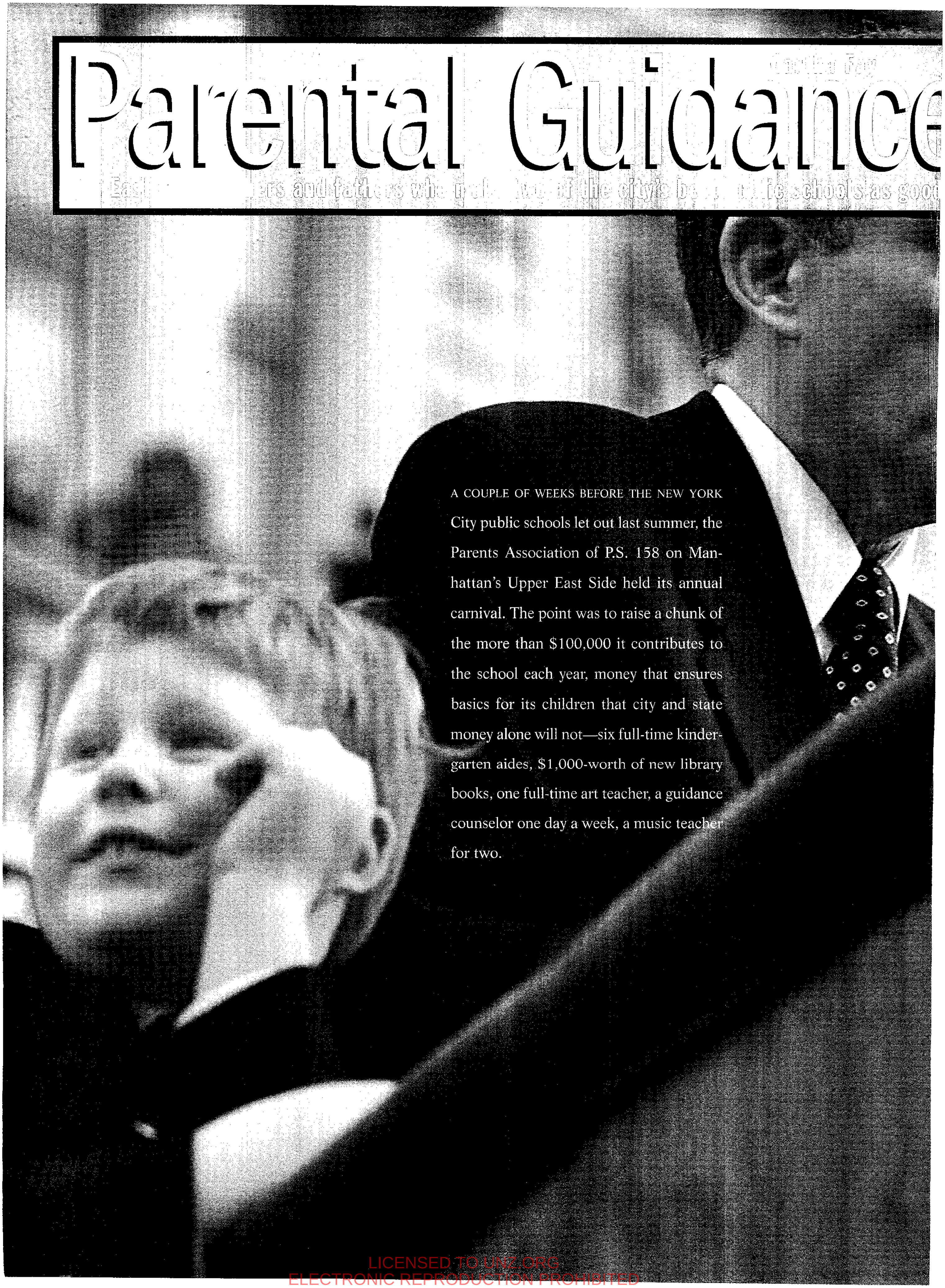


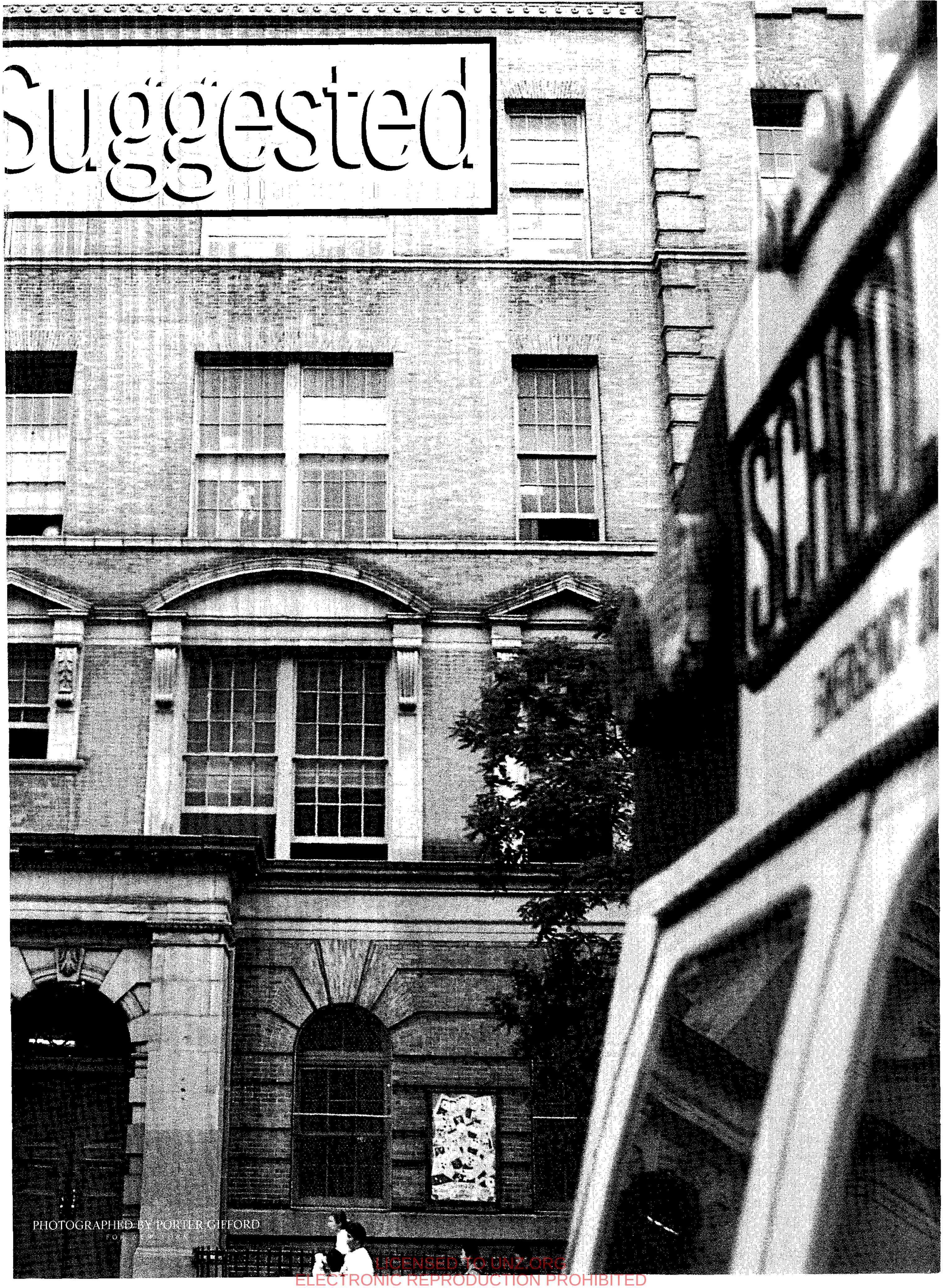
Parental Guidance

Martha Fay

East [illegible] ers and fathers who [illegible] two of the city's [illegible] ic schools as goo

A COUPLE OF WEEKS BEFORE THE NEW YORK City public schools let out last summer, the Parents Association of P.S. 158 on Manhattan's Upper East Side held its annual carnival. The point was to raise a chunk of the more than $100,000 it contributes to the school each year, money that ensures basics for its children that city and state money alone will not—six full-time kindergarten aides, $1,000-worth of new library books, one full-time art teacher, a guidance counselor one day a week, a music teacher for two.

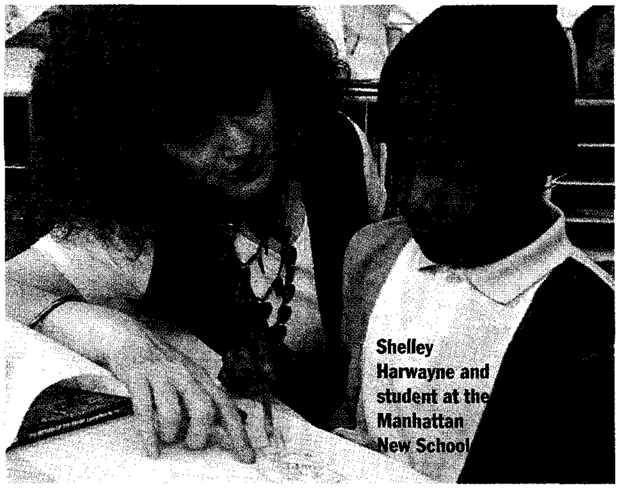
Suggested



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PORTER GIFFORD FOR NEW YORK

In contrast with the reputation of the city's public schools as grim warehouses, the mood was decidedly idyllic. In one corner of the ground-floor cafeteria, where 872 kids from kindergarten through sixth grade eat lunch in noisy shifts every day, parent volunteers supervised the smallest fairgoers as they fished for brightly crayoned paper trout in the bottom of a plastic wading pool or filled old Coke bottles with layers of colored sand. Outside, wooden booths offering food or drink or children's games lined the perimeter of the courtyard; older children raced from booth to booth. Through it all, the school's popular principal, Howard Schechter, moved, smiling, through the crowd, nodding greetings to parents. At the edge of the yard, the fair even spilled out onto 77th Street, where kids swung in a wire-bucket contraption that sent them sailing out toward York Avenue and then back again toward the East River a block away.

It was the sort of soft-drink-commercial-style scene that any candidate for mayoral office would surely want spliced into his campaign footage, a vision of the sweeter, more civilized New York Rudolph Giuliani says he has been trying to restore ever since his election. Given that P.S. 158 is one of the local public schools to which he might have sent his own son if he had decided to cast his lot with the majority of his constituents, the mayor could easily have turned up as a parent himself—except that Andrew goes to St. David's, a small boys' school on East 89th Street where the tuition runs just over $10,000 a year.


Shelley Harwayne and student at the Manhattan New School

The election-conscious mayor would have been hard-pressed to find a better crowd to work, too, except that before he'd finished his first cup of lemonade, one of the women active in the Parents Association would probably have cornered him and demanded to know what he thought of their campaign to add classes through eighth grade—like all elementary schools in the city, P.S. 158 stops at the sixth grade—in hopes of avoiding the dreaded abyss that is the New York middle school. Had the party been held last week, another matron would undoubtedly have accosted him to ask what he thought his proposal to cut another $230 million from the Board of Education in his preliminary budget for 1996 was supposed to accomplish. She might then have inquired how he intended to ensure the school system's survival when its best teachers and principals were being lured away by suburban districts willing to pay tens of thousands of dollars more than the city can—which is exactly what just happened with Schechter, who leaves this fall to work in Fair Lawn, N.J. "His predecessor did the same thing," says Lachman. "New York chronically underpays the leaders it needs to keep in the system."

IT MAY SOUND LIKE RUN-OF-THE-MILL journalistic griping to complain of Giuliani's failure to enroll Andrew in public school. After all, there are any number of reasons parents choose to send their children to private schools, and neither the mayor nor his wife owes us any explanation for their behavior. On the other hand, besides declining to send Andrew to P.S. 158 (or any other public school in his Gracie Mansion district), Giuliani has also displayed a rather startling indifference to how the sweeping cuts he's proposed over the past year are likely to affect New York's parents.

As the mayor prepares to impose still more asceticism upon public education in this town, it seemed a good moment to focus on two elementary schools Giuliani could have become a school parent at but has not—two of the best schools in the city, public or private. The schools lie within the confines of the Upper East Side's District 2, one of the strongest of the city's 32 school districts, an area whose successes are due in large part to two things—zealous parents and a superintendent, Anthony Alvarado, famous for his work pioneering alternative schools. Eleven new schools, the replacement of two thirds of the principals, new programs, and significantly improved reading scores are among Alvarado's accomplishments. "In District 2, the middle class is coming back," says Alvarado deputy Andrew Lachman—the term *middle class,* of course, having a clear racial correlate: In 1987, 26 percent of the students in the district were white; this year, the figure is up to 30 percent.

AFTER A FEW DAYS SPENT AT EACH SCHOOL, one thing becomes clear: Even the most cushioned public schools sense catastrophe around the corner. "We did a proportional per capita deduction to all the schools in the district," says Lachman. "It worked out to about $18.31 the first round, then another $7.90. Those kinds of cuts clearly have an impact."

For parents already providing voluntary subsidies, the cuts will entail another year of long hours and laborious fund-raising. Last year, for instance, parents at Manhattan New School, a few blocks to the north of P.S. 158 and still within easy walking distance of the mayor's house, made over the school auditorium and refurbished the playground. "We had a very antiquated auditorium, the kind with the little wooden chairs that pull down, and also four pillars directly in front of the stage, which made it not much good for anything," says Ellen Afromsky, co-president of the Parents Association. "We pulled out all the chairs, which amazingly enough we actually got the custodian and his staff, including his supervisor, the man in charge of maintenance for the borough, to do. The parents paid to have the floor repaired and refinished." This year, parents have had to raise another $10,000 just to keep even.

Howard Schechter, the outgoing principal of P.S. 158, admits to having been "taken aback" when he arrived at the school five years ago after twenty years as a teacher and district administrator in one of the South Bronx's poorest districts. What got to him was the annual auction—the sight of 150 or so parents "dressed to kill" and bidding serious money on children's artwork or for services unimaginable to the parents in his old district.

As Schechter eventually came to understand, the time, will, confidence, and money willingly yielded by the P.A.—support of a kind routine in the city's private schools—are the linchpin of P.S. 158's successes. In the 1993–'94 school year, the building superintendents, bankers, lawyers, nurses, diplomats who are the school's parents raised $116,000, according to Andrea Newland, "and spent every penny." Some $40,000 of that came from the annual auction, and another big lump, $24,000, from the preholiday candy-and-wrapping-paper drive. No potential source of revenue is overlooked—from the once-a-month bake sale that brings in $4,000 each year to the genteel hawking of blue-and-white T-shirts at the annual field day, which raised nearly $3,000 last year. And when the parents of 158 are not raising money, they are writing letters to the mayor demanding an end to cuts in education or lobbying Albany to insist upon a fairer share of state funding (the city schools, which educate 37 percent of the state's children, receive only 34.6 percent of its funds). A hard-core group of some 30 mothers comes to the school daily, keeping peace in the lunchroom, comforting sick children, helping teachers arrange field trips. It is the parents who buy a new flag to hang every time a student from a new country enrolls in the school—there are now around 50—and it is the parents who empty their cupboards of Q-tips and paper towels when the minimally equipped science lab is in need of supplies.

Personal reasons lie behind Schechter's

"The kids own this building," says Harwayne.

Giuliani has displayed a [illegible] to how the cuts he's proposed over the past year will affect [illegible]

departure, but he still worries about the school—"The Pride of the East Side," as his second-graders once called it. "We've lost about $25,000 since September, and that's on top of the budget cuts we began with," he says. "There's no way for that not to result in disruption of instruction or personnel. In the case of 158, we were fortunate indeed that the parents, through exhaustive fund-raising, were able to offset the cuts, but even our parents were able to offset only about three quarters."

The truth is, says Schechter, that 25 percent of the kids in the school are poor enough to qualify for free or reduced-price lunch, "but you would never know it." Perhaps because P.S. 158 is about 65 percent white, the school somehow retains the perception that it is middle-class. "I need to hold on to the idea that it's a fancier school than it really is," says Schechter, because the "park gossip" that holds it to be an exceptional public school is what continues to draw parents and children.

Not that the school doesn't face bigger obstacles than budgetary problems in luring the students it wants. There are also external social pressures. When Jonathan and Nancy Fink went looking for a school to send their son to eight years ago, parents at the private nursery school he attended at the time asked in horror, "How could you send your child to public school?"

Like many other parents at the school, the Finks checked out several private schools before they paid a visit to P.S. 158. "We went on quite a number of tours," says Jonathan, a lawyer who was himself educated in suburban public schools, "and when you see what the teachers are teaching, and what's on the walls, you can see it's all pretty much the same. The difference was not so much the greater diversity—the private schools have a certain diversity now as well, by plan—but the greater sense of community."

This kind of family comes to P.S. 158 with serious academic ambitions for its children, which in turn makes it possible for the teachers to teach to the top instead of to the middle—or, as so many parents with children in public schools think, to the bottom. "We are crazy about high expectations here," says principal Schecter, "almost to a fault, I sometimes think, in that I worry we don't do enough for the kids at the low end academically."

During a recent visit, the low end is not particularly in evidence. A floor-to-ceiling bulletin board in the first-floor corridor poses the MATH PROBLEM OF THE MONTH. The computer lab (which each class gets to use only an hour a week) hums with students completing assignments or toying with new programs. The kids passing in the hallways of the nearly 100-year-old school are well behaved and confident, and every class in the school begins the day with an hour and a half of reading and writing.

"The core of our life here," says Schechter, "is our literacy program," a districtwide initiative that puts the written word at the heart of the curriculum. Another key word at 158 is *enrichment*, which translates into exposure to the arts and the city itself. "It was not just the reading and the writing and the math," says Andrea Newland, who sends her twin boys to P.S. 158 and is a former co-president of the P.A., "but seeing kids being encouraged to think creatively about everything they come in contact with. Here it's always 'Look at this!' Not 'Don't touch' but 'Pick it up, look at it, turn it over.' "

'THE MAYOR ALWAYS TALKS about 'quality of life,' " says Alvarado, "but education is the single greatest quality-of-life issue for families in this city. When people are looking for a place to live, their first question, if they have kids, is 'Can I send them to a place where I can believe they have a shot at be-

Photograph: far right, Mark Peterson/Saba.

GOING PUBLIC

A comprehensive education is no longer just a function of what money can buy

Public education almost everywhere is perceived more as a problem than as a promise. In New York, as in many big cities, people who can afford it turn to private schools and starve the schools left to the rest. Others, like me, pull up in station wagons, depositing their children at carefully selected suburban schools, eager to make sure their kids profit from the inequality in public education. —*Robert Scheer*

SO FIXED ARE ASSUMPTIONS ABOUT New York City public schools that the above passage, written by a journalist with unmistakably leftist credentials (editor-in-chief of *Ramparts* magazine, editor of *Diaries of Che Guevara*), comes as no surprise. It is also not wholly true. Although no one knows the exact number of New Yorkers who could afford to pay for their children's private education but choose not to, there are dozens of affluent New York City public-school parents who endure the bewildered or even contemptuous reactions accorded them by friends and acquaintances. "You might as well be throwing him to the wolves," one parent recalls being told by a neighbor. "And he's such a cute boy."

"It's like people knocking the subway who don't take the subway," says Eric Seiff, a lawyer. Two of his children are in public elementary schools, not only because "the children get a good education there" but because "you learn from your peers as well as your teachers."

"We've got a lot of parents like that," says Frank DeStefano, principal of P.S. 41 in the Village. "Lawyers, doctors, some actors, lots of people in that category." Parents have no difficulty coming up with names of other affluent parents, and many are pleased to offer a recognizable name. Jonathan Schell is a P.S. 234 parent. Jules Feiffer is a P.S. 87 parent.

"I think public school is a better reflection of what life is going to be as you grow up," says Pat Gross, a mother at P.S. 41. Most people willing to be interviewed express similar sentiments, and they remember the days when the overwhelming bias was in favor of public education. Their parents and grandparents believed in public schools ardently, reflexively, having grown up in areas where private schools were scarce, or having had other problems that ruled out private education—an immigrant's weak grasp of English, for example.

Today, most affluent parents of public-school kids express a faith in heterogeneity that is surprising in an era so little known for its political compassion. "Things were a little monochromatic in that sweet little town," says *Life* managing editor Dan Okrent of his former life in a Berkshires village. So much so that Okrent moved back to the city, at least partly for the schools: "The list of names in my daughter's graduation program would put the U.N. to shame." Another East Sider pulled her child from private school after hearing a comment he made in the street. She'd been aware that many of his friends had $1,000 birthday parties and talked about their houses in the country, but then "we were walking, and I said hello to a black woman, and he said, 'Whose maid is that?' "

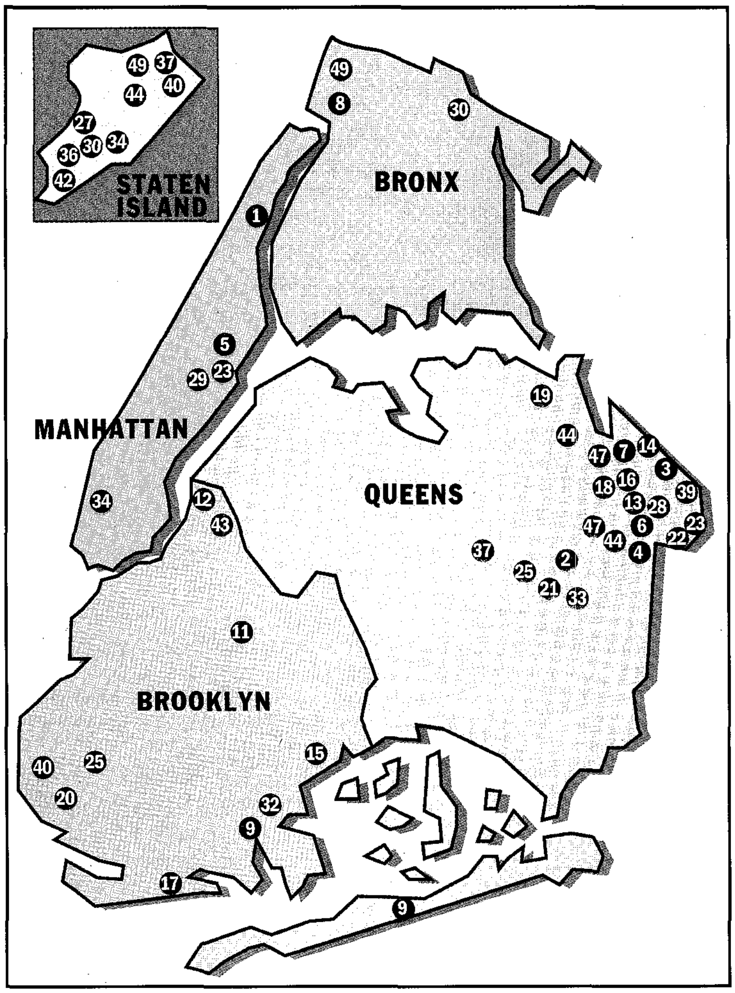
But most parents' remarks address not civic virtuousness but the quality of their schools. "We're not crusaders," says a Greenwich Village father. P.S. 41 mother Augusta Kaiser readily offers a list of satisfying things about the school. "The principal knows everybody's name; he's not caught up in the bureaucracy. I'm increasingly seeing parents around the school, volunteering. My daughter has a teacher who is tops. She's a real *teacher* teacher, a traditionalist who expects a lot of the kids."

"I'm stunned by the commitment of the parents," says Sally Cook, whose son attends the public Laboratory School for Gifted Education on the Upper East Side. "Moms and dads are equally involved. And even though there are 27 kids in the class, it's focused. If a child is having a behavior problem, they get on top of it immediately." Two of Eric Seiff's five children attend the Manhattan New School on the Upper East Side: "If they finish their assignments early, they're encouraged to go elsewhere and read. They have book-discussion groups. They keep diaries."

One public-school mother considers her son's education equal if not superior to anything she'd find in a private school. "Did you know that my other child [enrolled in a private school] has half-days on Fridays? I think it's because so many parents want to take off for the weekends. I also feel that the behavior in private schools can be worse. It's a very coddling atmosphere, because schools are desperate for tuition. If parents or children aren't happy about something, anything, they criticize and get catered to."

None of this is to say that all the parents plan to have their children go on to a public middle school. Erika Muenich, who has one child at P.S. 8 in Brooklyn and another who graduated from East Side Middle School and went on to Stuyvesant, acknowledges that many people who were satisfied with the K–8 experience don't feel assured of the same quality at the higher level. "The middle schools seem to be the weakest places in the educational firmament," says a parent who had one child attend the public schools through to Bronx Science and had another go to Andover. Their collective despair about the dearth of good middle schools calls to mind what one parent said about making the primary schools even better: "You can't say any school is all good or all bad. You find great teachers, great principals, great students, great parents everywhere. You're going to deal with human foibles everywhere. More schools would be good if more people decided not to write them off."

LINDA HALL



NEW YORK'S TOP 50 ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

Rank	School
1	P.S. 223 (District 6, Manhattan)
2	P.S. 196 (District 28, Queens)
3	P.S. 221 (District 26, Queens)
4	P.S. 178 (District 26, Queens)
5	P.S. 6 (District 2, Manhattan)
6	P.S. 205 (District 26, Queens)
7	P.S. 98 (District 26, Queens)
8	P.S. 24 (District 10, Bronx)
9	P.S. 312 (District 22, Brooklyn), tied
	P.S. 114 (District 27, Queens), tied
11	P.S. 308 (District 16, Brooklyn)
12	P.S. 31 (District 14, Brooklyn)
13	P.S. 46 (District 26, Queens)
14	P.S. 94 (District 26, Queens)
15	P.S. 279 (District 18, Brooklyn)
16	P.S. 203 (District 26, Queens)
17	P.S. 100 (District 21, Brooklyn)
18	P.S. 31 (District 26, Queens)
19	P.S. 169 (District 25, Queens)
20	P.S. 229 (District 20, Brooklyn)
21	P.S. 144 (District 28, Queens)
22	P.S. 18 (District 26, Queens)
23	P.S. 158 (District 2, Manhattan), tied
	P.S. 191 (District 26, Queens), tied
25	P.S. 247 (District 20, Brooklyn), tied
	P.S. 174 (District 28, Queens), tied
27	P.S. 4 (District 31, Staten Island)
28	P.S. 213 (District 26, Queens)
29	P.S. 183 (District 2, Manhattan)
30	P.S. 175 (District 11, Bronx), tied
	P.S. 42 (District 31, Staten Island), tied
32	P.S. 236 (District 22, Brooklyn)
33	P.S. 101 (District 28, Queens)
34	P.S. 234 (District 2, Manhattan), tied
	P.S. 8 (District 31, Staten Island), tied
36	P.S. 36 (District 31, Staten Island)
37	P.S. 113 (District 24, Queens), tied
	P.S. 35 (District 31, Staten Island), tied
39	P.S. 186 (District 26, Queens)
40	P.S. 185 (District 20, Brooklyn), tied
	P.S. 48 (District 31, Staten Island), tied
42	P.S. 3 (District 31, Staten Island)
43	P.S. 34 (District 14, Brooklyn)
44	P.S. 26 (District 26, Queens), tied
	P.S. 159 (District 26, Queens), tied
	P.S. 54 (District 31, Staten Island), tied
47	P.S. 41 (District 26, Queens), tied
	P.S. 173 (District 26, Queens), tied
49	P.S. 81 (District 10, Bronx), tied
	P.S. 30 (District 31, Staten Isalnd), tied

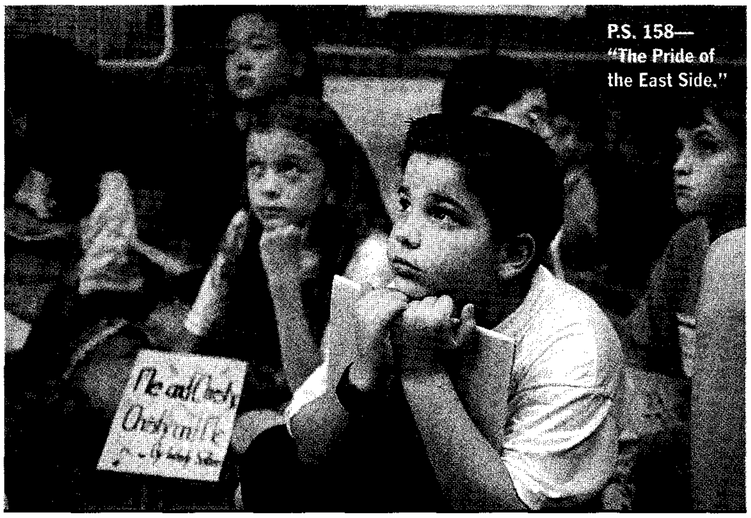
* Ranked according to reading scores.

Andrew and Caroline could thrive in a school like P.S. 158, might even make it into Bronx Science without benefit of string-pulling.

ing well educated?' ”

One school where they do have a shot at that is the Manhattan New School on East 82nd Street, started three and a half years ago as a sort of “put up or shut up” proposition by Shelley Harwayne, then co-director of the highly regarded Writer's Project at Columbia University Teachers College. “Our mission was to travel around the city teaching teachers,” says Harwayne, “and at some point, a group of us started talking about how it was time to see just how well our ideas really worked.”

Using the first floor of the old building, Harwayne and seven colleagues from Teachers set up shop in September 1991, posting flyers in Laundromats and copy stores to attract parents and kicking off the school year with 125 students. By 1993, the school had grown to 325 kids; it began this year as an official District 2 school with an enrollment of more than 400.



P.S. 158— “The Pride of the East Side.”

To any parent who has weathered the public schools in New York, the Manhattan New School has the feel of an educational utopia, from the smiling receptionist at the front desk—every child in the school knows she helped integrate lunch counters down South in her youth—to the floor-to-ceiling shelves filled with poetry in the anteroom to the crammed office Harwayne has made for herself out of the long-vacated nurse's room. There are four informal theme libraries scattered throughout the school, each one anchored by an oversize sofa or chairs into which kids can disappear with a book.

“The kids own this building,” says Harwayne, and even though moments earlier she'd described the school as a “teaching school, like New York Hospital is a teaching hospital,” this is a school where everything seems to have been conceived to answer one question: Does it help kids learn? “Real world” literacy education takes the form of the students themselves researching and writing a building guide for the school's steady stream of visitors. “It's the first public school I've ever been in where I heard not one adult speak to a child in a way I wouldn't want my child spoken to,” observed an experienced day-care director who visited the school with a couple of her charges.

Even the smallest kids seem focused and cheerful. In Lorraine Shapiro's first-grade classroom one morning last year, 26 children sit cross-legged and silent as Shapiro reads to them from her perch on a small stool. Above their heads bob dozens of beautifully colored paper fish strung by wires from the light fixtures. The class has been studying the creatures of the deep, and this is their “sea sanctuary.” When Harwayne appears at the edge of the circle, a dozen calls of “Hi, Shelley” ring out. “Why aren't we moving too much today?” Shapiro asks quietly, and the kids croon back, “Because then we will be sweating!” Without missing a beat, Shapiro then asks the class, “And if Shelley were to go swimming, what kind of shark should she watch out for?” “The great white!” they shout.

“How do you know all this stuff?” asks Shapiro. “It's because I tell you, right?”

“Noooo,” they answer, laughing now.

“Then how do you know?” she asks.

“Because we look in books and we do *research*!”

Upstairs, in Paula Rogovin's first-grade classroom, a group of 6-year-olds has been studying Yorkville as if under a microscope. They have interviewed shopkeepers and longtime residents, mapped the surrounding blocks, visited stores, and even brought back specimens of Yorkville ants and Yorkville worms to examine. One day, Rogovin says, some of the children became interested in how the sidewalks were made, so they begged the necessary ingredients from a neighborhood contractor, did some “Yorkville math,” and made their own concrete right there in the classroom. As Rogovin is explaining this, two boys from the second grade show up on their lunch hour to say they've heard her class has actually made concrete; could they please look at it? They stare for a while at the rough gray chunks sitting on a tabletop like relics of the Acropolis, nod their heads in approval, and go away impressed.

“This is exactly the same building as my old school,” says Rogovin, who, like half of the teaching staff at MNS, is a voluntary transfer from another district, “but this one shines. Where I taught before, I was able to sneak in creative teaching, but it wasn't honored. I wanted to be able to do it where it is respected, where it is honored.”

There can be little doubt that Andrew Giuliani or his little sister, Caroline, would thrive in the care of teachers like Rogovin and Shapiro, could blossom into confident scholars at P.S. 158, might even make it into Stuyvesant or Bronx Science without the benefit of string-pulling. The larger and more difficult question is how to make such an opportunity more widely available to families throughout the city. For the fact is that both of these exemplary schools are anomalies in the system.

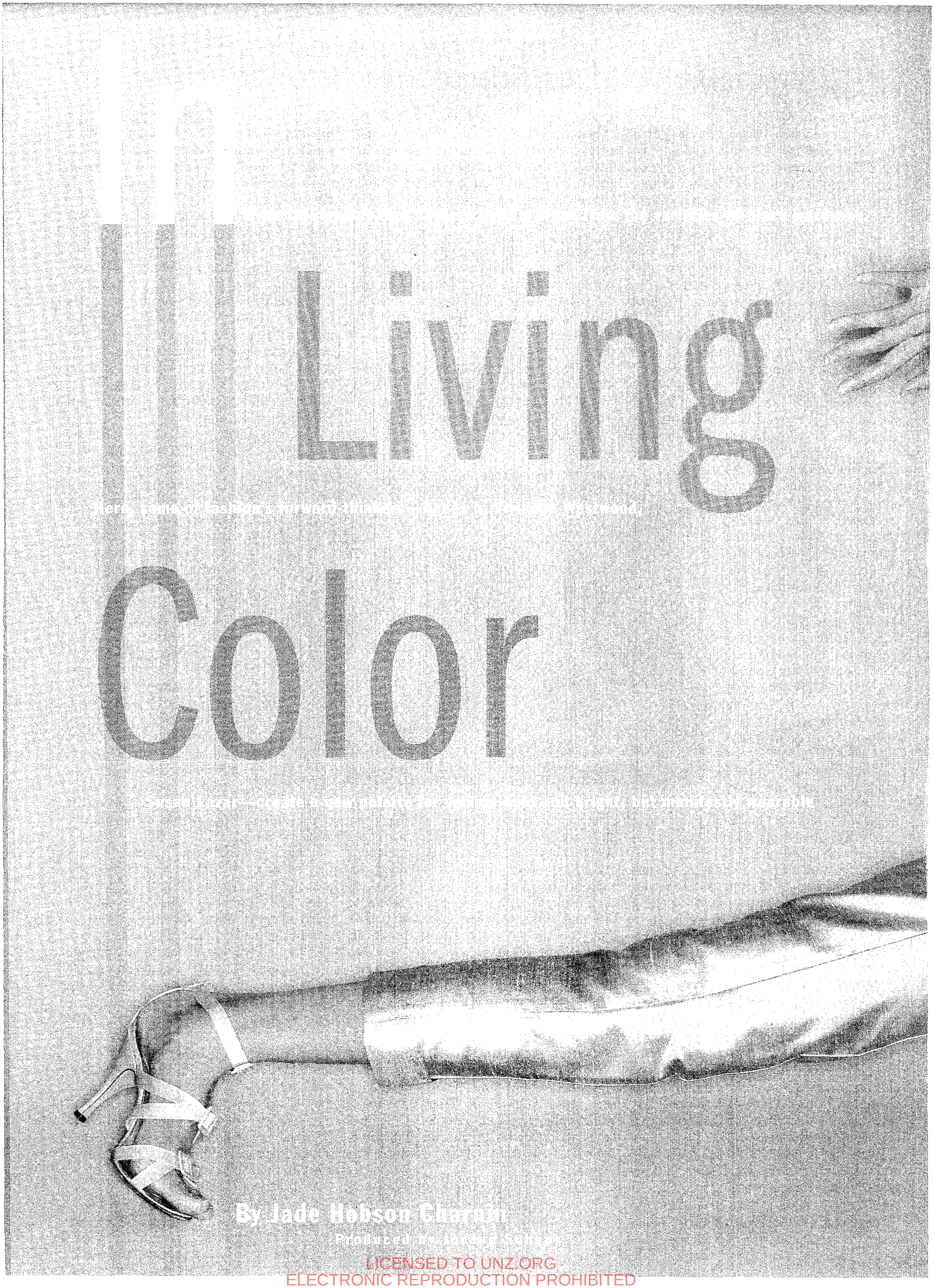
To come anywhere close to offering what P.S. 158 and MNS offer their students will require something that is simply not replicable in communities devastated by poverty, broken families, and unemployment. Says Harwayne, “A lot of people underestimate what parents want to do and learn, and what they need in the way of support. I have a hunch that public schools could use a full-time parent educator, among other things. Because it's not enough to say to parents, ‘You should read out loud to your child every night.’ Okay—what kind of book? For how long? And how exactly do you make use of the city's cultural institutions when you've never been in one?”

The public-school children of New York City share one computer for every eighteen students, compared with one per thirteen elsewhere in the state; share half as many library books; spend their days in classrooms with a quarter to half again as many kids in them as classrooms outside the city; and are taught by teachers who bail out of the system at the highest rate in the state in search of the higher salaries and greater esteem and more tractable classrooms they can find elsewhere.

It is hard not to suspect that all this has something to do with the fact that the system itself only occasionally intersects with the lives of the powerful in this city, and that parents with $10,000 to spend per child per year have never found themselves composing a letter of painful familiarity to their fellow citizens:

Dear Mayor Giuliani:

I am a public-school parent, writing to protest. . . . ■



In Living Color

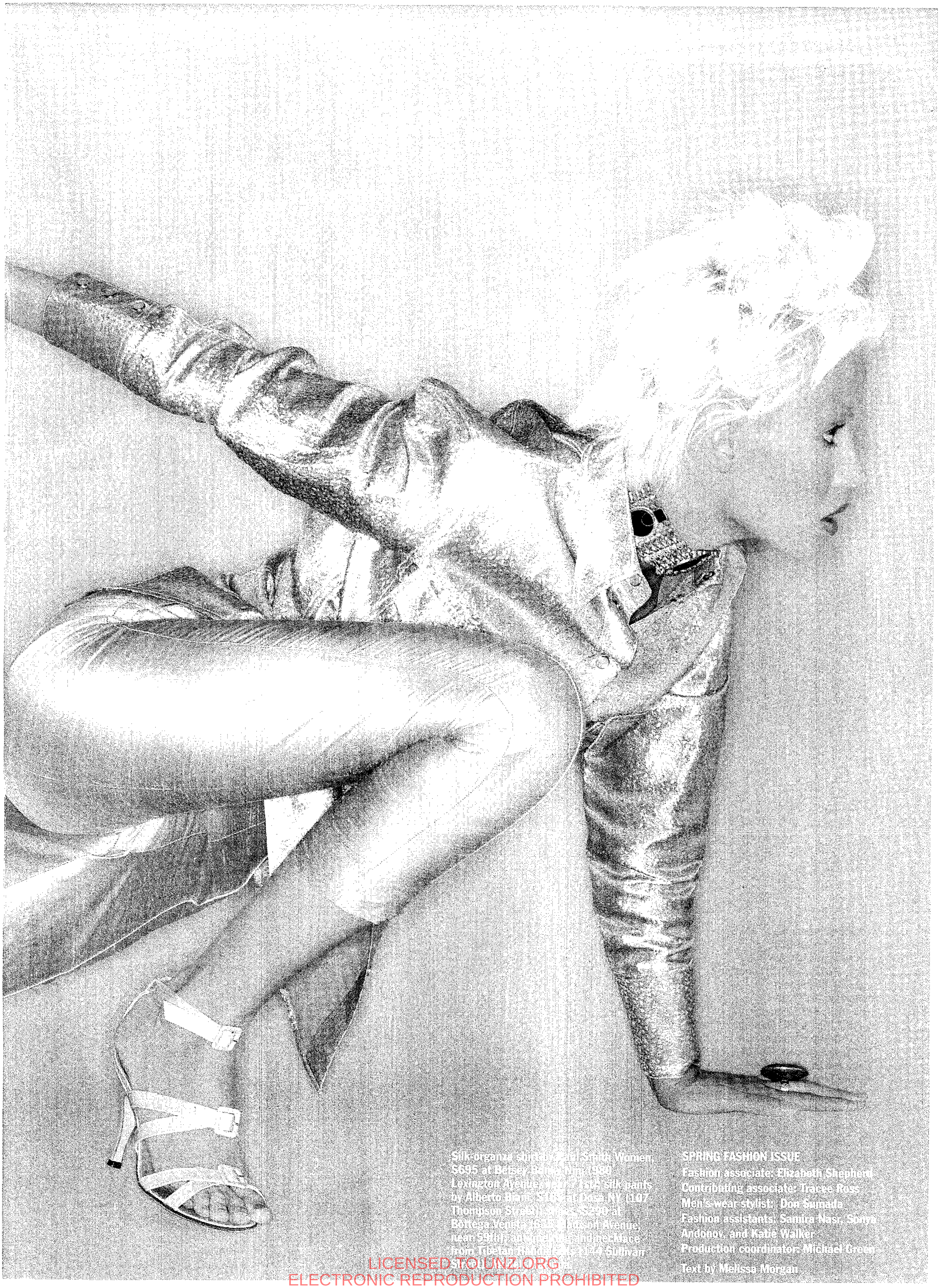
[illegible]

Here, some of fashion's forward thinkers [illegible] Westwood,

Susan Lazar—create a new palette for spring [illegible] bright, but manifestly wearable

By Jade Hobson Charnin

Produced by [illegible]



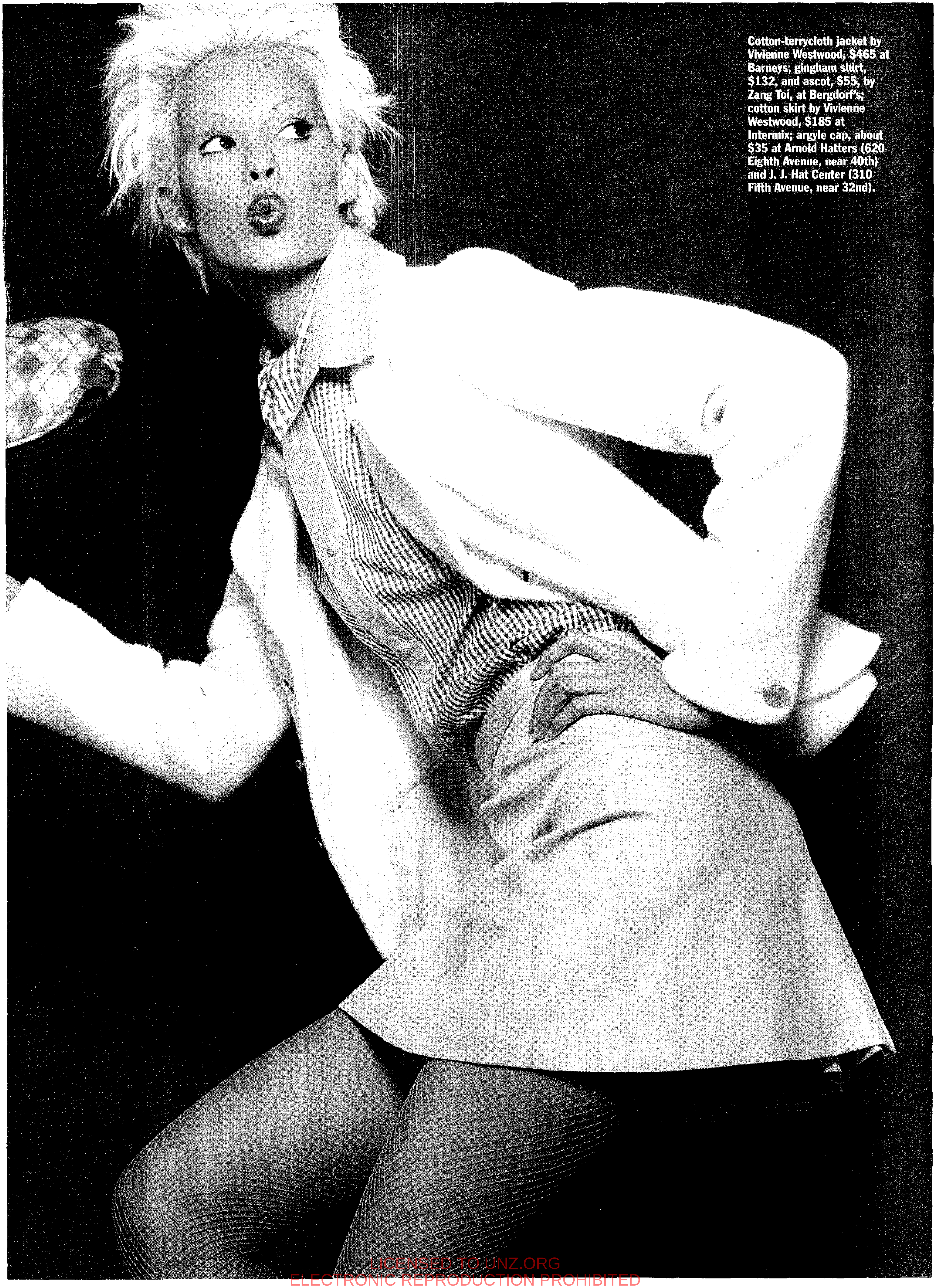
Silk-organza shirt by Paul Smith Women, $695 at Betsey Bunky Nini (980 Lexington Avenue, near 71st). Silk pants by Alberto Biani, $165 at Dosa NY (107 Thompson Street). Shoes, $290 at Bottega Veneta (635 Madison Avenue, near 59th), and ring and necklace from Tibetan Handicrafts (144 Sullivan Street).

SPRING FASHION ISSUE
Fashion associate: Elizabeth Shepherd
Contributing associate: Tracee Ross
Men's-wear stylist: Don Sumada
Fashion assistants: Samira Nasr, Sonya Andonov, and Katie Walker
Production coordinator: Michael Green

Text by Melissa Morgan

Stretch-silk-charmeuse shirt by Susan Lazar, $235 at Intermix; stretch-gabardine jeans, $185 at A.P.C.; shoes from the Anne Klein Collection, $177 at Bergdorf's and Saks; silk scarf, $165 at YSL Boutique (855 Madison Avenue, near 70th); vintage belt, $22 at What Comes Around Goes Around (351 West Broadway, near Broome); cotton bag, $110 at Agnès b.

Hair: Frankie Foye for Sarah Laird
Makeup: Christian Burran for Max Factor International
Fashion assistants: Keiko Shimizu and Zeljka Marjanovic



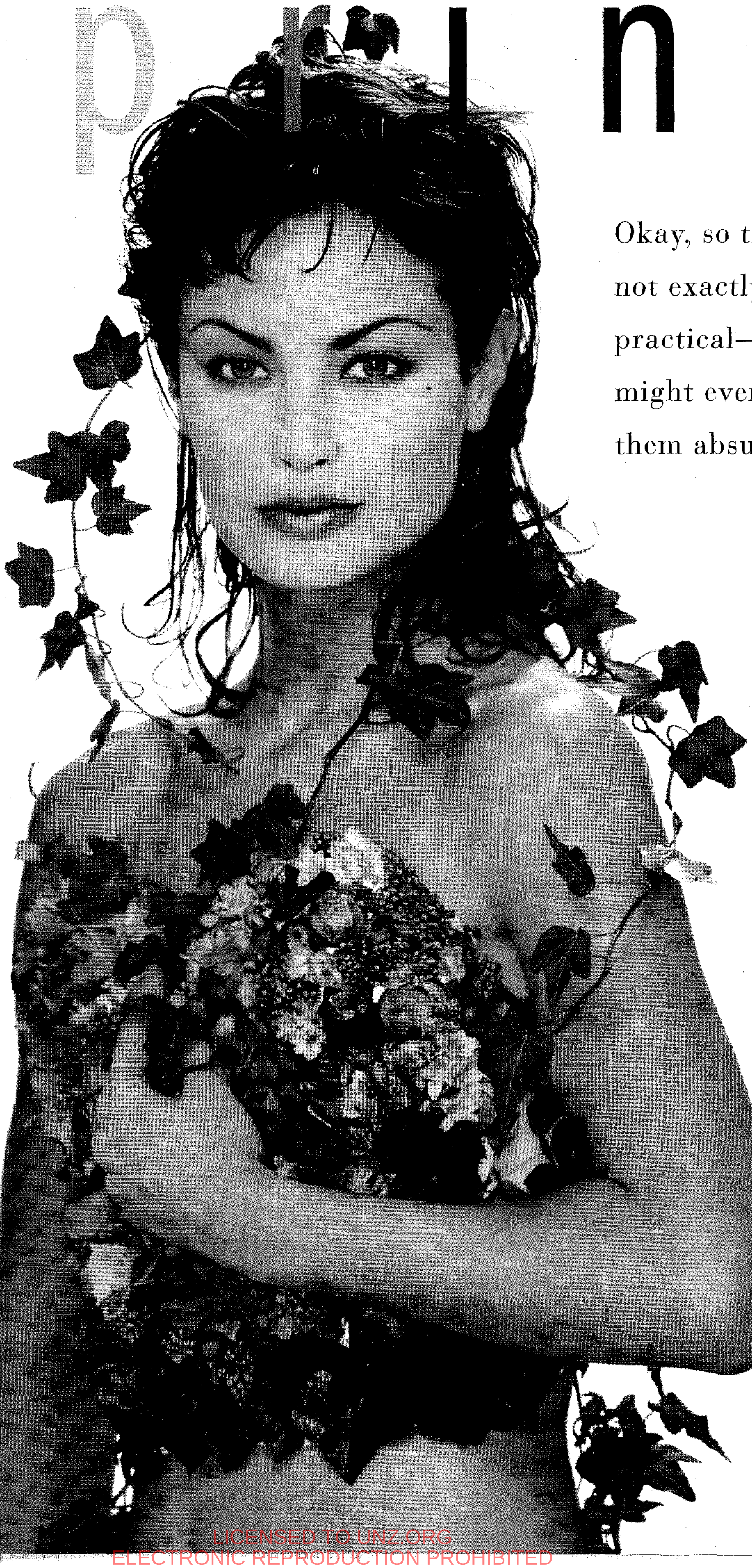
Cotton-terrycloth jacket by Vivienne Westwood, $465 at Barneys; gingham shirt, $132, and ascot, $55, by Zang Toi, at Bergdorf's; cotton skirt by Vivienne Westwood, $185 at Intermix; argyle cap, about $35 at Arnold Hatters (620 Eighth Avenue, near 40th) and J. J. Hat Center (310 Fifth Avenue, near 32nd).

On the cover: cotton pants by Vivienne Westwood, about $195 at Barneys New York and Charivari 57; rayon shirt by Alberto Biani, $125 at Barneys New York, Intermix, Linda Dresner (484 Park Avenue, near 58th); silk jacket by Agnès b, $280 at Agnès b (116 Prince Street and 1063 Madison Avenue, near 80th); patent-leather loafers by Stephane Kelian; cotton socks by Ralph Lauren Hosiery.

Nylon waterproof jacket by Susan Lazar, $295 at Intermix (125 Fifth Avenue, near 20th); cotton-terrycloth T-shirt by Plein Sud, $190 at Carol Rollo (1044 Third Avenue, near 62nd); corduroy jeans, $160 at A.P.C.; patent-leather mules, $455 at Manolo Blahnik (15 West 55th Street); beaded necklace, $30 at Tibetan Handicrafts.

[illegible] by Plein Sud,
[illegible] and Carol
[illegible] Stephane
[illegible]
[illegible] Model: Wade.

Spring



Okay, so they're not exactly practical—one might even call them absurd—

This page: Flowers by VSF (204 West 10th Street). Model: Carolyn Murphy.

Opposite: Flowers by Paul Bott Beautiful Flowers (1305 Madison Avenue, near 92nd).

Long-line strapless bras, $21 each at Lord & Taylor.

Hair: Howard Fugler for the Roger Thompson Salon at Barneys New York. Makeup: Sandy Linter for Stephen Knoll Salon.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY

ALBERT WATSON

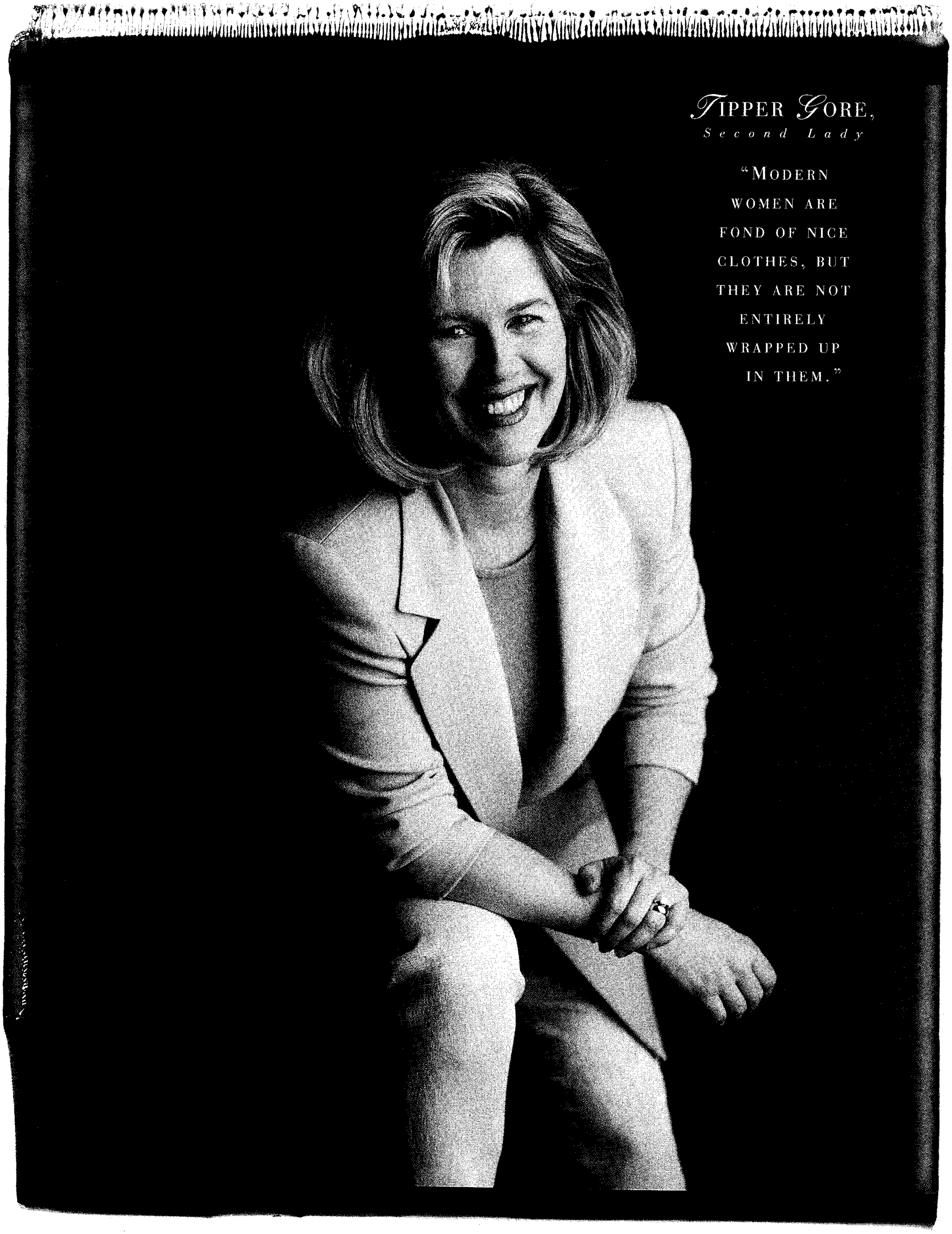
Follies

but then, what would the season-to-be be without some insane outburst of whimsy?

The POLITICS of DRESSING

Yes, we're excited about virtual offices, telecommuting, and dressing down—but in the great northeastern metropolises, anyway, the suit lives on. On the following pages, nine nineties political power brokers from all over the ideological spectrum—including *American Spectator* contributor David Brock, ABC News special correspondent Cokie Roberts, MTV and NBC News reporter Tabitha Soren, radical lawyer and minor poet William Kunstler, and, yes, the wife of the vice-president of the United States—demonstrate that the suit, like one's political inclination, is open to interpretation.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS
HAIR: THOM PRIANO FOR GARREN NY AT HENRI BENDEL. MAKEUP: MICHEL VOYSKI FOR 8 CO.
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE POLAROID 20 X 24 STUDIO

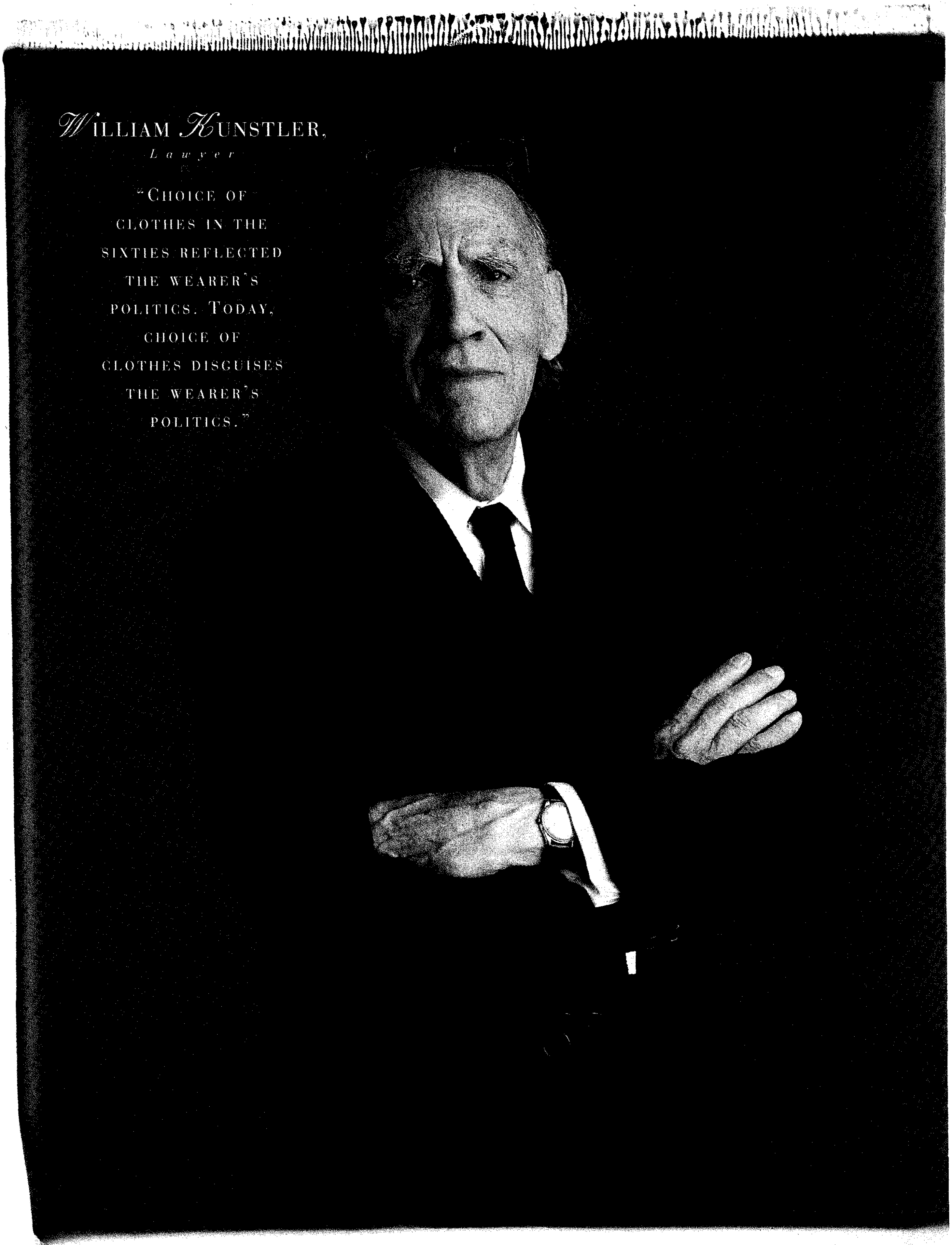


TIPPER GORE,

Second Lady

"MODERN WOMEN ARE FOND OF NICE CLOTHES, BUT THEY ARE NOT ENTIRELY WRAPPED UP IN THEM."

Silk jacket, $312, and pants, $192, by Dana Buchman, at Dana Buchman (65 East 57th Street), Lord & Taylor, Saks; cashmere sweater by Calvin Klein, $200 at Lord & Taylor.

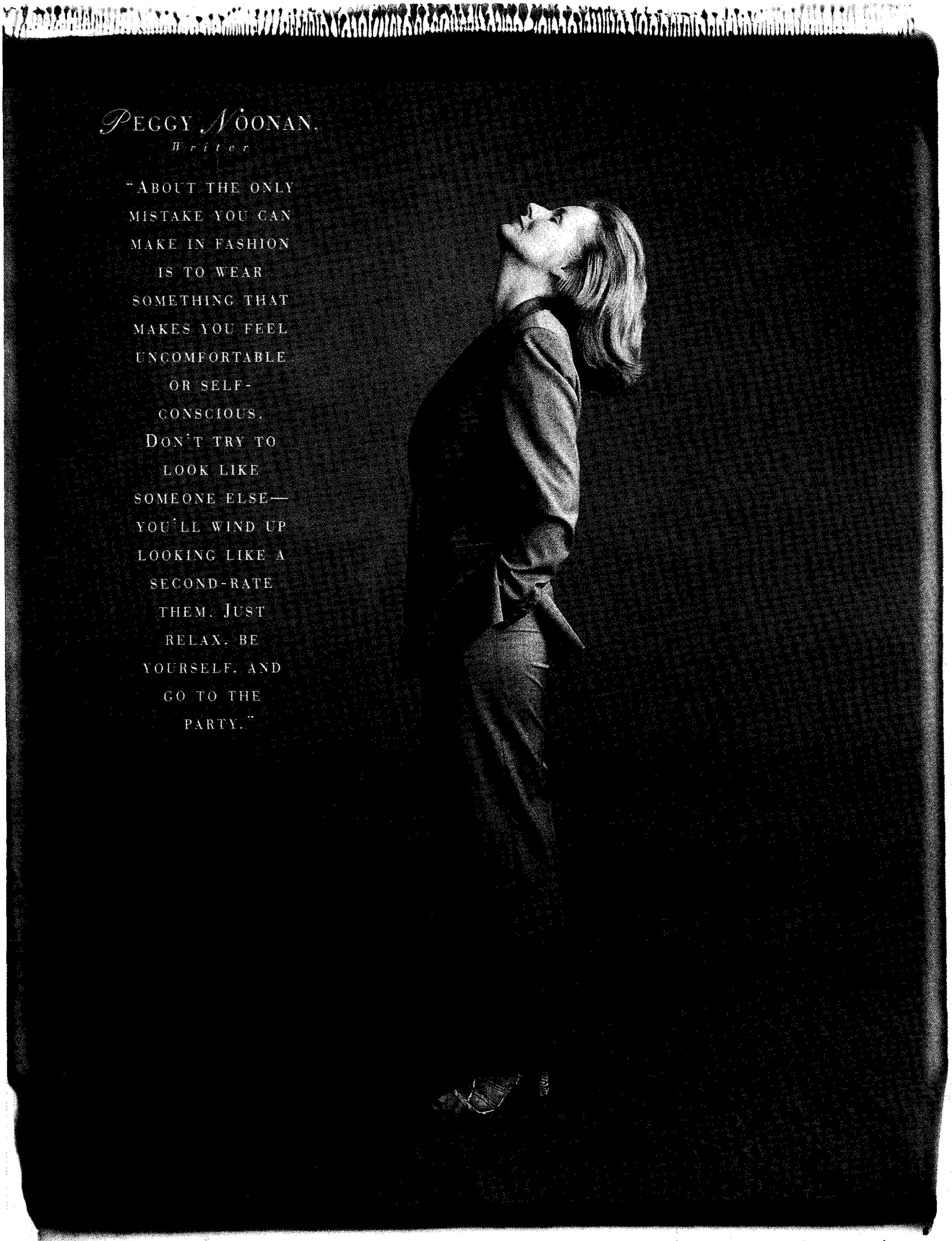


WILLIAM KUNSTLER,

Lawyer

"CHOICE OF CLOTHES IN THE SIXTIES REFLECTED THE WEARER'S POLITICS. TODAY, CHOICE OF CLOTHES DISGUISES THE WEARER'S POLITICS."

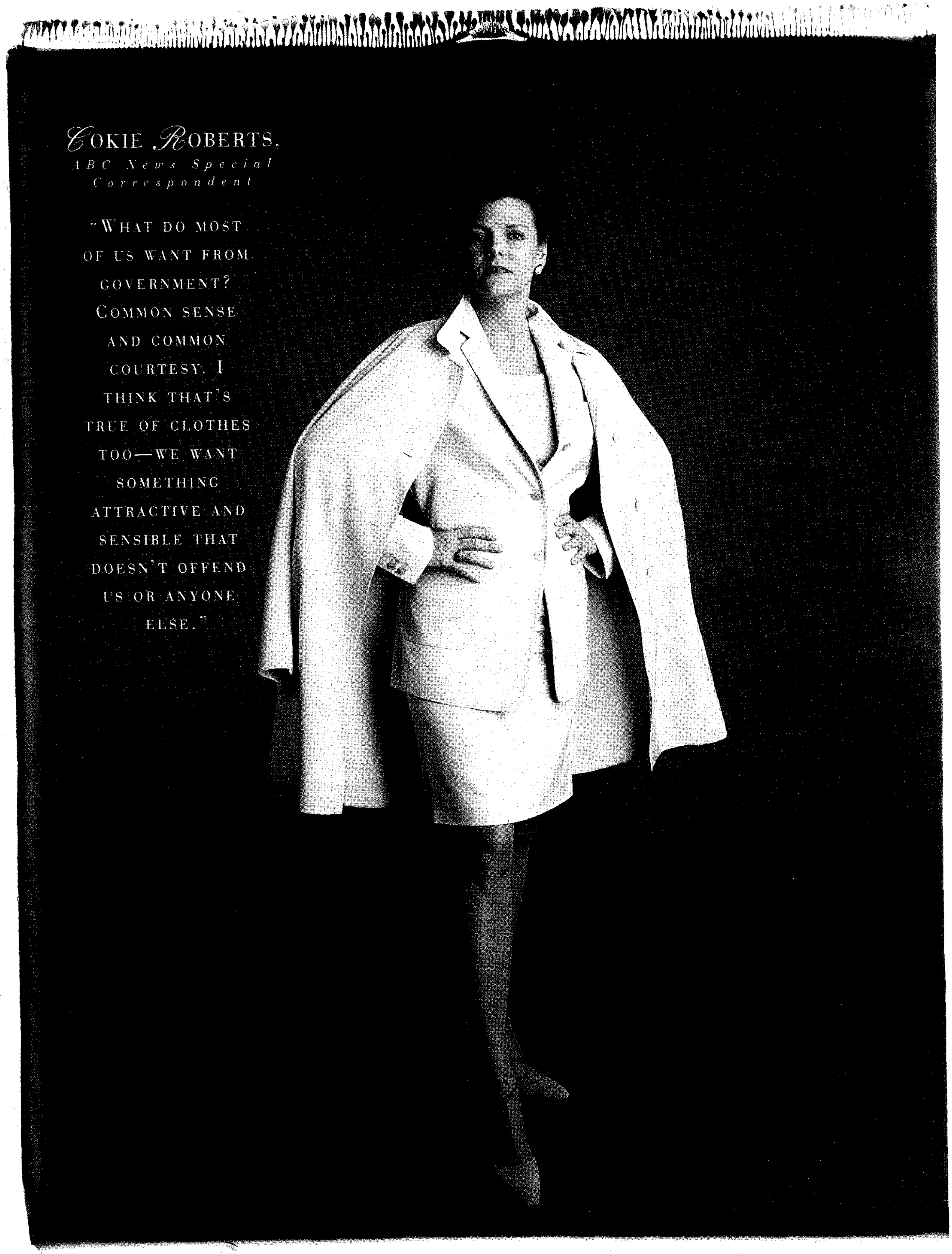
Cotton blazer, about $900, and trousers, $380, by Yohji Yamamoto, at Charivari NYC (1001 Madison Avenue, near 78th) and Yohji Yamamoto Boutique (103 Grand Street); cotton shirt from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $67.50 at Lord & Taylor, the Polo Boutique, Saks; wool tie by Alberto Biani.



PEGGY NOONAN,
Writer

"ABOUT THE ONLY MISTAKE YOU CAN MAKE IN FASHION IS TO WEAR SOMETHING THAT MAKES YOU FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE OR SELF-CONSCIOUS. DON'T TRY TO LOOK LIKE SOMEONE ELSE— YOU'LL WIND UP LOOKING LIKE A SECOND-RATE THEM. JUST RELAX, BE YOURSELF, AND GO TO THE PARTY."

Wool suit by MaxMara, $715 at MaxMara (813 Madison Avenue, near 68th); snakeskin sandals by Calvin Klein, $280 at Bergdorf's; stockings by Givenchy.

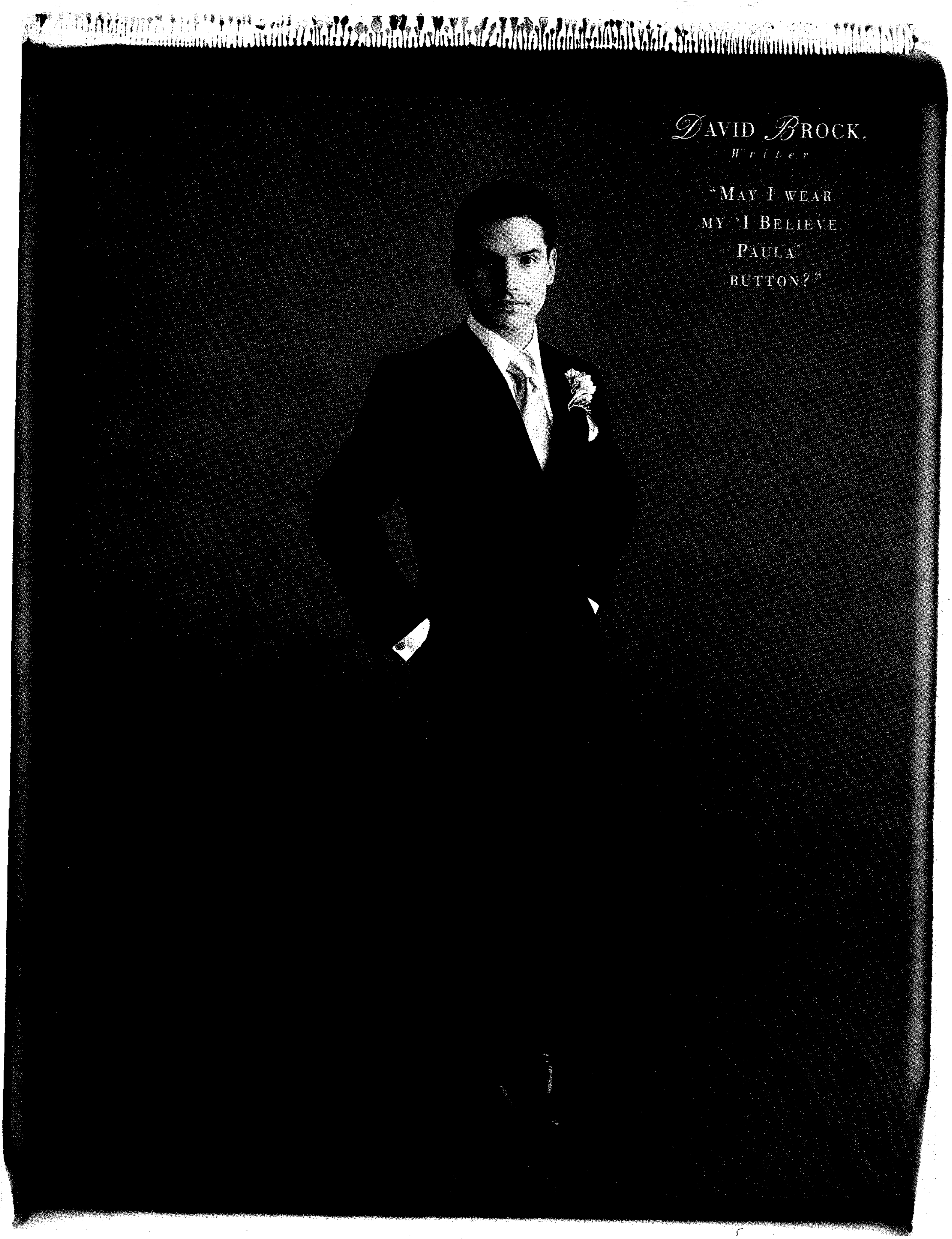


COKIE ROBERTS,

ABC News Special Correspondent

"WHAT DO MOST OF US WANT FROM GOVERNMENT? COMMON SENSE AND COMMON COURTESY. I THINK THAT'S TRUE OF CLOTHES TOO—WE WANT SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE AND SENSIBLE THAT DOESN'T OFFEND US OR ANYONE ELSE."

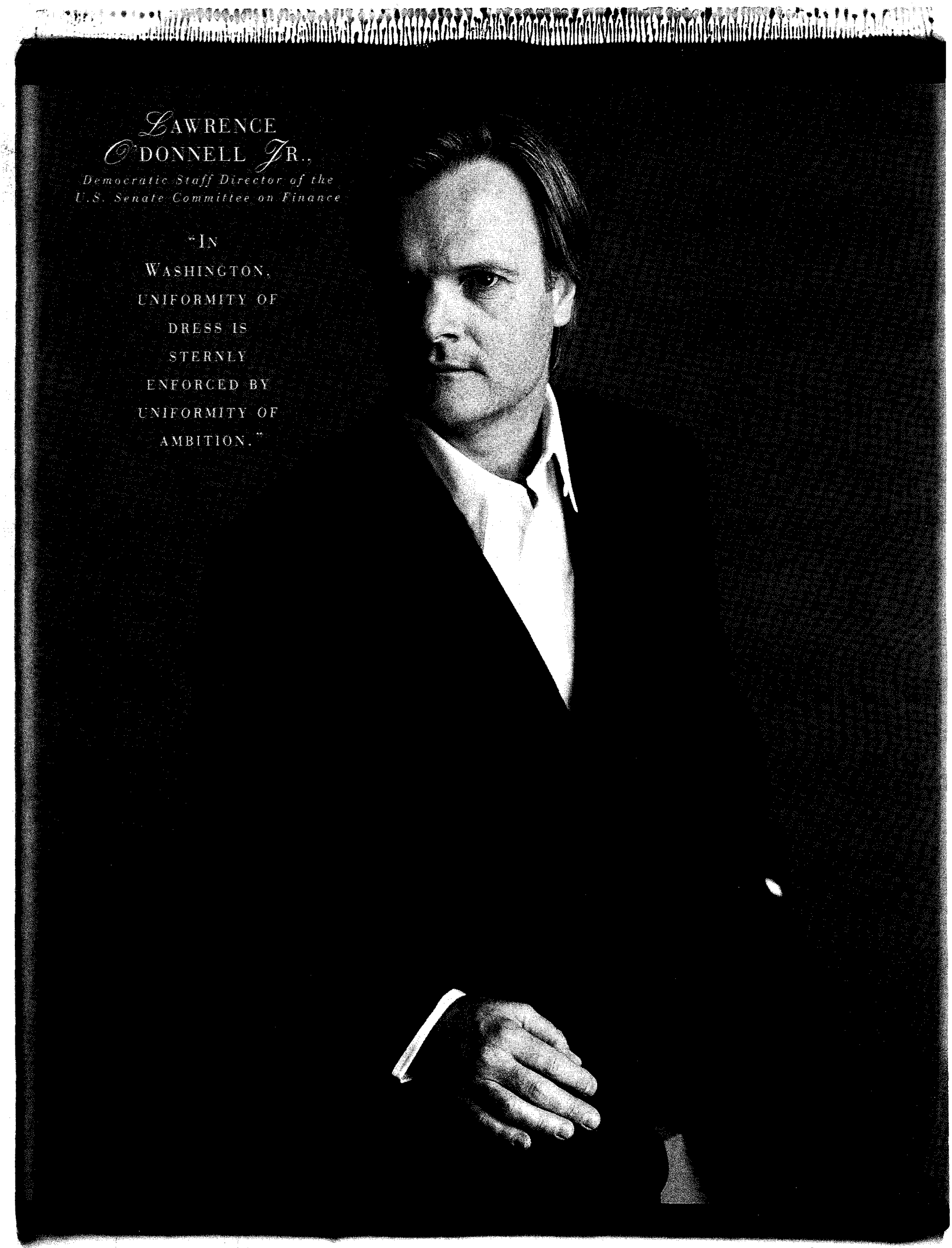
Trench coat, $1,850, and wool suit, $1,985, by Jil Sander, at Linda Dresner; cashmere T-shirt by Calvin Klein, $220 at Lord & Taylor, Macy's, Saks; suede sandals, $260 at Diego Della Valle (41 East 57th Street); stockings by Lord & Taylor.



DAVID BROCK,
Writer

"MAY I WEAR
MY 'I BELIEVE
PAULA'
BUTTON?"

Wool suit, $897, cotton shirt, $72.50, silk tie, $62.50, cotton pocket square, $9.50, and enamel cuff links, $245, at Paul Stuart (Madison Avenue at 45th Street); shoes, $465 at J.M. Weston (42 East 57th Street). Hair: Louis Angelo for Garren NY at Henri Bendel.

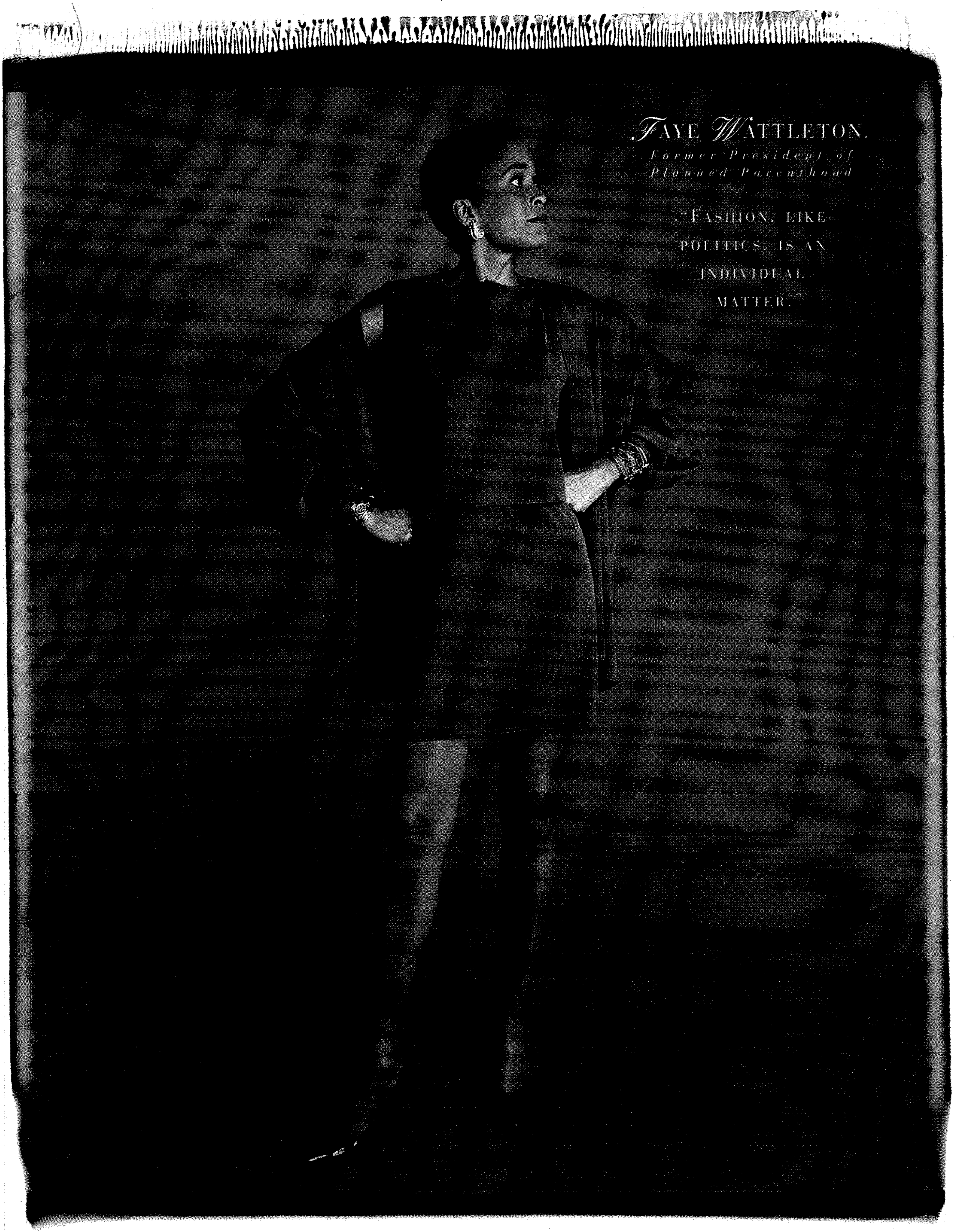


LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.,

Democratic Staff Director of the U.S. Senate Committee on Finance

"IN WASHINGTON, UNIFORMITY OF DRESS IS STERNLY ENFORCED BY UNIFORMITY OF AMBITION."

Wool-crêpe suit, $1,445, and cotton shirt, $180, by Donna Karan, at Saks. Hair: Louis Angelo for Garren NY at Henri Bendel.

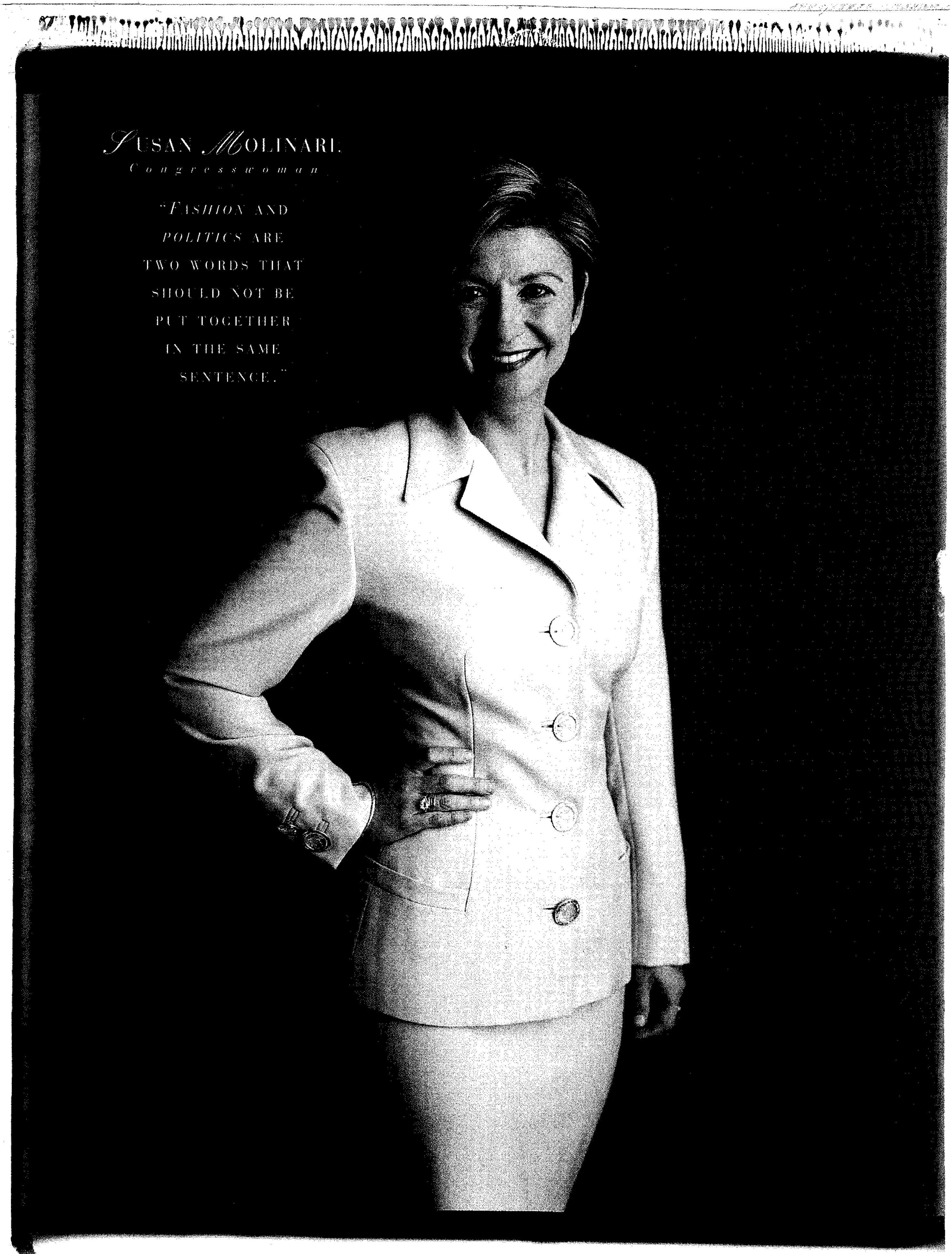


FAYE WATTLETON.

Former President of Planned Parenthood

"FASHION, LIKE POLITICS, IS AN INDIVIDUAL MATTER."

Blouse, $300, jacket, $800, and skirt, $450, by Zoran, at Saks; shoes by Manolo Blahnik; $445 at Barneys New York and Manolo Blahnik; cuffs from the Tambaran Gallery. Hair: Bruce Clark at Martino Breck (27 West 72nd Street).

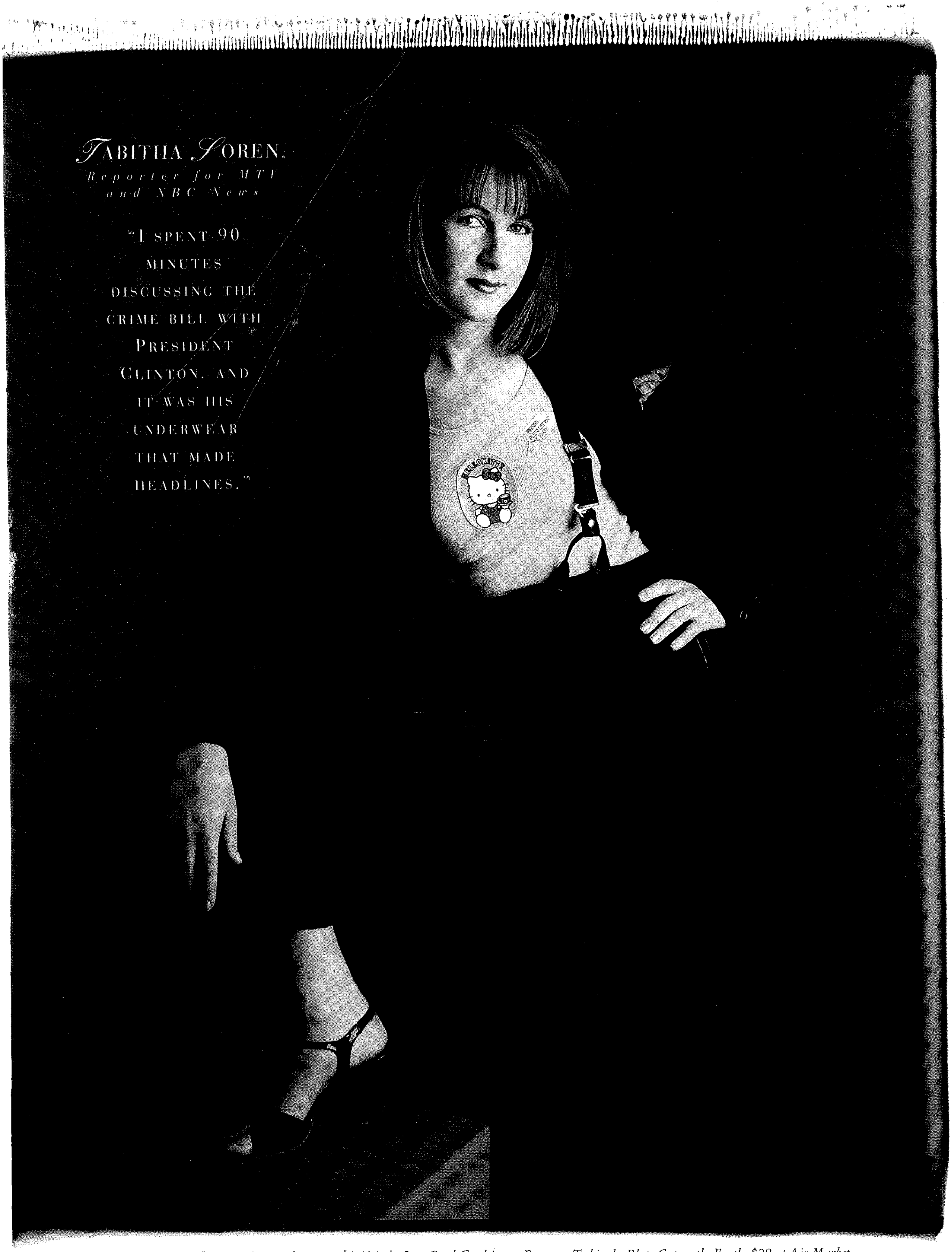


SUSAN MOLINARI

Congresswoman

"*FASHION* AND *POLITICS* ARE TWO WORDS THAT SHOULD NOT BE PUT TOGETHER IN THE SAME SENTENCE."

Twill suit, $2,095 at Gianni Versace Boutique (816 Madison Avenue, near 68th). Hair: Louis Angelo for Garren NY at Henri Bendel.

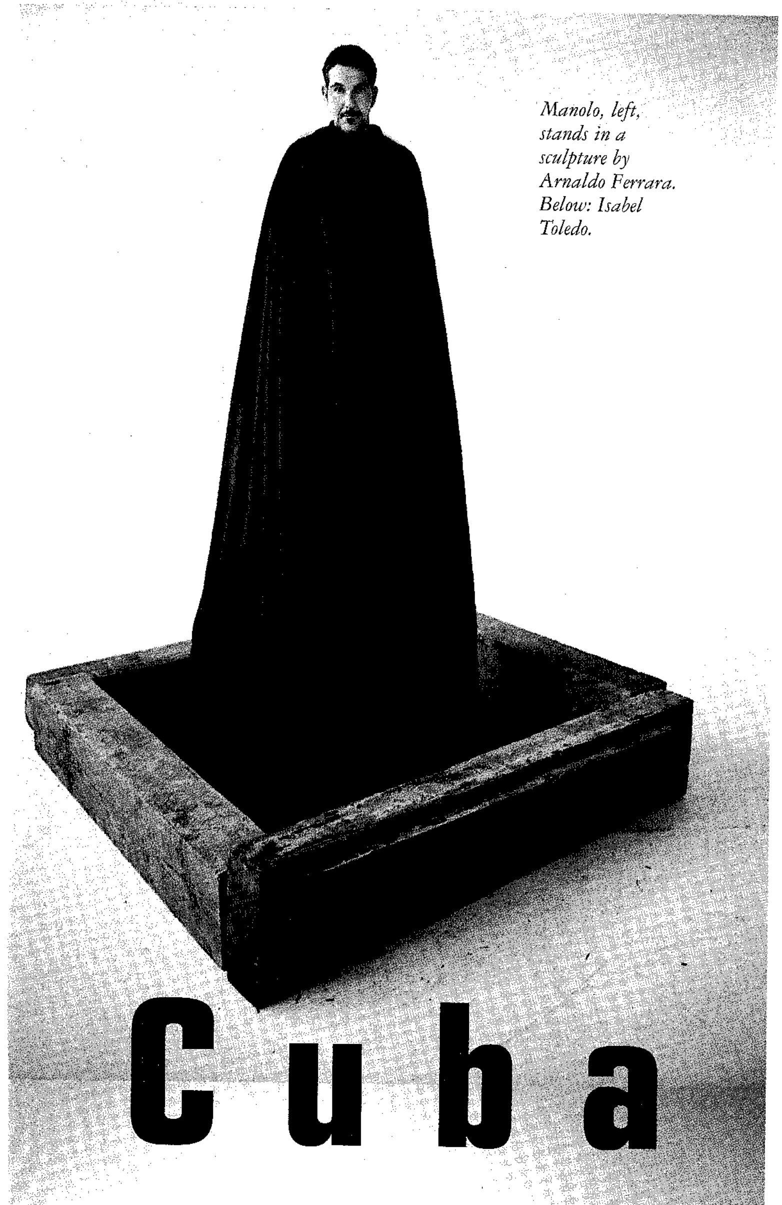


TABITHA SOREN.

Reporter for MTV and NBC News

"I SPENT 90 MINUTES DISCUSSING THE CRIME BILL WITH PRESIDENT CLINTON, AND IT WAS HIS UNDERWEAR THAT MADE HEADLINES."

Wool-blend jacket, $880, and suspender pants, $1,150, by Jean-Paul Gaultier, at Bagutta; T-shirt by Pluto Cat on the Earth, $28 at Air Market (97 Third Avenue, near 12th); sandals, $255 at Stephane Kelian. Hair: Jeff Francis for Garren N.Y. at Henri Bendel.



Manolo, left, stands in a sculpture by Arnaldo Ferrara. Below: Isabel Toledo.

Cuba Libre

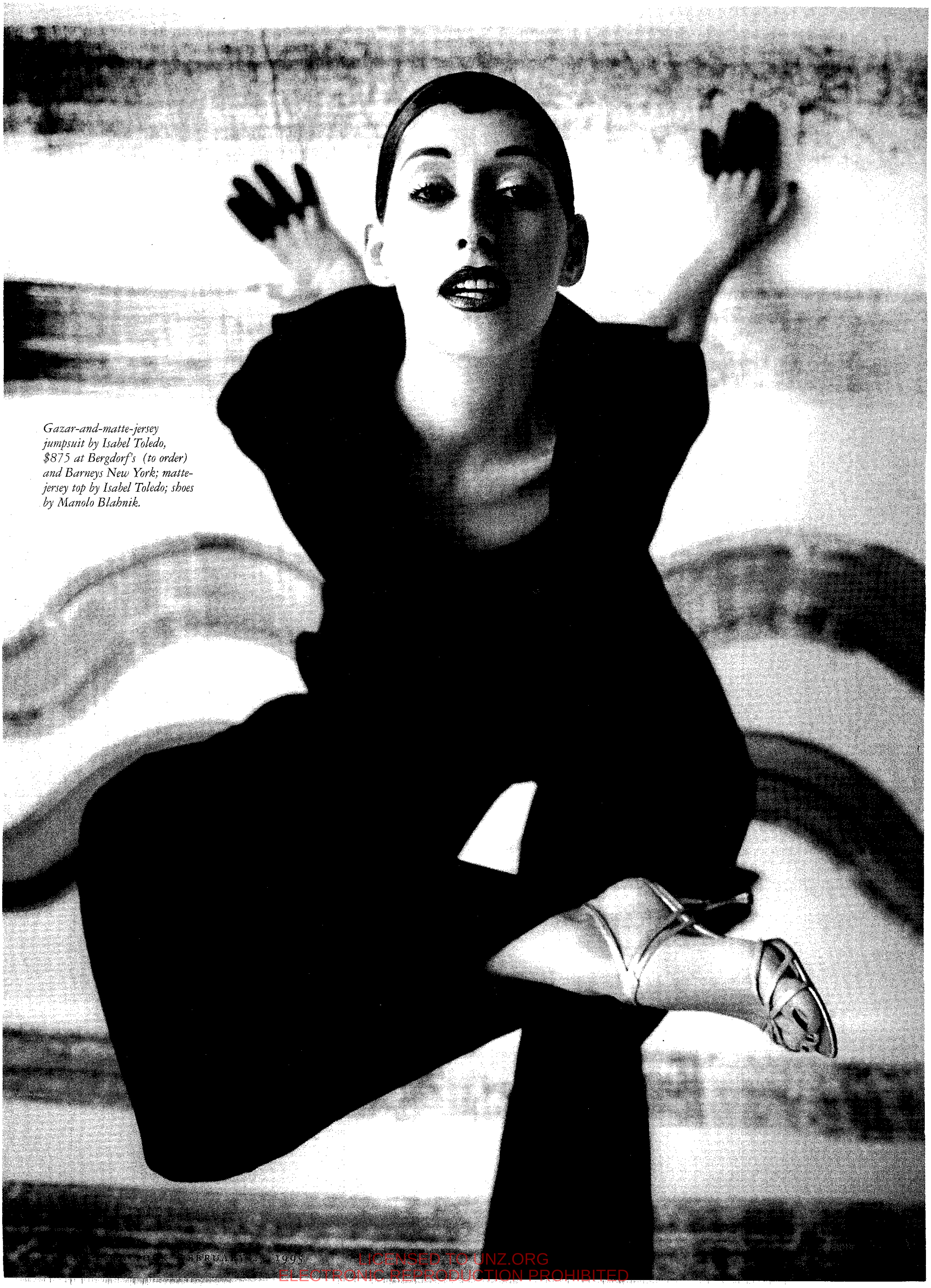
Photographed by

Ruven Afanador

Styled by Michaela Angela Davis/M.A.D. Vision

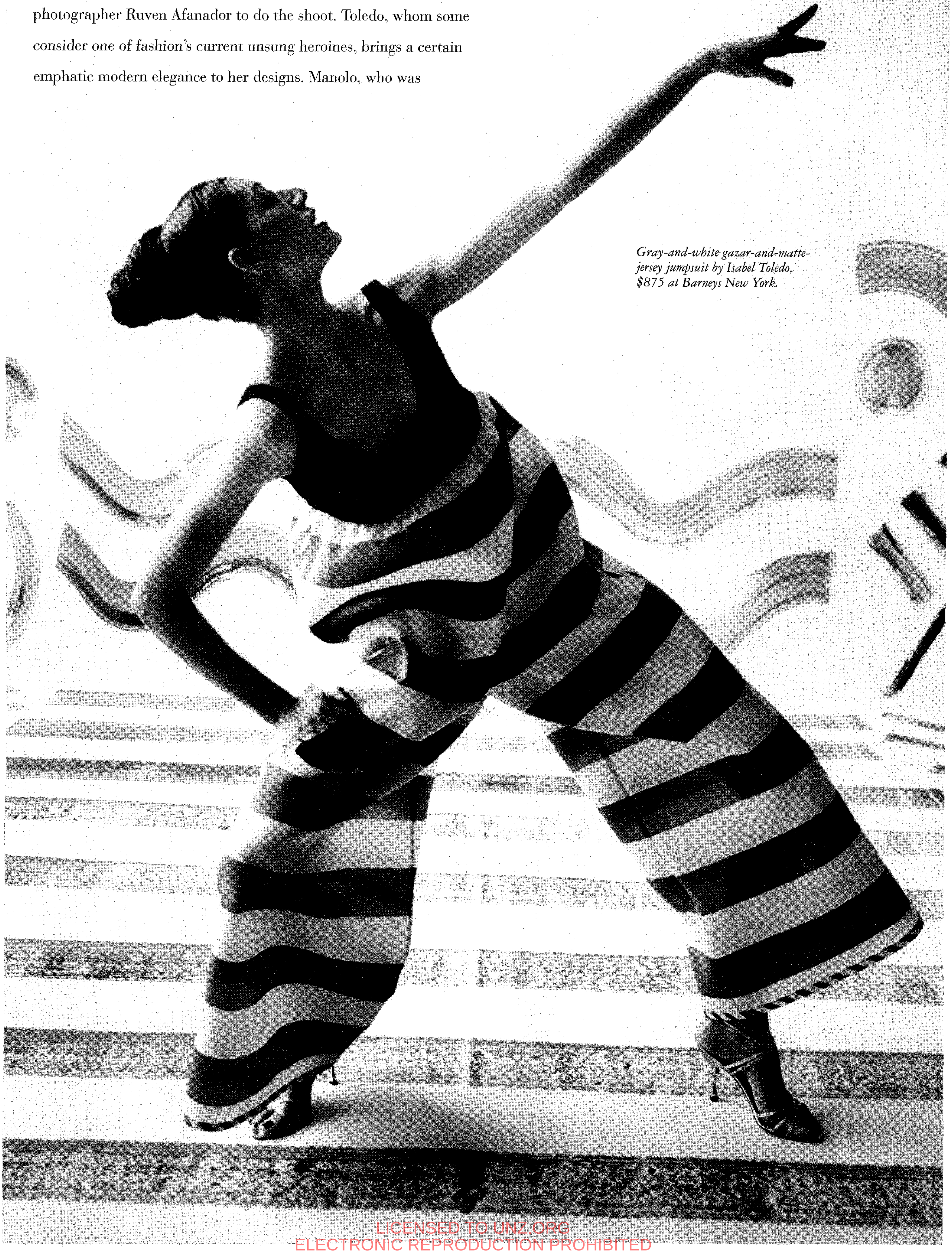
“I wanted to explore that sense of mystery and excitement that is purely Latin,” says stylist Michaela Angela Davis, which explains why she was eager to showcase the work of Cuban-born designers Isabel Toledo and Manolo—not to mention the fact that their spring collections “stood out in a

Gazar-and-matte-jersey dress by Isabel Toledo, $1,140 at Barneys New York and Saks; shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Model: Gisele Toscano. Set and special makeup by Ruben Toledo.



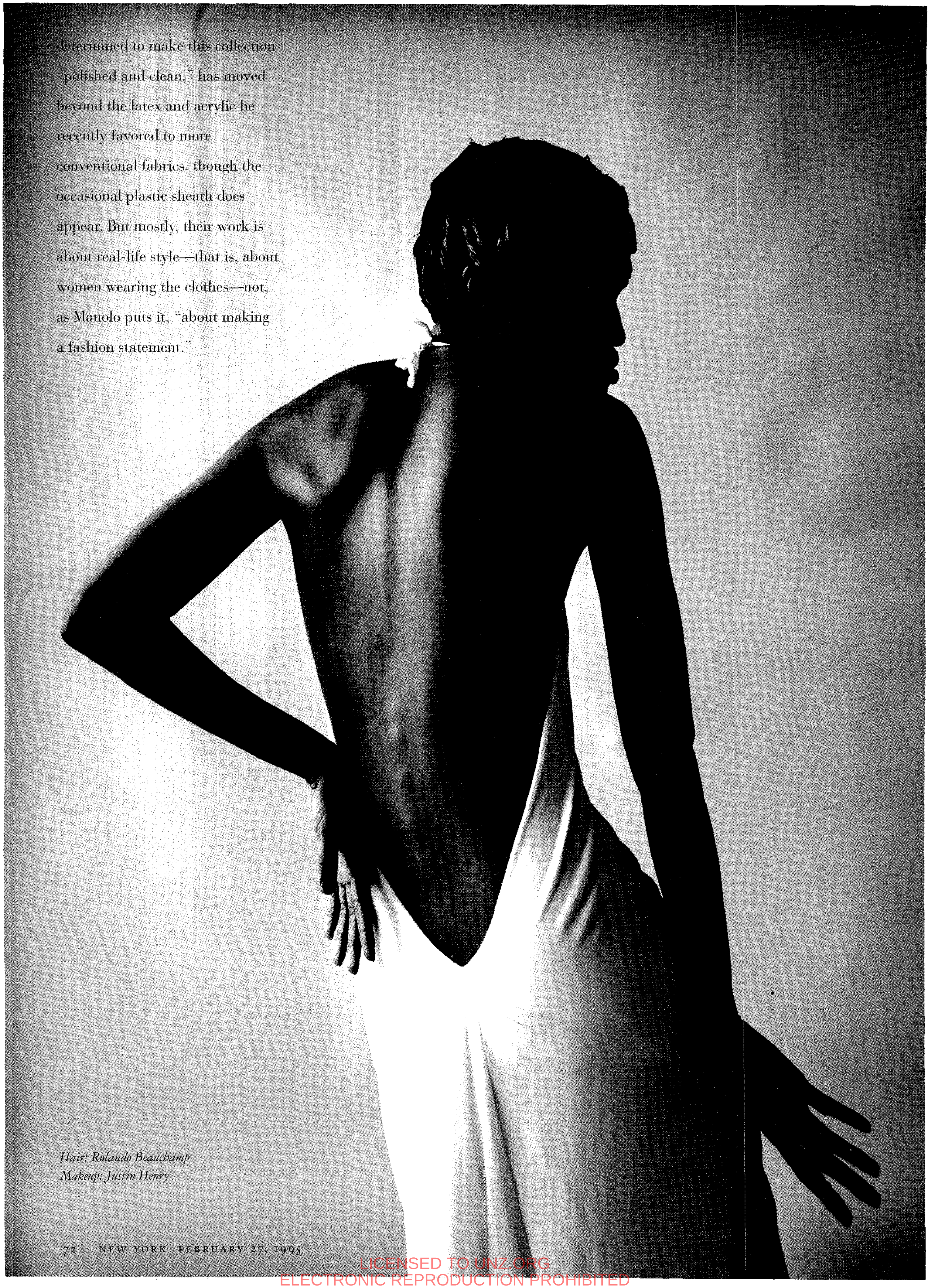
Gazar-and-matte-jersey jumpsuit by Isabel Toledo, $875 at Bergdorf's (to order) and Barneys New York; matte-jersey top by Isabel Toledo; shoes by Manolo Blahnik.

sea of mediocrity." It also explains why she asked Cuban-born photographer Ruven Afanador to do the shoot. Toledo, whom some consider one of fashion's current unsung heroines, brings a certain emphatic modern elegance to her designs. Manolo, who was



Gray-and-white gazar-and-matte-jersey jumpsuit by Isabel Toledo, $875 at Barneys New York.

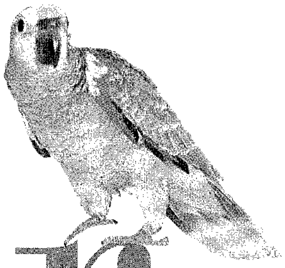
determined to make this collection "polished and clean," has moved beyond the latex and acrylic he recently favored to more conventional fabrics, though the occasional plastic sheath does appear. But mostly, their work is about real-life style—that is, about women wearing the clothes—not, as Manolo puts it, "about making a fashion statement."



Hair: Rolando Beauchamp
Makeup: Justin Henry

Georgette dress by Manolo, $730 at Bullock's Beverly Center (Beverly Hills); shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Model: Lois Samuels.

The Inner Life of Birds

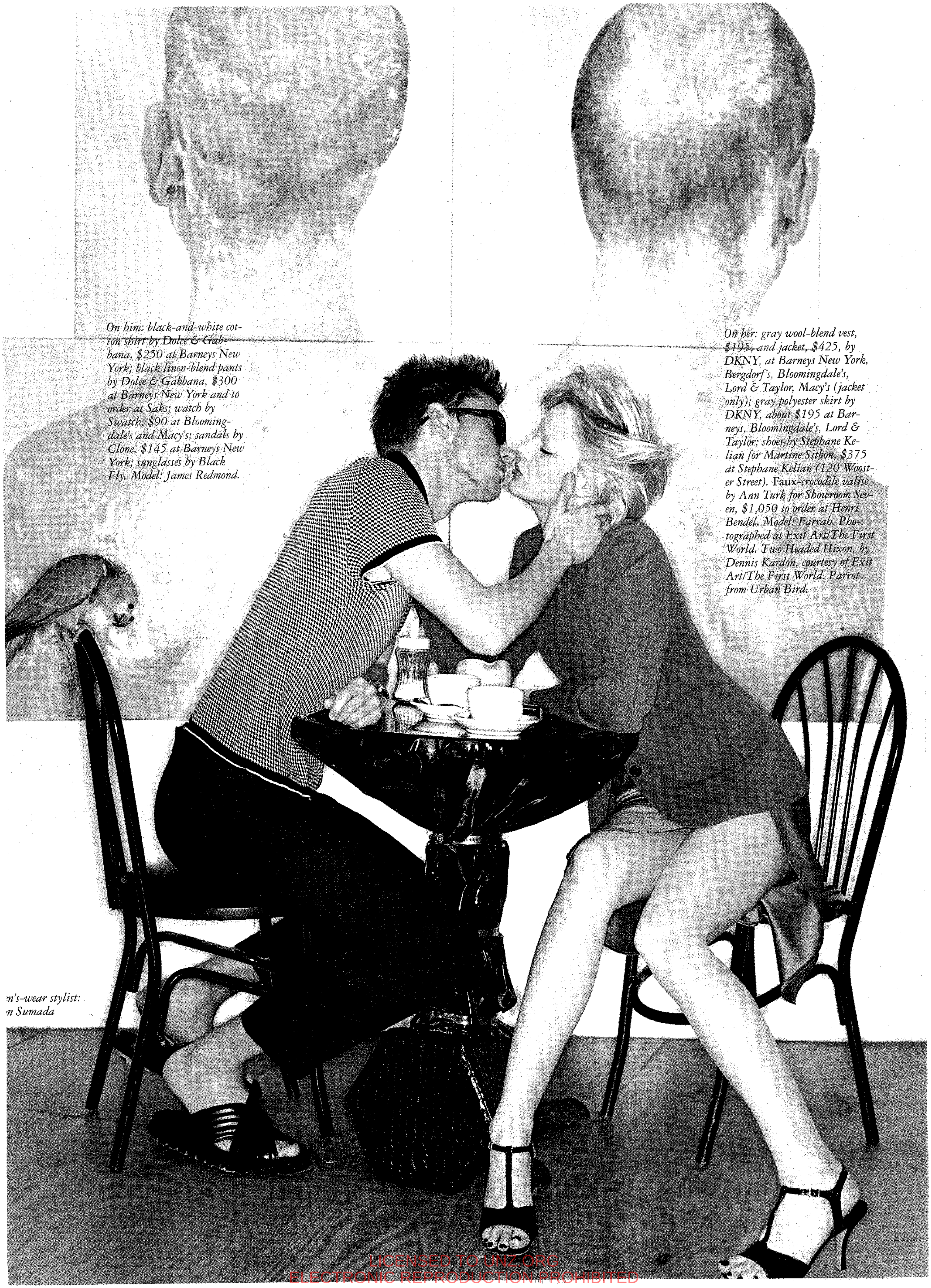


Story by Thomas Beller

HE WAS MEETING A WOMAN HE HAD RASHLY AND impulsively asked on a date just two days earlier. He hardly knew her and hadn't thought much about her previously, but suddenly he had found himself on the phone, trying to be nonchalant, reminding her who he was and suggesting they meet for a drink. She had agreed, though he could hear the reluctance in her voice. Women didn't just pick up and meet strange men for drinks, he thought. Especially women like her.

She was meeting a man with whom she had rashly and impulsively agreed to go on a date, in spite of the fact that she hardly knew him and hadn't thought much of him in the past. She had seen him at several parties, lingering in the corner and being, as far as she could tell, utterly indifferent to her, which she considered to be a plus. It had

Photographs by Albert Watson



On him: black-and-white cotton shirt by Dolce & Gabbana, $250 at Barneys New York; black linen-blend pants by Dolce & Gabbana, $300 at Barneys New York and to order at Saks; watch by Swatch, $90 at Bloomingdale's and Macy's; sandals by Clone, $145 at Barneys New York; sunglasses by Black Fly. Model: James Redmond.

On her: gray wool-blend vest, $195, and jacket, $425, by DKNY, at Barneys New York, Bergdorf's, Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, Macy's (jacket only); gray polyester skirt by DKNY, about $195 at Barneys, Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor; shoes by Stephane Kelian for Martine Sitbon, $375 at Stephane Kelian (120 Wooster Street). Faux-*crocodile valise by Ann Turk for Showroom Seven, $1,050 to order at Henri Bendel. Model: Farrah. Photographed at Exit Art/The First World. Two Headed Hixon, by Dennis Kardon, courtesy of Exit Art/The First World. Parrot from Urban Bird.*

n's-wear stylist:
n Sumada

On him: cotton shirt by Katharine Hamnett, $[illegible], at Barneys New York, Chelsea [illegible] NYC; Jack, NYC (375 Bleeker Street); T-shirt, $65, and wool pants, $325, by Paul Smith, at B[illegible] New York and Paul Smith [illegible]

taken several seconds before she even remembered who he was.

She had declined several similar invitations recently for no particular reason. It was early spring—not warm, but the air was filled with a hazy, suggestive thaw. She had a theory that good things came from unlikely sources.

THEY MET AT A BAR THAT HAD just opened. The owners had taken great care to give the bar a decayed, down-and-out atmosphere, with décor vaguely reminiscent of the fifties, and thus it was a great success. Jasper and Emily stood among the throng. They had their first drink standing, as though either of them might bolt out the door at any moment.

Jasper was tall, with broad shoulders with which he occasionally injured shorter people if he turned around too quickly; he spent the first fifteen minutes casting urgent looks around the room, as though he were expecting to see a man in a bowler hat and one leather glove spying on him. Every now and then his eyes would settle on Emily and, as though distressed by what they saw, quickly move away. Her hair was cut short and was blonde to a nearly fluorescent degree. She had strikingly pretty features, but each was pretty on its own terms, apart from the others—they were like a family that was not on speaking terms while still in the same house.

Emily was quite tall herself, but she thought she existed at an insufficient altitude for a direct conversation with Jasper, whose attention seemed to rest on every point in the room except for the one where she stood. She cast sidelong glances at him and couldn't decide whether he was broodingly handsome or just unshaven—whether he was nervous about being with her or if he was one of those annoying men who thought belligerence was an attractive quality. The intervals between attempts at small talk grew in length.

"Let's go somewhere else," he said after a while, and she agreed. They walked two blocks to another bar. The owners had neglected the place for years. It had a decayed, down-and-out amosphere, with décor reminiscent of the fifties. Thus, it was practically empty.

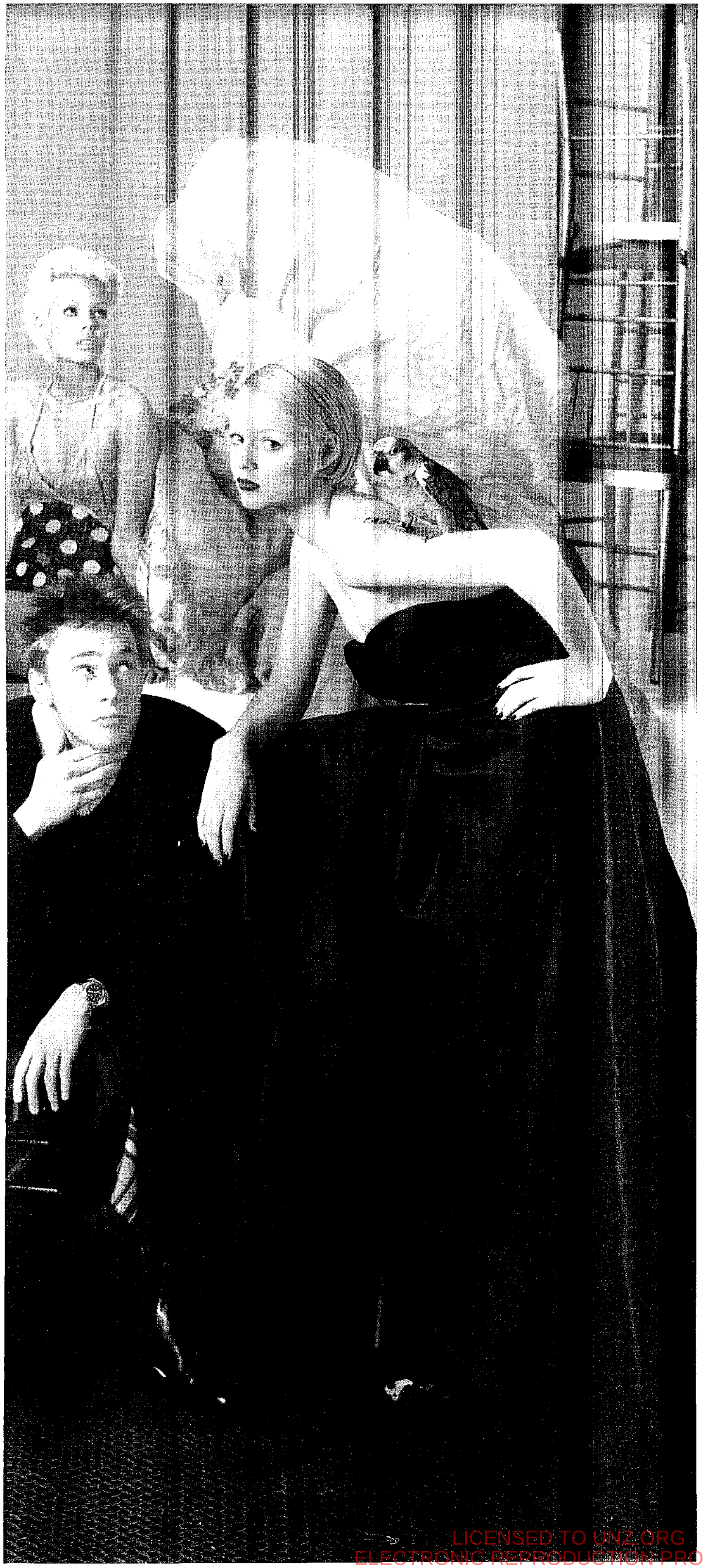
They had as company at the bar several old men who sat staring at their beers with stunned and vaguely inquisitive expressions, as though someone had years ago posed a riddle they were still trying to figure out. Jasper and Emily both took bar stools, and in the more subdued atmosphere, with their heads closer together, they were able to talk.

"Tell me about birds," Emily said. She

Opposite, on her: silk-blend suit by Jil Sander, about $2,900 at Barneys New York and Linda Dresner (484 Park Avenue, at 59th); T-shirt, $15 at Exploding Sky (511 East 5th Street); shoes by Christian Louboutin, $300 at Barneys New York and Christian Louboutin (30 East 67th Street); cashmere blanket by Loro Piana, $490 at Bergdorf's (to order) and Loro Piana (46 East 61st Street). Photographed at Bird Jungle.

Beaded-satin dress by Todd Oldham, $3,100 at Bendel's and the Todd Oldham Store (123 Wooster Street). Kristal Petra Spa foaming bath oil and gel, $52 and $54 at Felissimo (10 West 56th Street). Parrot from Urban Bird.

He imagined strange combinations of clothes and people, elaborate and forbidden scenes backstage at fashion events, the word *fabulous* floating down around him like confetti.



had heard he worked in a bird store. As with just about everything else about him, she couldn't decide whether this was weird and unseemly, or offbeat and interesting.

"I can't talk about birds without breaking into a sweat," he explained. "Frankly, I'm on the verge of bird homicide. I've been working at that store for six months, and the sound is driving me crazy. A hundred caged birds in a small room—I'm starting to sweat right now." As if to prove it, he took several gulps of his gin and tonic.

"Sorry," she said. "Tell me about your poetry." She'd heard he was a poet. This, she had already concluded, was weird and unseemly. "What are you working on?"

"I'm working on this enormous poem about birds."

"But I thought you said—"

"Tell me about your job," he interrupted. "I'm fascinated by your job, to tell you the truth." She was a model.

"It's pretty straightforward," said Emily. "You know, I wear clothes and have my picture taken, basically."

"Right. I got that part."

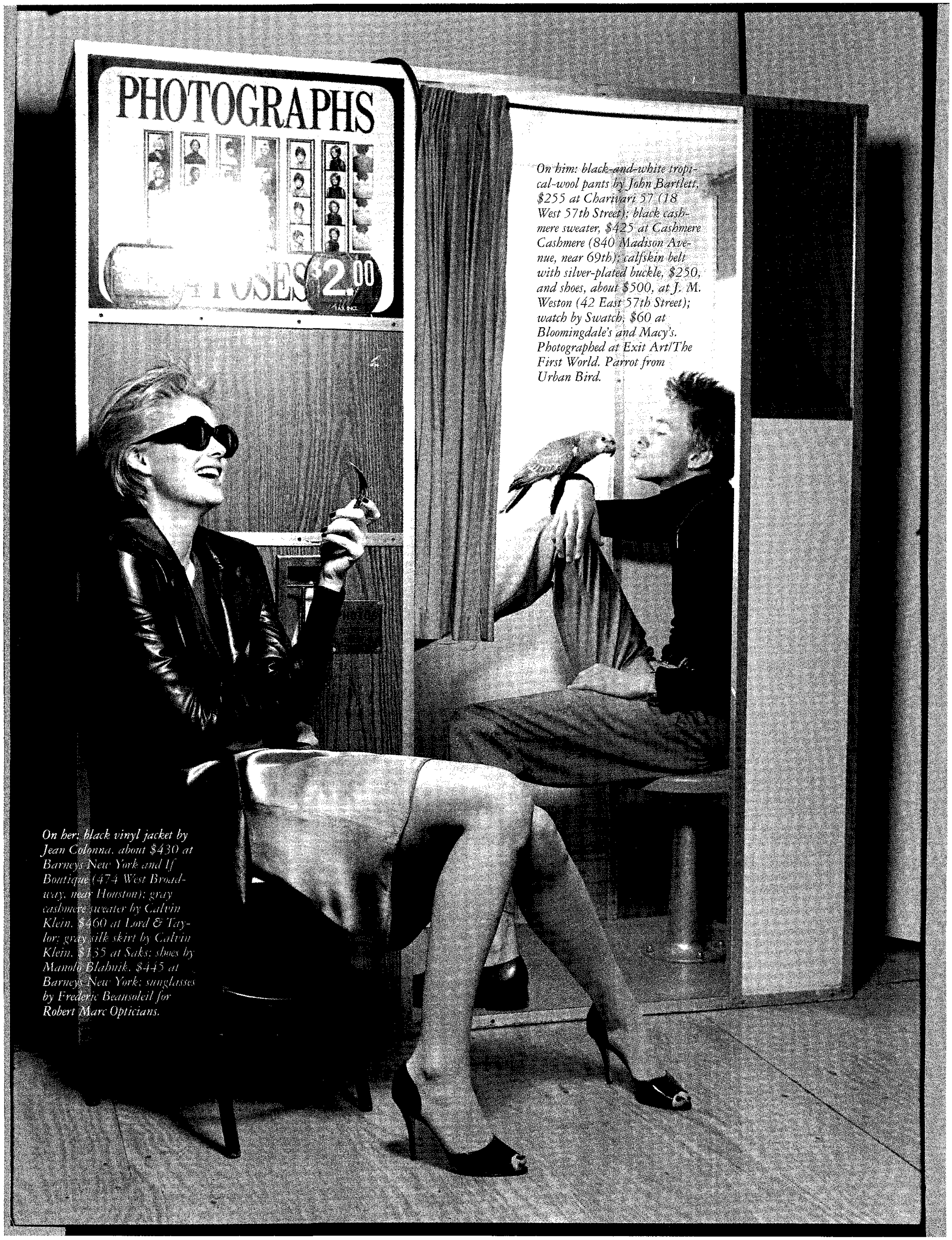
"And, you know, sometimes I walk up and down on a runway."

"Right. I got that part."

"So what else do you want to know?"

He was suddenly seized with the impulse to ask her what other men talked about on dates, as though there were

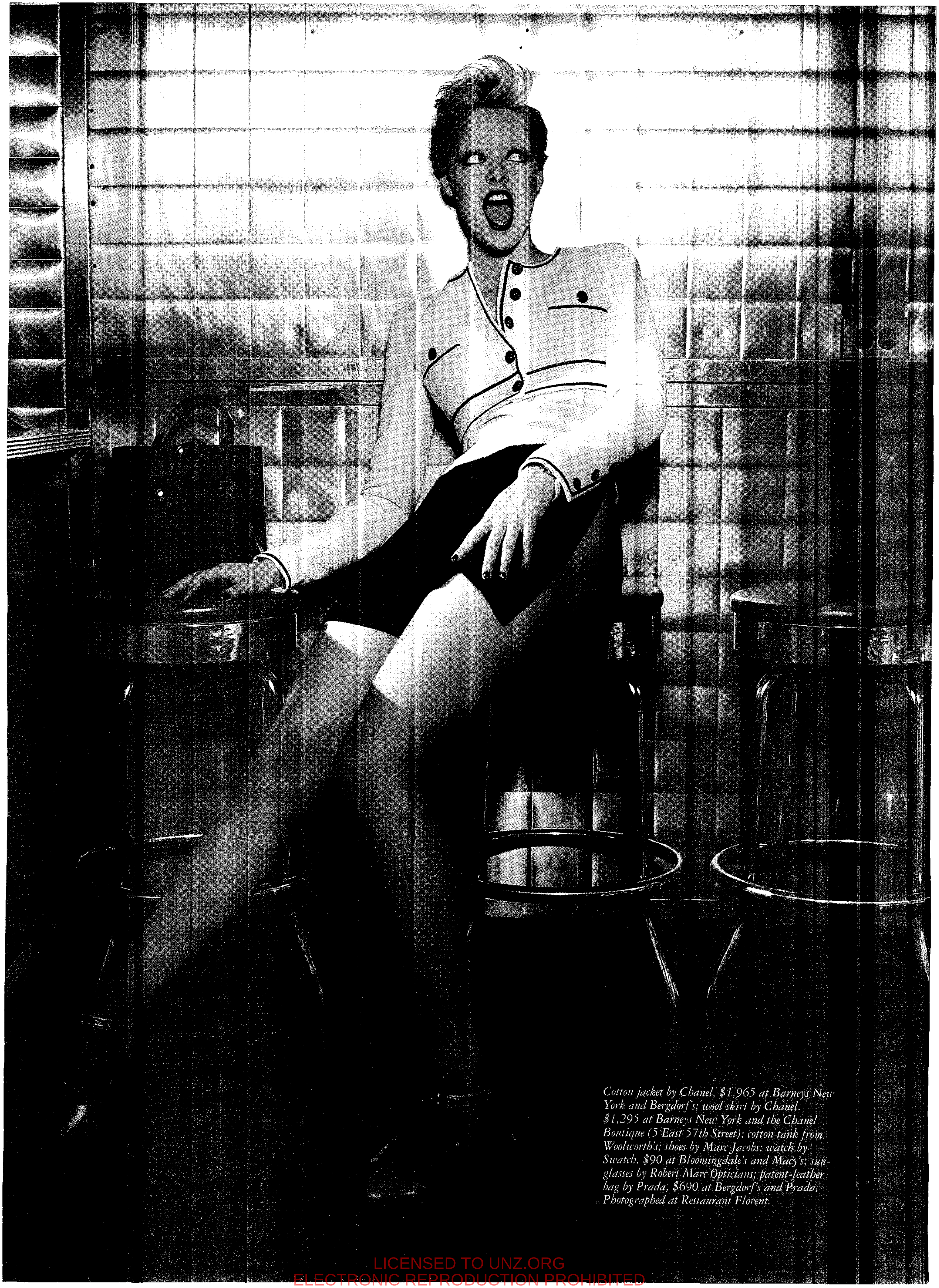
Left to right: silk-twill gown, $850 at the Todd Oldham Store; shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Model: Annette. Lace gown by Victor Alfaro, $1,875 at Bendel's. Model: Susan Gin. Organdy dress, $4,200, and suit, $4,500, by Comme des Garçons, at Barneys New York and Comme des Garçons (116 Wooster Street); shoes, about $465 at J. M. Weston (42 East 57th Street). Model: Jane Powers. Lace ballgown with silk apron by Vivienne Westwood, to order at Barneys New York and Bergdorf's. Model: Jade. Lace cocktail dress, $7,180 at Geoffrey Beene on the Plaza (783 Fifth Avenue, at 59th); cotton-nylon cape by Vivienne Westwood, to order at Barneys New York and Bergdorf's; shoes by Christian Louboutin, $300 at Barneys New York and Christian Louboutin. Model: Marinda. Jeans by Guess? Men, $58 at Bloomingdale's and Macy's; cotton sweater, $38 at the J. Crew store or through the catalogue; boots, $535 at J. M. Weston; 18K-gold-and-amethyst necklace, $550 at Tiffany & Co.; watch by Swatch, $60 at Bloomingdale's and Macy's. Satin gown with wool tartan wrap, and shoes, by Vivienne Westwood, to order at Barneys New York and Bergdorf's (gown only). Parrot from Urban Bird.



On him: black-and-white tropical-wool pants by John Bartlett, $255 at Charivari 57 (18 West 57th Street); black cashmere sweater, $425 at Cashmere Cashmere (840 Madison Avenue, near 69th); calfskin belt with silver-plated buckle, $250, and shoes, about $500, at J. M. Weston (42 East 57th Street); watch by Swatch, $60 at Bloomingdale's and Macy's. Photographed at Exit Art/The First World. Parrot from Urban Bird.

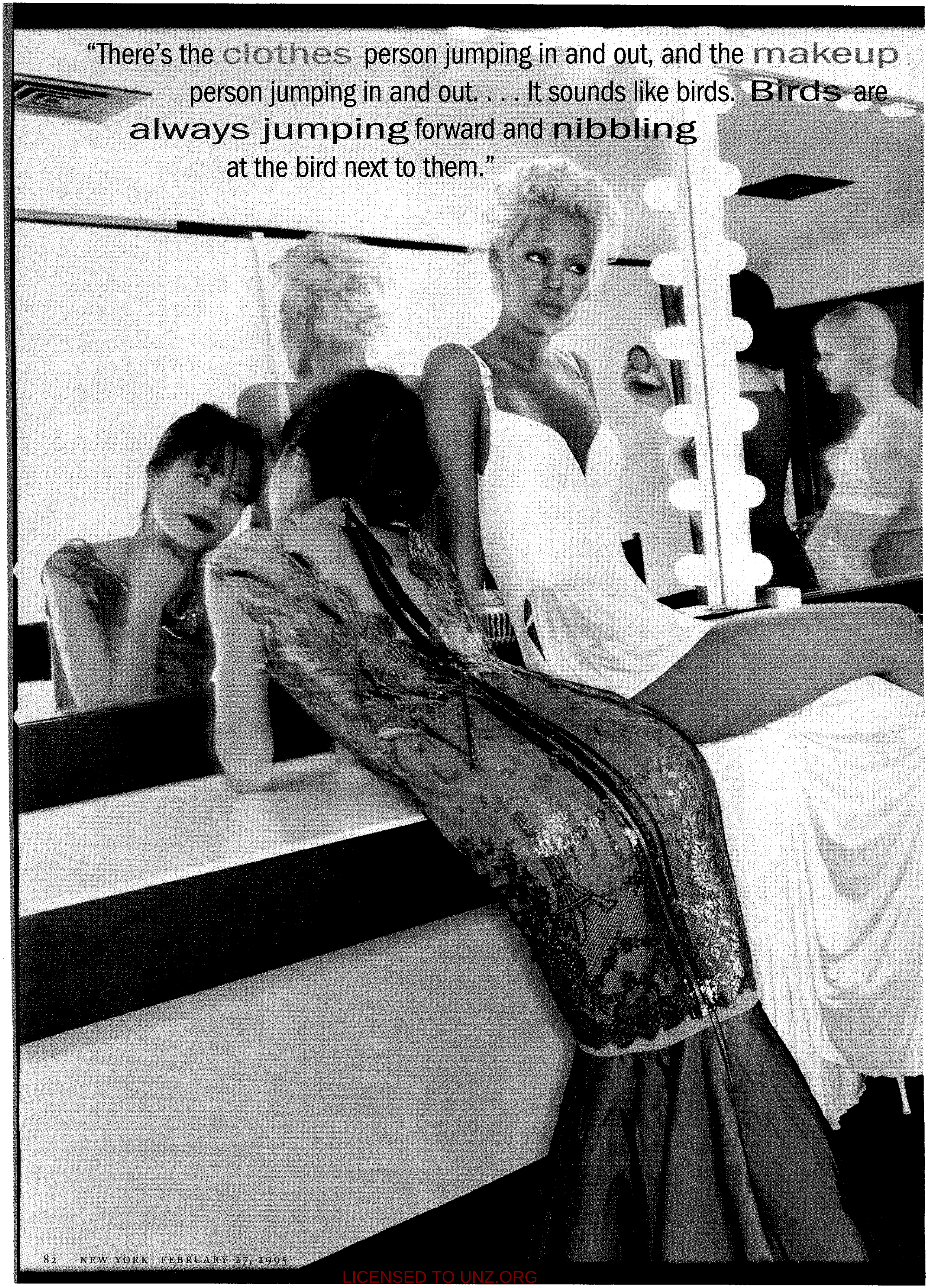
On her: black vinyl jacket by Jean Colonna, about $430 at Barneys New York and If Boutique (474 West Broadway, near Houston); gray cashmere sweater by Calvin Klein, $460 at Lord & Taylor; gray silk skirt by Calvin Klein, $135 at Saks; shoes by Manolo Blahnik, $445 at Barneys New York; sunglasses by Frederic Beausoleil for Robert Marc Opticians.

He was suddenly seized with **the impulse** to ask her what other men **talked about** on dates, as though there were some standardized form.



Cotton jacket by Chanel, $1,965 at Barneys New York and Bergdorf's; wool skirt by Chanel. $1,295 at Barneys New York and the Chanel Boutique (5 East 57th Street): cotton tank from Woolworth's; shoes by Marc Jacobs; watch by Swatch. $90 at Bloomingdale's and Macy's; sunglasses by Robert Marc Opticians; patent-leather bag by Prada, $690 at Bergdorf's and Prada. Photographed at Restaurant Florent.

“There’s the clothes person jumping in and out, and the makeup person jumping in and out. . . . It sounds like birds. Birds are always jumping forward and nibbling at the bird next to them.”



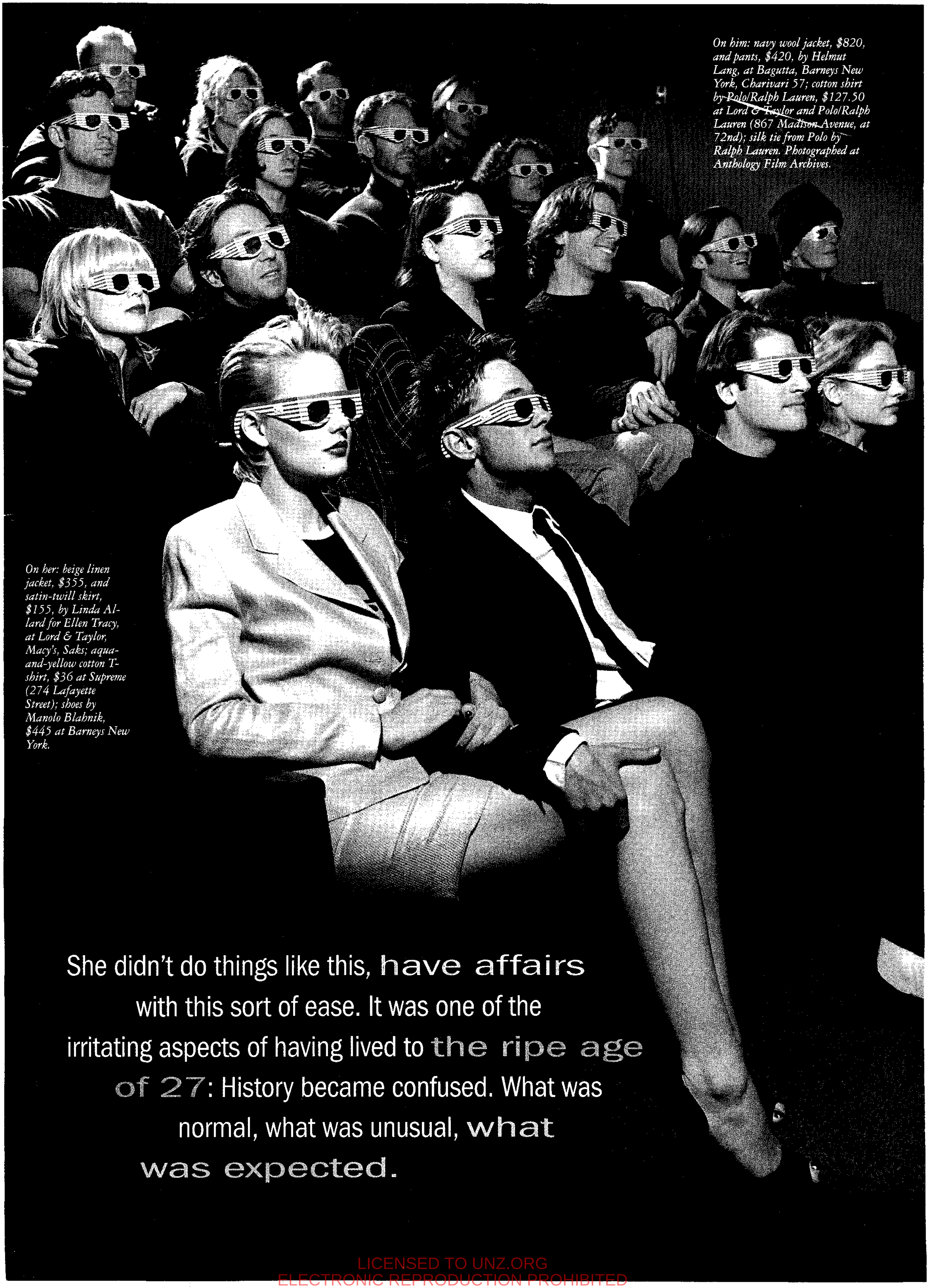
some standardized form—how to chat with models—that he had neglected to read. "Christ, I don't know. I mean, what's it like in between pictures?"

"Well, it's boring. I usually have a half-inch of makeup on my face that someone has spent an hour putting on, and they keep jumping in to fix and adjust, and there is a hair person who keeps jumping in to fix and adjust, and then there is the photographer's assistant, who keeps jumping in with a light meter or whatever, and then there is a stylist, who jumps in every now and then to undo a button or fix a lapel and otherwise sits in the corner on his portable phone and occasionally yells something at me."

"So there's the clothes person jumping in and out, and the makeup person jumping in and out, and the hair person jumping in and out. It sounds like birds. Birds are like that. They're always jumping forward and nibbling at the bird next to them and shrieking and then jumping away. They're jumpy." He ordered another round for both of them. "Except for lovebirds," he continued. "Lovebirds are pretty much the only birds I can tolerate at this point. They just snuggle and look out at you with this expression that suggests they think you're crazy for even trying to cope with the world and wanting to do anything but snuggle."

"What's the name of your enormous

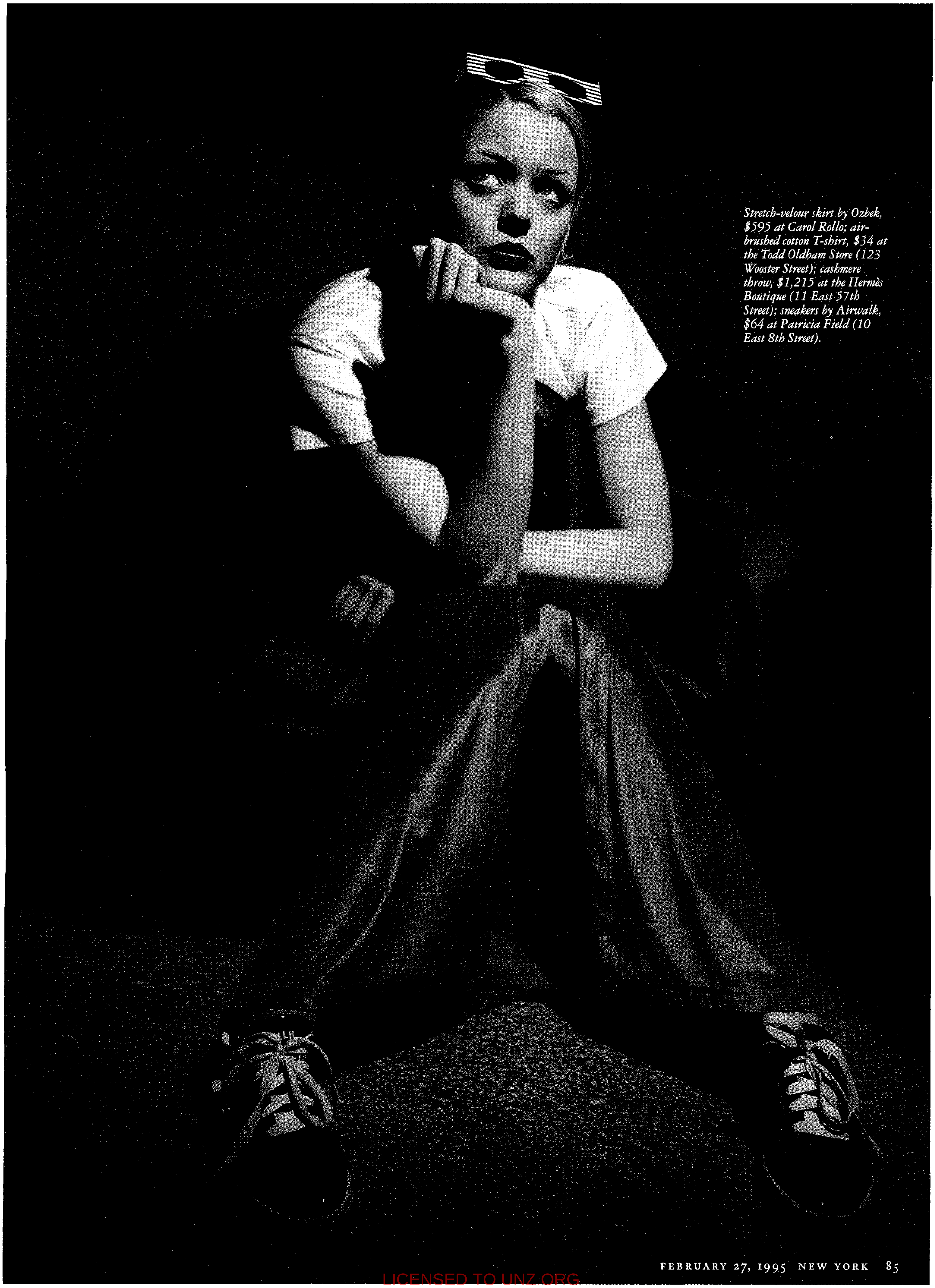
Left to right: embroidered gown by Jean-Paul Gaultier, $2,850 at Bagutta, Bendel's, to order at Saks. White jersey dress by Gianni Versace, about $4,400 at Bergdorf's and Gianni Versace (817 Madison Avenue, at 68th); shoes by Diego Della Valle, about $245 at Bergdorf's, Diego Della Valle (41 East 57th Street), Saks. Silk-organza skirt, $810, and bodysuit, $4,115, at the Armani Boutique (815 Madison Avenue, near 68th); sandals by YSL, $170 at Bergdorf's and Saks; stockings by Fogal. Silk-and-rhinestone bra, $3,755, and skirt, $24,500, by Dolce & Gabbana, to order at Shauna Stein (310-652-5511). Silk-crêpe gown with chiffon inset by Bill Blass, $2,200 at Bergdorf's and Saks. Jersey dress by Anne Klein, $795 at Barneys New York, Bloomingdale's, Saks. Parrot from Urban Bird.



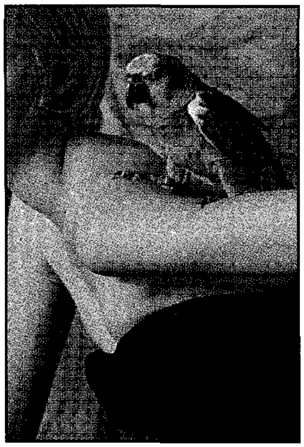
On him: navy wool jacket, $820, and pants, $420, by Helmut Lang, at Bagutta, Barneys New York, Charivari 57; cotton shirt by Polo/Ralph Lauren, $127.50 at Lord & Taylor and Polo/Ralph Lauren (867 Madison Avenue, at 72nd); silk tie from Polo by Ralph Lauren. Photographed at Anthology Film Archives.

On her: beige linen jacket, $355, and satin-twill skirt, $155, by Linda Allard for Ellen Tracy, at Lord & Taylor, Macy's, Saks; aqua-and-yellow cotton T-shirt, $36 at Supreme (274 Lafayette Street); shoes by Manolo Blahnik, $445 at Barneys New York.

She didn't do things like this, have affairs with this sort of ease. It was one of the irritating aspects of having lived to the ripe age of 27: History became confused. What was normal, what was unusual, what was expected.



Stretch-velour skirt by Ozbek, $595 at Carol Rollo; airbrushed cotton T-shirt, $34 at the Todd Oldham Store (123 Wooster Street); cashmere throw, $1,215 at the Hermès Boutique (11 East 57th Street); sneakers by Airwalk, $64 at Patricia Field (10 East 8th Street).



They twisted in different positions, each more compact and economical, until they were a single swirl, a human Twizzler.

poem?"

" 'The Inner Life of Birds.' "

"What's the 'Inner Life of Birds'?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'm trying to figure it out. Basically, it's about a guy who is slowly losing his mind while working in a bird store, and starts thinking that the birds are talking to him."

"Is it autobiographical?" she asked apprehensively.

"Well, what isn't?" he replied. "Of course, some of them do, you know."

"Some of them do what?" She shifted uneasily in her chair, thinking that perhaps she was in the presence of someone who was really and truly unstable and on the verge of doing some kind of deranged, horrible, tabloidy thing. She had an appetite for deranged, horrible, tabloidy things, but she was happy to see them on television and had no desire for any greater proximity.

"Talk. The parrots. The parrots talk to you if you get them trained. There's this one guy, a baby macaw, I call him Fred. He's green, and the most expensive bird in the store. He costs about $1,500 and has been in the store for three months waiting to be sold. I've been training him on the sly. When no one is around, I go up to him and whisper, 'Eat me!' He hasn't picked it up yet."

She took a long contemplative sip of her drink. "Can birds whisper?"

He thought about that for a moment. "Well, they can speak very quietly."

She laughed, and sipped her drink some more. "It sounds kind of fun in a way, working in a bird store."

"It's not. What you do sounds fun."

"Oh, it's—"

"Actually—" He slammed his hand down on the bar quite suddenly and everyone in the place jumped, including Emily. "Actually, I lied. I know all about what models do. Everyone in the whole *world* knows all about what models do. The only thing that anyone can practically *think* about is what models do."

Emily stiffened as though she'd been slapped. Her expression, which had been soft and open a moment earlier, hardened considerably. She had just begun to relax, to think Jasper was in his own strange way somewhat appealing, and now he was attacking her. There was a sickening logic to this: Stupid, nameless aggression seeks out soft spots. If she were armored and prickly, he would never have said that—nor, for that matter, would she have even been here. In fact, it was precisely because she'd decided she had been too armored and prickly recently that she'd even gone on this date. And now this man had become unpleasant. She took a gulp of her drink as she debated how to respond.

"But it's sexy, right?" he continued. "I mean fashion—a lot of money, nice lunches, everything is pretty, that sort of thing."

"Listen," she said in a measured tone. "I don't need to defend the entire fashion industry, and I don't like to feel attacked. So fuck off." She launched herself off the bar stool and grabbed her bag. "Go attack someone else. And for their sake, do it sooner in the evening, so they know what they're getting into."

"Wait!" said Jasper. He reached out and grabbed her wrist. "*Christ*, I didn't mean it that way. Christ. I was just thinking out loud, you know?"

"Maybe it's best if you don't think."

"Wait. I'm interested. Sit down, all right, just sit *down*." He reeled her in by the wrist until she was sitting down. Her wrist was surprisingly thin and fragile in his hand, and even when she was sitting, he was reluctant to let it go.

"I work hard," she said. "I don't need to sit here and be given shit by some trustafarian snot."

"What's that?" he said defensively.

"It's a snotty guy who is slumming in a bird store writing poetry and living off his trust fund."

He stared at her for a moment, slouched forward, and put his hand on his forehead as though he had suddenly become exhausted. "That's such an unbelievable piece of slander. If I were a public figure, I would sue you for libel or something. What makes you think I have a trust fund?"

"I heard. Not that it's my business. But if you're going to attack my profession, I'm going to fight back."

"Why is it that the most irrelevant and embarrassing details of one's life are always the things that become public knowledge?" he said.

"Public knowledge might be overstating it," she replied. "Is it true?"

"Actually, it is. But it's not what it sounds like. I have a really sweet aunt, but she's, um—she just barely got out of Vienna in the thirties and then spent the next few years in London during the Blitz and then came to America and became a nurse, and she has a cautious approach to, like, everything. And she doesn't have a lot of money. So when I was in college, she told me she was going to set up a trust fund and I got very excited, which is reasonable, don't you think? And I had to get all these professors to agree to be trustees, and it was a whole production, and when it finally came down to it, the sum of the trust fund . . . it was small. I mean, I should be grateful I have any kind of trust fund—people are starving, I know that—but the interest from my trust fund, and I'm not exaggerating, it allows me the luxury of having a cheeseburger deluxe once a week. That's what we're talking about, and that's assuming that I buy the cheeseburger. My trust fund pumps it up to a deluxe. My aunt has made me a millionaire in French fries."

"Oh," she said. "I don't know why I brought it up."

"It was revenge," he said. "Which is a reasonable motive."

He seemed upset. She rather liked him this way. She sensed more emotional candor in him than she had in any man she'd been around for some time. It was the candor of confusion and instability, but, she reflected, at least it was real.

"Anyway," he said, dropping to a whisper, "I lied."

She leaned in toward him and whispered back: "That's the second time you lied."

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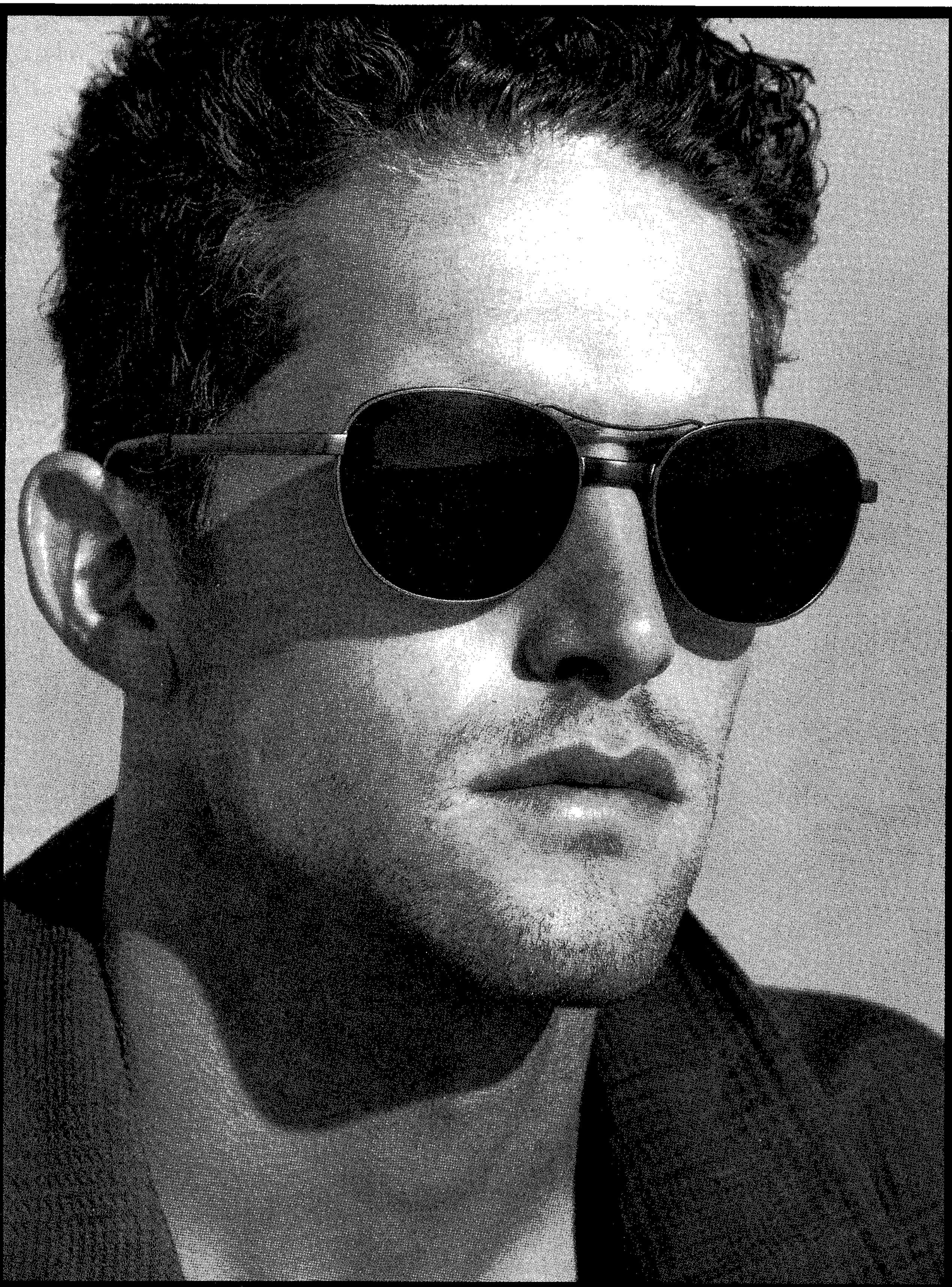


GIORGIO ARMANI
OCCHIALI

He had barely **restrained himself** from buying every single **fashion magazine** on display in order to catch a glimpse of her.

"I'm just trying to tell the truth," he whispered back. They were in a conspiratorial huddle now, shoulder to shoulder, their faces down close by their drinks. "The truth is, I love fashion—I mean, I don't love it, but I think about it, it's on my mind a lot, and somehow I resent this."

"Why do you resent it?"

"Because prettiness makes you want to be pretty. It's coercive. And it's embarrassing to want to be pretty."

"It's embarrassing to want to be anything," she said. "Wanting is an embarrassing condition. Besides, you've got an interesting face."

"That's like saying someone has a nice personality."

"You have a nice personality too."

"Oh, God. That means you don't think I'm pretty."

"Jasper."

"What?" he whispered.

"Why are we whispering?"

Jasper leaned over and kissed her on the lips. Much to her surprise, she kissed him back. This went on for an exceedingly long period of time. She was vaguely aware that the small soundless television above the bar was no longer the focus of attention among the men sitting before their beers. She heard the faint sound of pool balls clicking against one another in the back room. Compared to most first kisses, this one was, at the very least, thorough.

Eventually they separated. She thought to herself that as recreational activities went, that was really quite pleasant, and she wondered why she had put it off for such a long time. Surely there had been a compelling reason—it hovered somewhere just out of reach—but whatever it was, it was escaping her just then.

THE MORNING STARTED BADLY. IT started too soon. It involved too much too soon. It involved Jasper realizing he had drunk too much the previous night. It involved Emily realizing she had drunk too much the previous night. It involved Jasper and Emily realizing they were naked in the presence of another person. It was Emily's bed, and Jasper got out of it quickly.

Later, when he left for work, she lay in bed for a long while, waiting for her headache to abate. When it didn't, she decided to call her agent, Polly. Conversations with Polly invariably gave her a headache, and as she already had one, it seemed like an opportune time to call. Their two chief topics of conversation had always been money and sex, and their recent conversations had been rather monochromatic. Here was an opportunity for some variety.

"How's my baby?!" said Polly at an exorbitant volume, and she proceeded to list the status of a variety of jobs that might come up, or were already scheduled, with a few piercing words about the ones that had fallen through and the bastards whose fault it was.

"I think I met someone I like," interrupted Emily. "I mean, I know I met him, and I think I like him."

"Did you meet him, or did you *know* him? Let's get this straight," said Polly.

"I didn't really know him, but then I met him, and then I knew him, I think is the correct sequence."

"Wow, who's the talent?"

"He's this guy who sort of called me out of the blue. We know some people in common but—"

"Is he a photographer or something?"

"Um, he's or-something. But you know, it's weird, we've gotten off to this fast start."

"Well, that's great, honey. A healthy sex life is very clarifying. And I do stress *healthy*, need I say."

"What about a healthy love life?" said Emily.

"What about it?"

"Is that clarifying, too?"

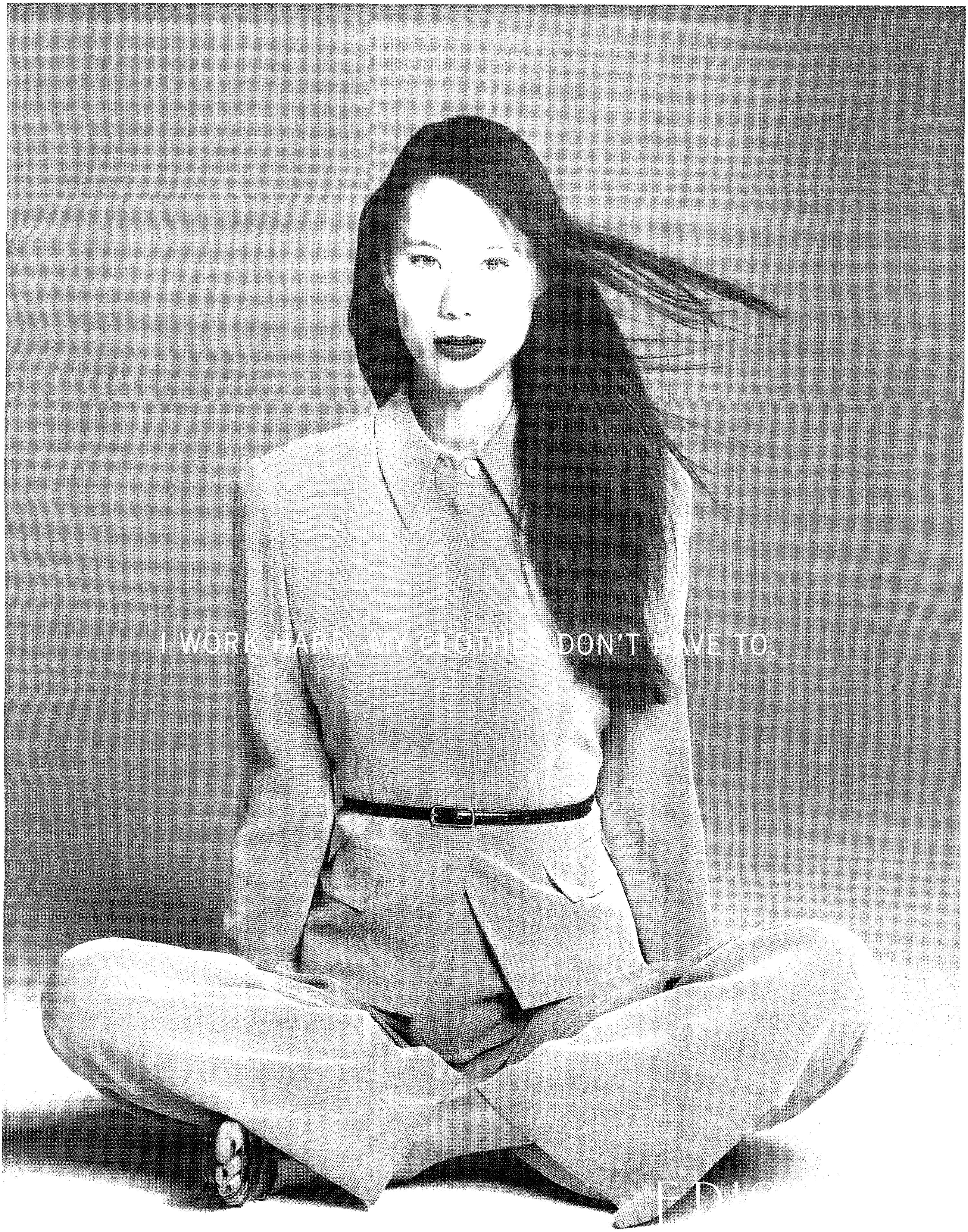
HE SAT AMONGST THE BIRDS—THE spice finches, the red-ear waxbills, the blue-headed chestnut finches, the African grays, and the one severe macaw. Some were in cages; others sat on perches above a table full of wood chips, gnawing one another and occasionally letting out a screech. There was a light drizzle outside, and the store was momentarily empty but for himself and the store's owner, Carol, who sat in the corner with a black portable phone pressed to her cheek, fielding bird calls. Carol was an older woman, heavyset, with short hair and boyish features. In addition to doing all the store's important business, she functioned as a kind of bird "Dear Abby," spending the day dispensing tough love to nervous and concerned bird owners. She had once been an actress, and her voice provided a tenor counterpoint to the birds' soprano.

"African grays are sensitive and need a lot of attention," she said now. "Yes. . . . That's because the bird wants to be part of your life. . . . That's right, honey. . . . Well, you shouldn't go into the relationship expecting the bird to talk right away. It's just something that happens over time. It means you have to do a lot of talking. Talk! Be giving. . . . You can say anything you want, honey—just be prepared to have it said back to you."

Jasper's entire bank of bird knowledge had been acquired by listening to Carol's end of these conversations, which continued steadily throughout the day.

Jasper sat behind the register, a book of Paul Celan's poems on his lap. He peered down at the words but couldn't concentrate. That morning, he had paused in front of a newsstand and barely restrained himself from buying every single fashion magazine on display in order to catch a glimpse of Emily. He had asked her whether her picture was currently in any of the magazines and immediately regretted it, as it sounded as though he wanted a souvenir. Now he looked at the poem before him, titled "Time's Eye." It began, "This is time's eye:/ it squints out/ from under a seven-hued eyebrow/ its lid is washed clean by fires/ its tear is hot steam."

The phone rang again. "Well, that's part of


I WORK HARD. MY CLOTHES DON'T HAVE TO.

601 MADISON AVENUE   SHORT HILLS MALL
805 THIRD AVENUE   RIVERSIDE SQUARE
STAMFORD TOWN CENTER

having a bird," said Carol. "Well, it's obviously not too early in the morning for your *bird. . . .* Honey, if you want quiet, get a fish."

"A seven-hued eyebrow." It had a kind of hair-and-makeup feel. *Time's Eyeliner.* He thought of Emily. He debated calling her. Too soon, he decided. But by midday, when Carol lumbered out the front door on one of her numerous cigarette breaks, he picked up the phone and dialed Emily's number.

She had ceased to occupy **Jasper's thoughts** as a discrete object, but rather permeated them, like a mist.

HAVING RESORTED TO THE MOST drastic and satisfying form of hangover cure, Emily was lying in bed, smoking a cigarette, when the phone rang. She was receiving a stomach massage from her two cats, and they ceased prodding her with their paws for a moment, having primally grasped the concept of screening calls, resuming only when they heard the machine click.

"Just wanted to say hello," said a man's voice, followed by a pause during which a great clatter of chirps and honks bellowed forth from the machine. The cats' ears went up.

She grabbed the phone. "It sounds pretty loud over there."

"Hello?" said Jasper, surprised to hear her voice. "Oh, right. It is, sort of."

"How are you doing?" she said.

"Actually, something terrible just happened."

"Let me guess: A bird attacked someone."

"No. There was this couple in here looking at birds—which, believe me, is a big couple thing to do. All day I'm looking at couples looking at birds. Anyway, so the guy was gesturing and talking, and as he walked out the door with his girlfriend I heard him say, 'Hitler, Napoleon, Kennedy . . .' He had this argumentative tone, as though he were making some kind of point, and all day it's been driving me crazy. What kind of point would you illustrate with Hitler, Napoleon, and Kennedy? What kind of list is that?"

She thought, *Oh, my God, what have I gotten myself into?* And yet, somehow, they made plans for him to come over that evening. She put the phone down and proceeded to pace around her apartment nervously, having second thoughts. She ran a bath, emptied it, and ran it again with bubbles. Variety was important, interesting, necessary, and, she reflected, considerably underrepresented in her life at the moment. Still, this man worked in a bird store. Perhaps this was going a bit far.

She spent the afternoon on the phone, explicitly not mentioning Jasper, as though preparing to write him out of her personal history. It was as though she had only to keep him a secret and the whole thing would be containable, deniable, should anything go wrong. She felt braced for a mild disaster.

HE ARRIVED IN THE SAME CLOTHES SHE HAD LAST seen him in and took a shower. She made spaghetti, and he ate in his boxer shorts. It was exhilarating and somewhat horrifying: instant domesticity. She didn't do things like this, have affairs with this sort of ease. Or at least she hadn't done it in a long while. It was one of the irritating aspects about having lived to the ripe age of 27: History became confused. What was normal, what was unusual, what was expected—all sense of precedent got jumbled up. This might have been normal five years earlier. But it was not five years earlier. Or perhaps she was regressing.

After dinner, they lay on the couch and cuddled. They were two long people on one short couch. The cats came and watched.

"They seem to like you," she said.

"Cats have a fine sense of smell," he said. "They probably think I'm a bird."

They hardly spoke after that but twisted in different positions, each one more compact and economical, until they were a single swirl, a human Twizzler. Then they got even closer.

THE STORE WAS CROWDED, AND THE volume was increasing. Jasper stood behind the counter and surveyed the scene. A woman in a fur coat was bent over in front of Fred, the baby macaw, trying to get his attention.

"Hi, gorgeous," the woman said in baby talk. "Hi baby, hi baby, hiii!" Then she called out abrasively, "Ralph! *Ralph,* come here and look at this bird."

The object of her attention, Ralph, was on the other side of the store, however, inspecting different brands of bird shampoo.

It was now several days since Jasper's first date with Emily, and she had ceased to occupy Jasper's thoughts as a discrete object, but rather permeated them, like a mist. He felt an almost chemical discomfort at the thought of their lives overlapping, and yet he couldn't help but speculate as to what it might be like—he imagined strange combinations of clothes and people, elaborate and forbidden scenes backstage at fashion events, the word "fabulous" floating down around him like confetti.

The woman in the fur coat had now commandeered Ralph, who looked apprehensively at Fred, now perched on the woman's finger. "Isn't it just great!" she said.

"It's really beautiful," said Ralph. Jasper thought he detected, in the man's willingness to fall into line on this matter, traces of a recent tirade about his aesthetic insensitivity. "I've never seen a green like that," he continued. "It's the green of emeralds, it's the green of moss, it's—oh, my God." Fred had jumped onto his shoulder.

"Sweetie," he said nervously. "Sweetie, get the bird off me. Sweetie—"

"Oh look, he's nibbling on your collar! How cute!"

People crowded around outside the store's window, pointing at the birds as they puttered around in the wood chips. More people came in. The volume in the store continued to rise, a slow combustion of the voices of humans speaking over the birds, and the birds in turn speaking over the humans. The store was brimming with conversations.

"I don't care what you call it," someone said, "I know a pigeon when I see one."

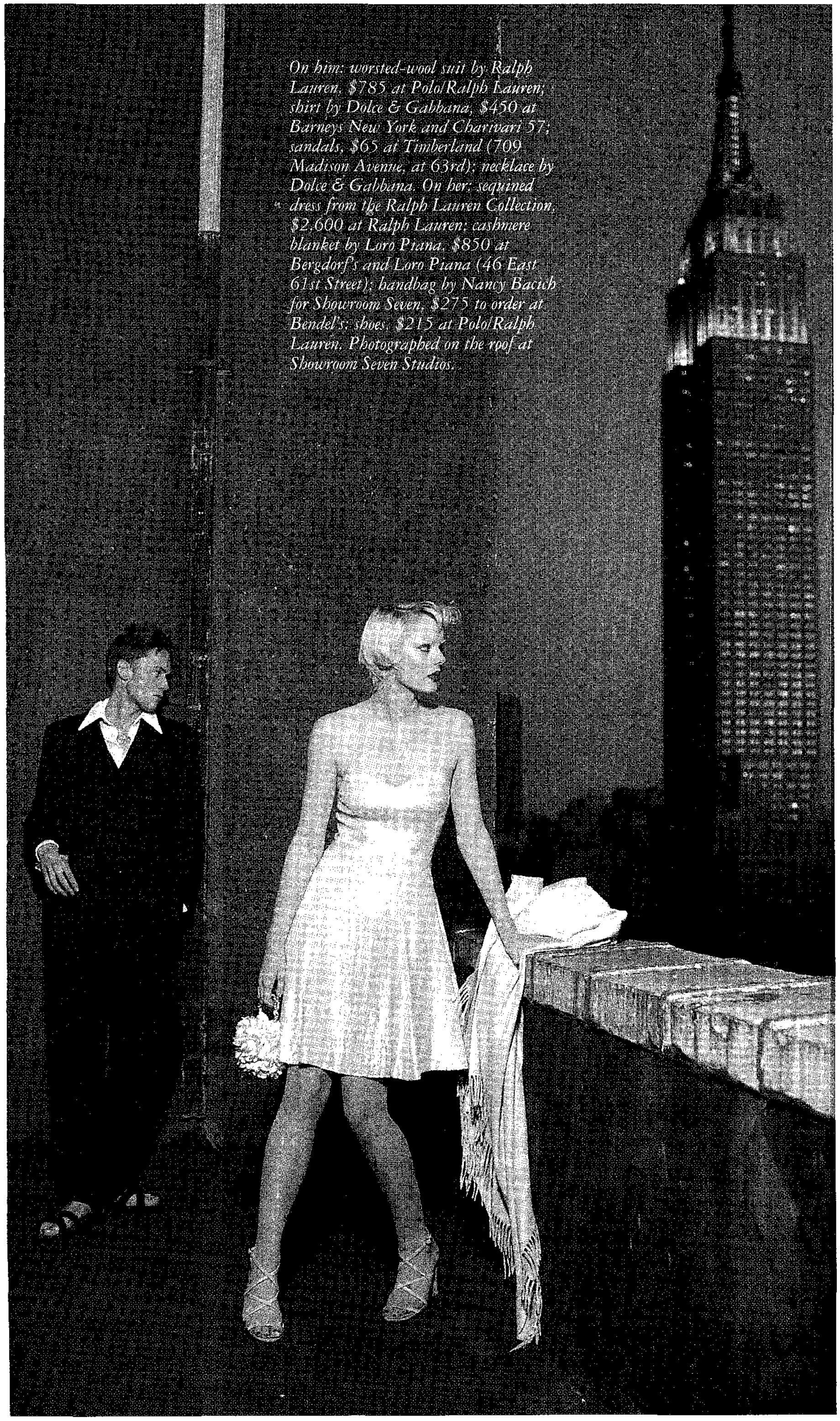
A man and a woman approached the counter. She had long red hair with a center part and wore a satin bomber jacket and sunglasses. He

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY
"Trust...it takes a little
on both sides."
Virginia Slims
Lights
LOW TAR · FILTER

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.



On him: worsted-wool suit by Ralph Lauren, $785 at Polo/Ralph Lauren; shirt by Dolce & Gabbana, $450 at Barneys New York and Charivari 57; sandals, $65 at Timberland (709 Madison Avenue, at 63rd); necklace by Dolce & Gabbana. On her: sequined dress from the Ralph Lauren Collection, $2,600 at Ralph Lauren; cashmere blanket by Loro Piana, $850 at Bergdorf's and Loro Piana (46 East 61st Street); handbag by Nancy Bacich for Showroom Seven, $275 to order at Bendel's; shoes, $215 at Polo/Ralph Lauren. Photographed on the roof at Showroom Seven Studios.

> "My African gray has taken hunks of meat out of me," Carol said, straightening Ralph's jacket. "Birds do that sometimes when you least expect it. But it's a small price to pay for a beautiful experience, don't you think?"

had curly blond hair that stuck out from under a corduroy baseball cap. They had about them the air of a couple who had lived together for years and then had a horrible and excruciating breakup, only to then get back together—intimate beyond the point of comfort, but irrevocably so. Jasper eyed them warily.

The man dropped a Tweety Wobble Toy on the counter, a small yellow rendition of Tweety Bird that affixed to the perch in a bird cage and kept single birds company. It featured a small photo of a bird leaning over in a friendly, conversational manner toward Tweety, who stared, yellow and blank-eyed, straight ahead.

"Wait a second," said the woman. "Is our bird going to think that's another bird?"

"Hard to say," said Jasper. "It might think it's another bird, or it might think it's a yellow piece of plastic."

"Because if they have another bird in the cage, they stop talking to you, is that right?"

Jasper considered referring this case to Carol, but just then her voice boomed, "When do birds sexually mature? It depends on the bird, honey, and it depends on what you consider sexually mature."

The woman continued, "We have a budgie, and he's doing very well. He says, 'Pretty bird,' but I want him to say more."

"The toy is fine," the man said. "Let's just get the thing."

"You get it for yourself!" she said. "I don't want his vocabulary limited."

"But it's just a plastic—"

The man's sentence was interrupted by a screech louder than any other and recognizably human.

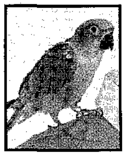
"Aaah!" screamed Ralph. "He bit my neck! Aaah! Get him off me!" Everyone in the store turned. Ralph was flapping his arms behind his shoulders in what Jasper thought was a rather birdlike manner.

The din in the store rose to an almost spiritual level of cacophony, a riotous chorus of shrieks and shouts and chirps and cries. Jasper imagined Emily walking in on the scene, how strange it would be to see her among the birds. His relationship with her had, on the face of it, gotten off to an extremely auspicious start, yet he felt a sickening tension running through him that he didn't understand. Maybe it was the gloomy couple, their roots permanently linked, grown together, inextricable, a living confirmation of the perils of affection.

Carol raced over, phone in hand, and coaxed Fred onto her finger.

"Is there blood?" said Ralph. "I think it pinched my nerve. Can you get rabies from a bird?"

"No, you can't," said Carol, straightening Ralph's jacket. "There's no blood, honey. You'll live through it, believe me; I know. My African gray has taken hunks of meat out of me. Birds do that sometimes when you least expect it. But it's a small price to pay for a beautiful experience, don't you think?"



Thomas Beller's first collection of stories, Seduction Theory, *will be published by W.W. Norton in May.*

By Paloma Picasso®
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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE MACY'S BLOOMINGDALE'S

GRAND STAND

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

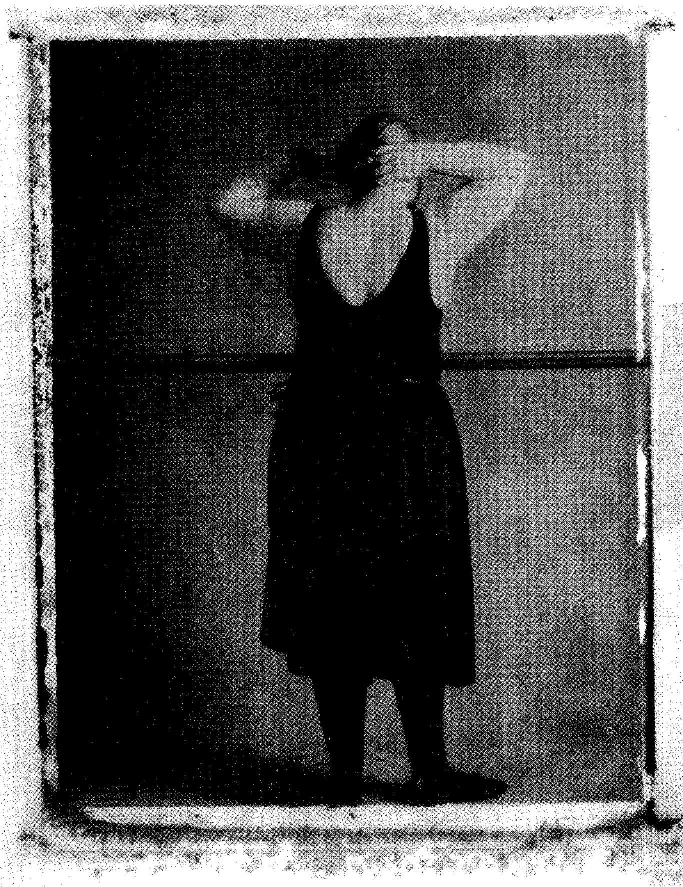
"I think I was a size 11 for five minutes in my twenties," says style writer Mary Martz. Once she reached her thirties, Martz started to "work *with* my weight," using old photographs for inspiration. "I had a Russian period, a Deco period, a Bauhaus period," she recalls. "And I *never* shopped in a fat-lady store." Now that she's slightly more mature, Martz is looking for clothes that are interesting without being gimmicky. So *New York* asked Todd Oldham, Geoffrey Beene, and Zoran to create some basic, stylish pieces for Martz. The guidelines? "Well," says Martz, "we asked them to think more Botero than Giacometti."

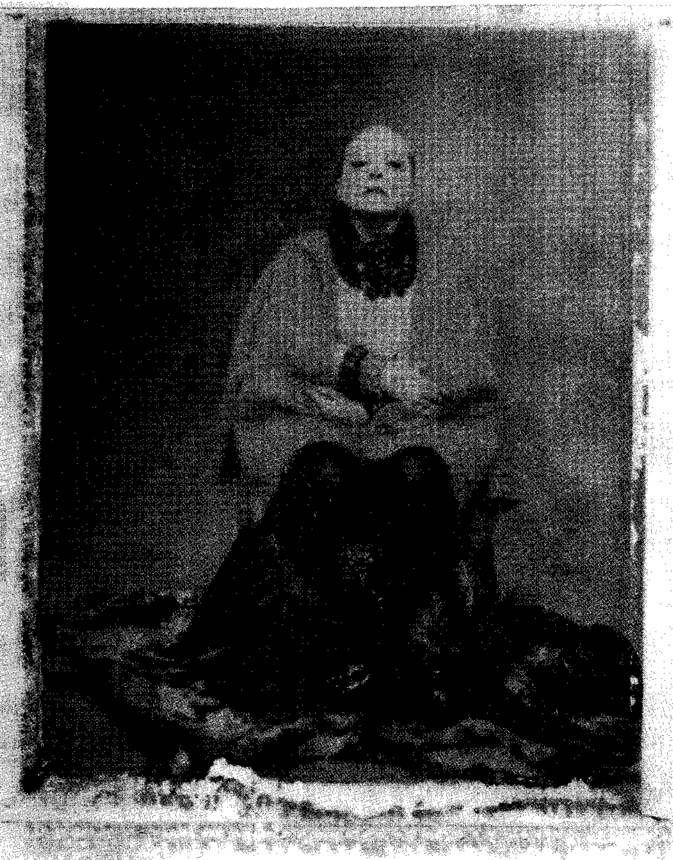
Deborah Turbeville

Left and bottom right: wool-crêpe tunic and skirt by Geoffrey Beene, $2,790 at *Geoffrey Beene on the Plaza (783 Fifth* Avenue, near 59th); stockings by Donna Karan, $14.50 at Lord & Taylor; copper necklace and bracelet by Mme. Grès from Patricia Pastor Vintage Fashion *(760 Madison Avenue, near 65th).*

Below and following page: silk-chiffon *top, $350, chiffon-moiré sarong, $650,* and silk-gazar parka, $1,400, by Zoran, at Saks; stockings by Donna Karan, $14.50 at Lord & Taylor and Macy's; silver bracelets and cuffs, from the *Kathy Lecube Collection, sold at* Bergdorf's; shoes by Manolo Blahnik.

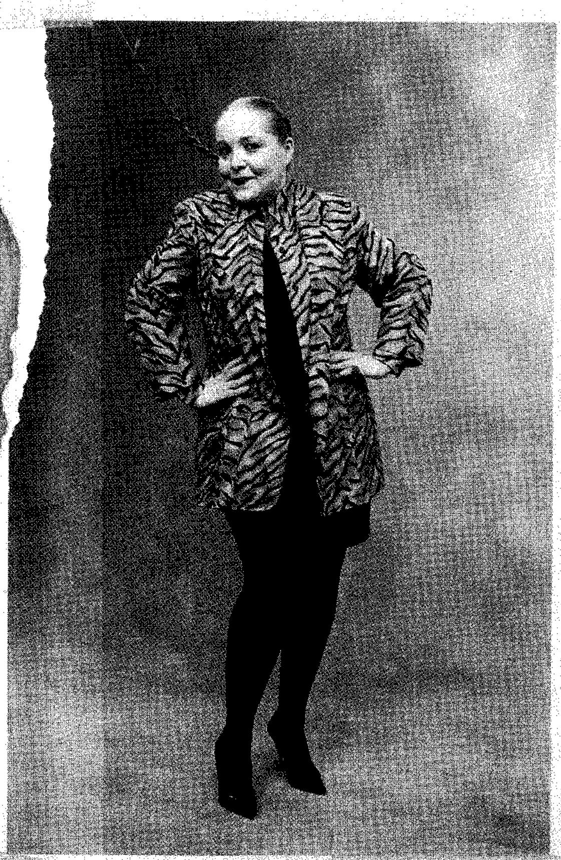
Right: hat from Patricia Pastor Vintage Fashion.





Top left: jersey skirt by Trienawear, $37, and Capezio ballet slippers, $26, at the Capezio Dance-Theatre Shop (1650 Broadway, at 51st); unitard by Danskin.

Bottom left: mohair coat with leather collar, $2,990, and taffeta tunic, $1,990, by Geoffrey Beene, at Geoffrey Beene on the Plaza; amber-and-blue-topaz necklaces, $9,575 each, and amber bracelets, $960 each, by Angela Pintaldi, at Bergdorf's.



Above: silk-lined velvet wrap, $2,400, and silk-chiffon top, $350, by Zoran, at Saks; skirt by Todd Oldham; lace hat from Patricia Pastor Vintage Fashion; stockings by Donna Karan, $14.50 at Lord & Taylor and Macy's; Aeroblade ABT, by Rollerblades, about $339 at Blades 2nd Ave (1414 Second Avenue, at 74th) and Herman's.

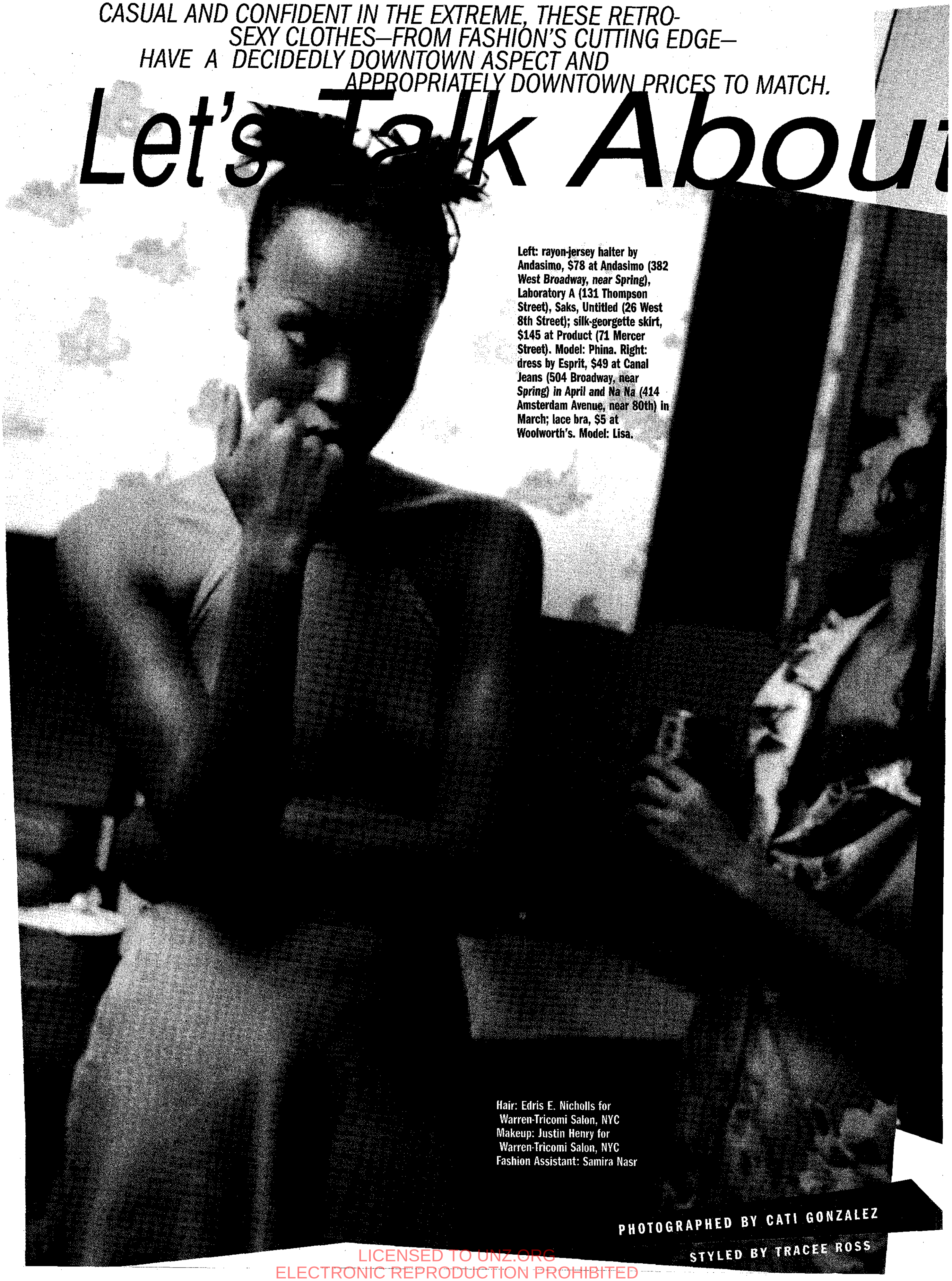
Top right: T-shirt, blouse, blazer, and skirt by Todd Oldham; stockings by Donna Karan, $14.50 at Lord & Taylor and Macy's.

Bottom right: jacket and dress by Todd Oldham; hat, $195 at Patricia Pastor Vintage Fashion; gloves by LaCrasia, $25 at Darrow Vintage Clothing (7 West 19th Street); stockings by Donna Karan, $14.50 at Lord & Taylor and Macy's.

Hair: Edward Tricomi for Warren-Tricomi Salon
Makeup: Michel Voyski of 8 Co.

CASUAL AND CONFIDENT IN THE EXTREME, THESE RETRO-
SEXY CLOTHES—FROM FASHION'S CUTTING EDGE—
HAVE A DECIDEDLY DOWNTOWN ASPECT AND
APPROPRIATELY DOWNTOWN PRICES TO MATCH.

Let's Talk Abou

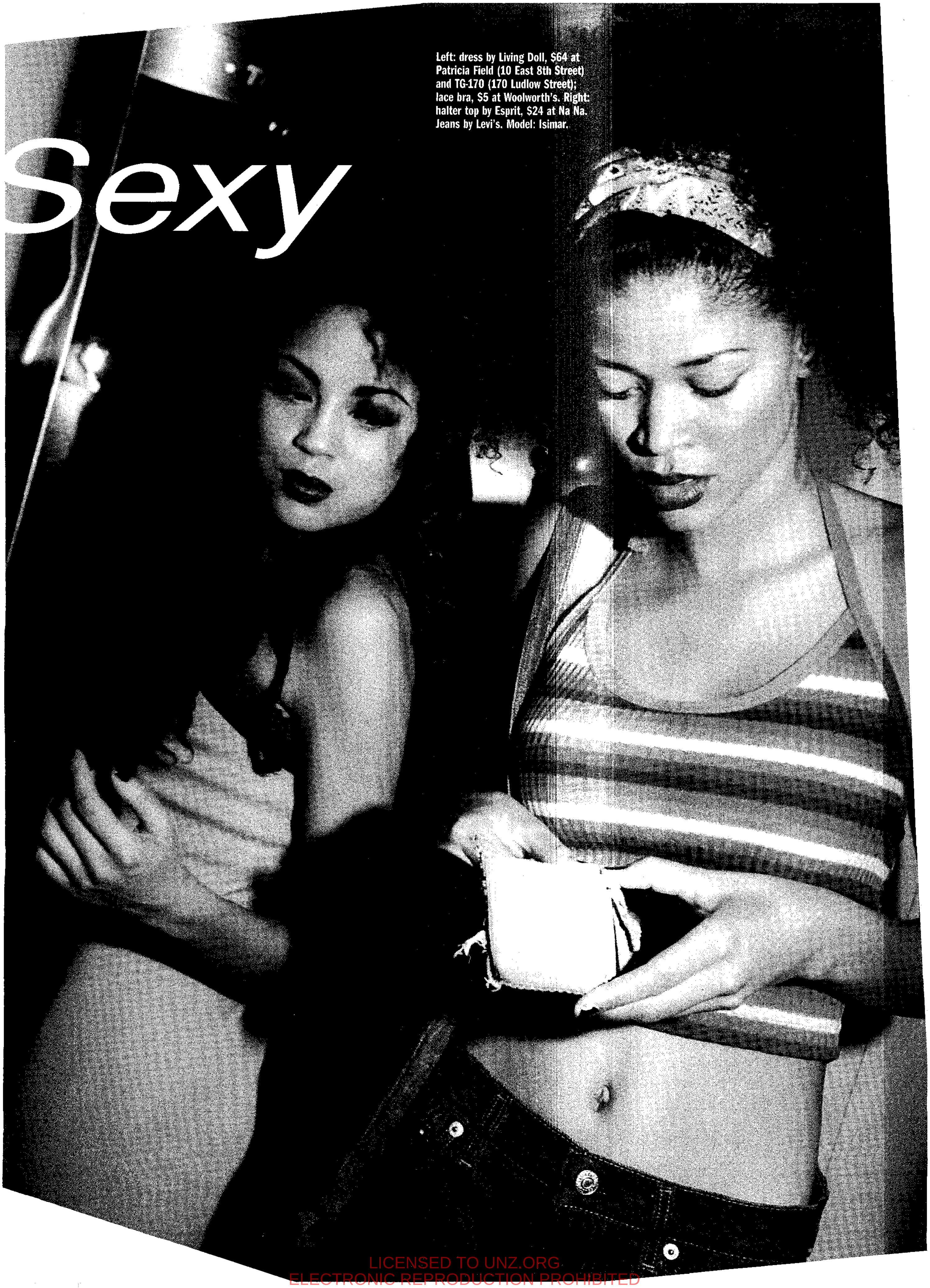


Left: rayon-jersey halter by Andasimo, $78 at Andasimo (382 *West Broadway, near Spring*), Laboratory A (131 Thompson Street), Saks, Untitled (26 West 8th Street); silk-georgette skirt, $145 at Product (71 Mercer Street). Model: Phina. Right: dress by Esprit, $49 at Canal Jeans (504 Broadway, near *Spring*) in April and Na Na (414 Amsterdam Avenue, near 80th) in March; lace bra, $5 at Woolworth's. Model: Lisa.

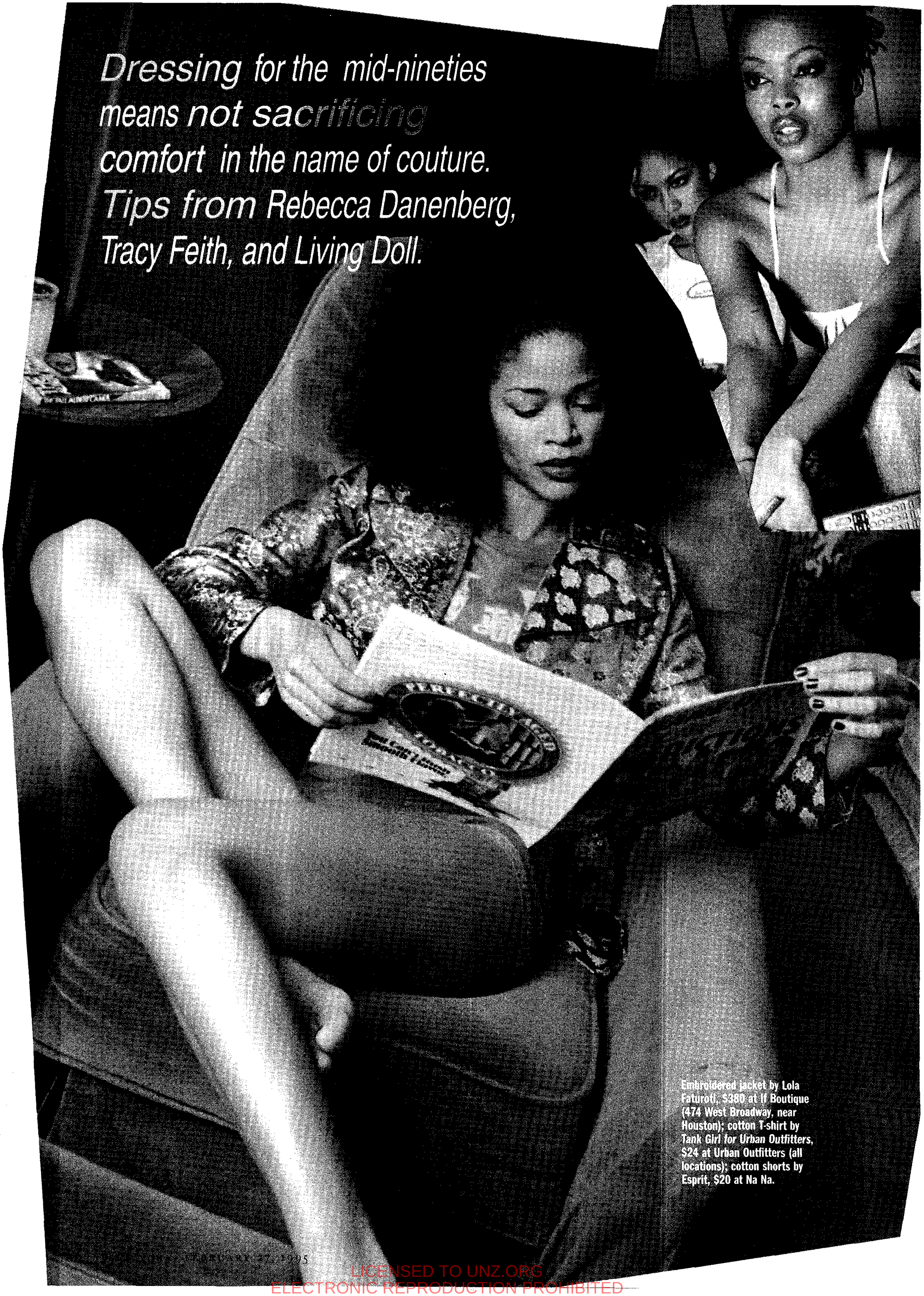
Hair: Edris E. Nicholls for
Warren-Tricomi Salon, NYC
Makeup: Justin Henry for
Warren-Tricomi Salon, NYC
Fashion Assistant: Samira Nasr

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CATI GONZALEZ

STYLED BY TRACEE ROSS

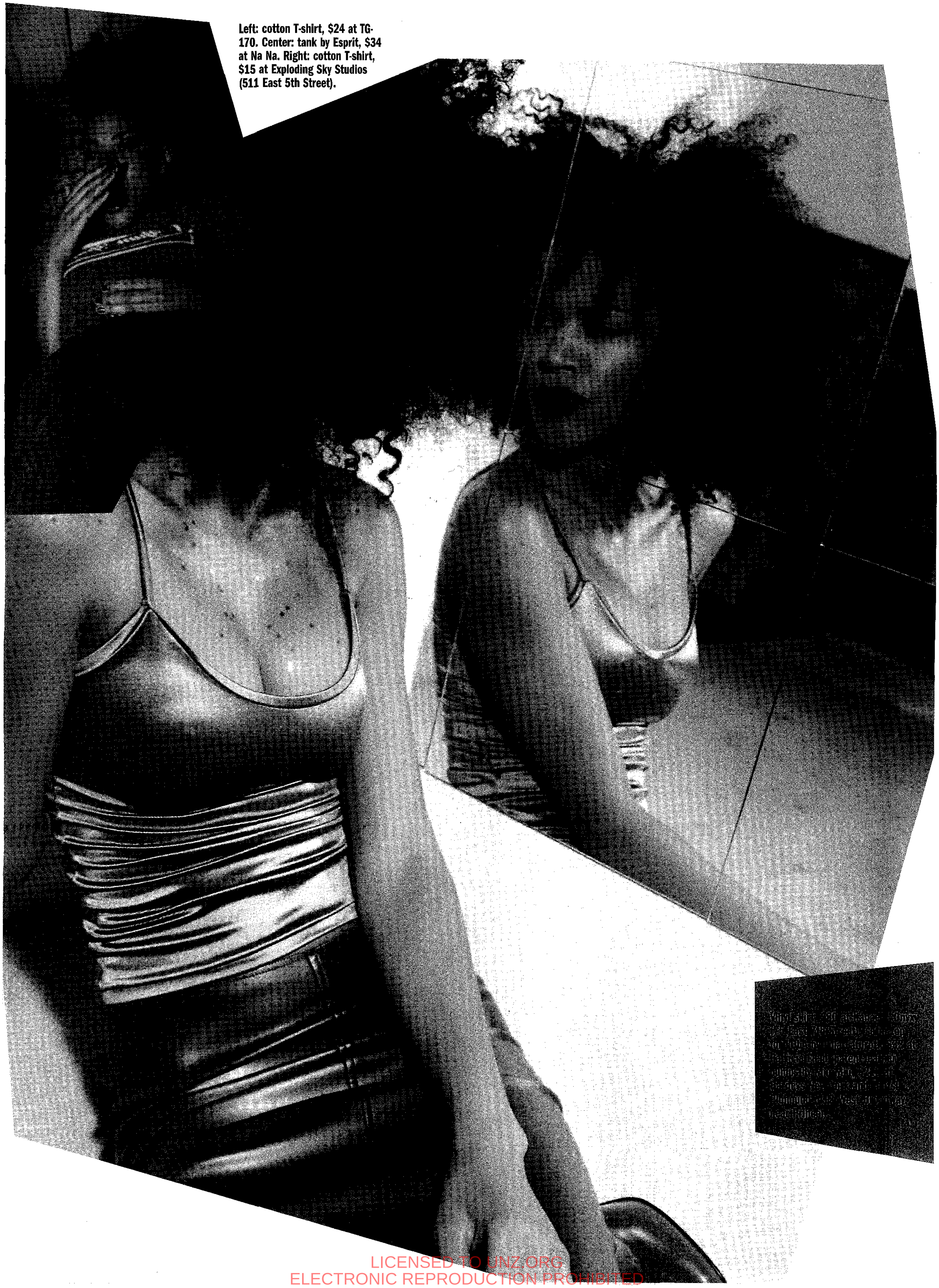


Left: dress by Living Doll, $64 at Patricia Field (10 East 8th Street) and TG-170 (170 Ludlow Street); lace bra, $5 at Woolworth's. Right: halter top by Esprit, $24 at Na Na. Jeans by Levi's. Model: Isimar.



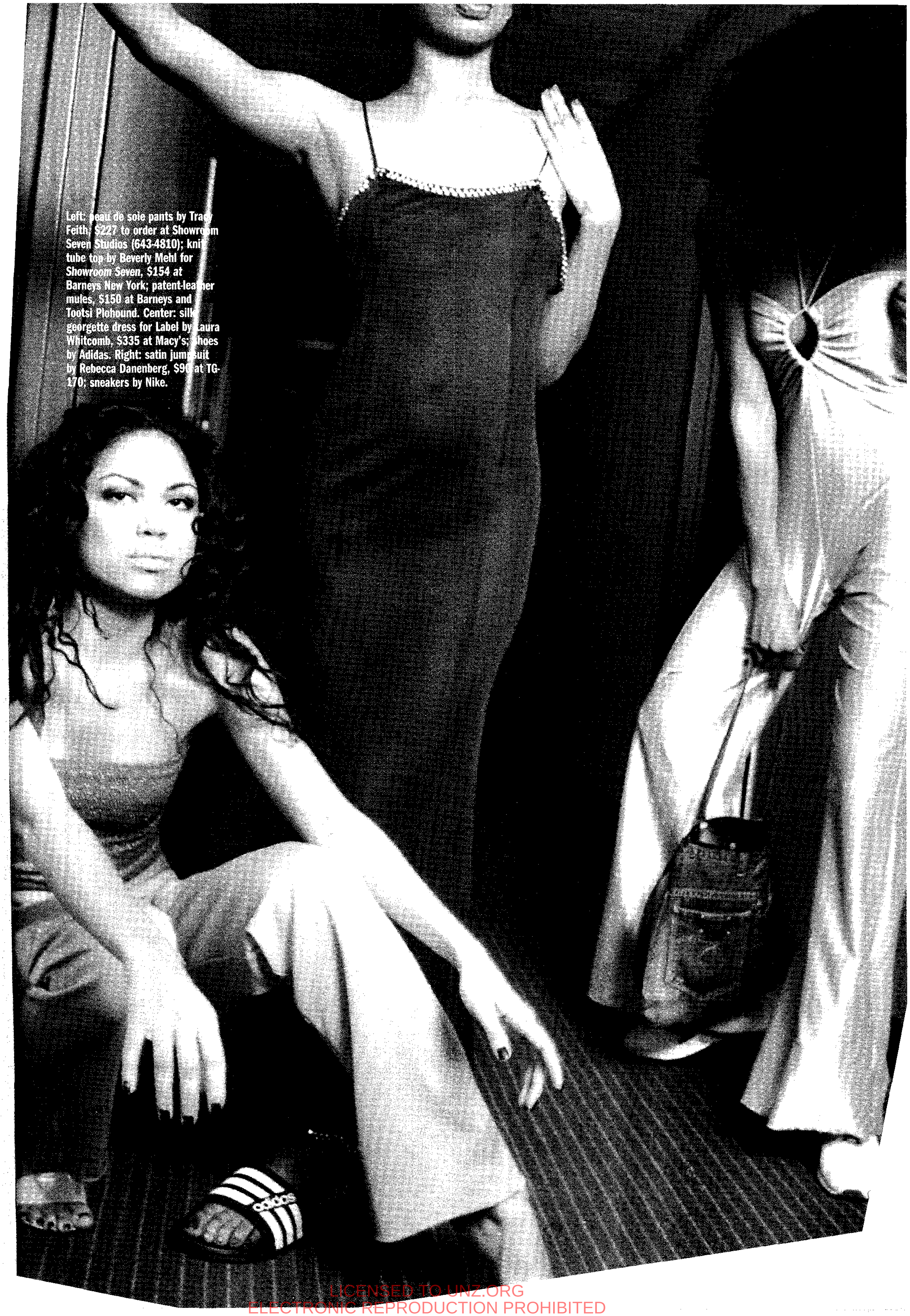
Dressing for the mid-nineties means not sacrificing comfort in the name of couture. Tips from Rebecca Danenberg, Tracy Feith, and Living Doll.

Embroidered jacket by Lola Faturoti, $380 at If Boutique (474 West Broadway, near Houston); cotton T-shirt by *Tank Girl for Urban Outfitters*, $24 at Urban Outfitters (all locations); cotton shorts by Esprit, $20 at Na Na.



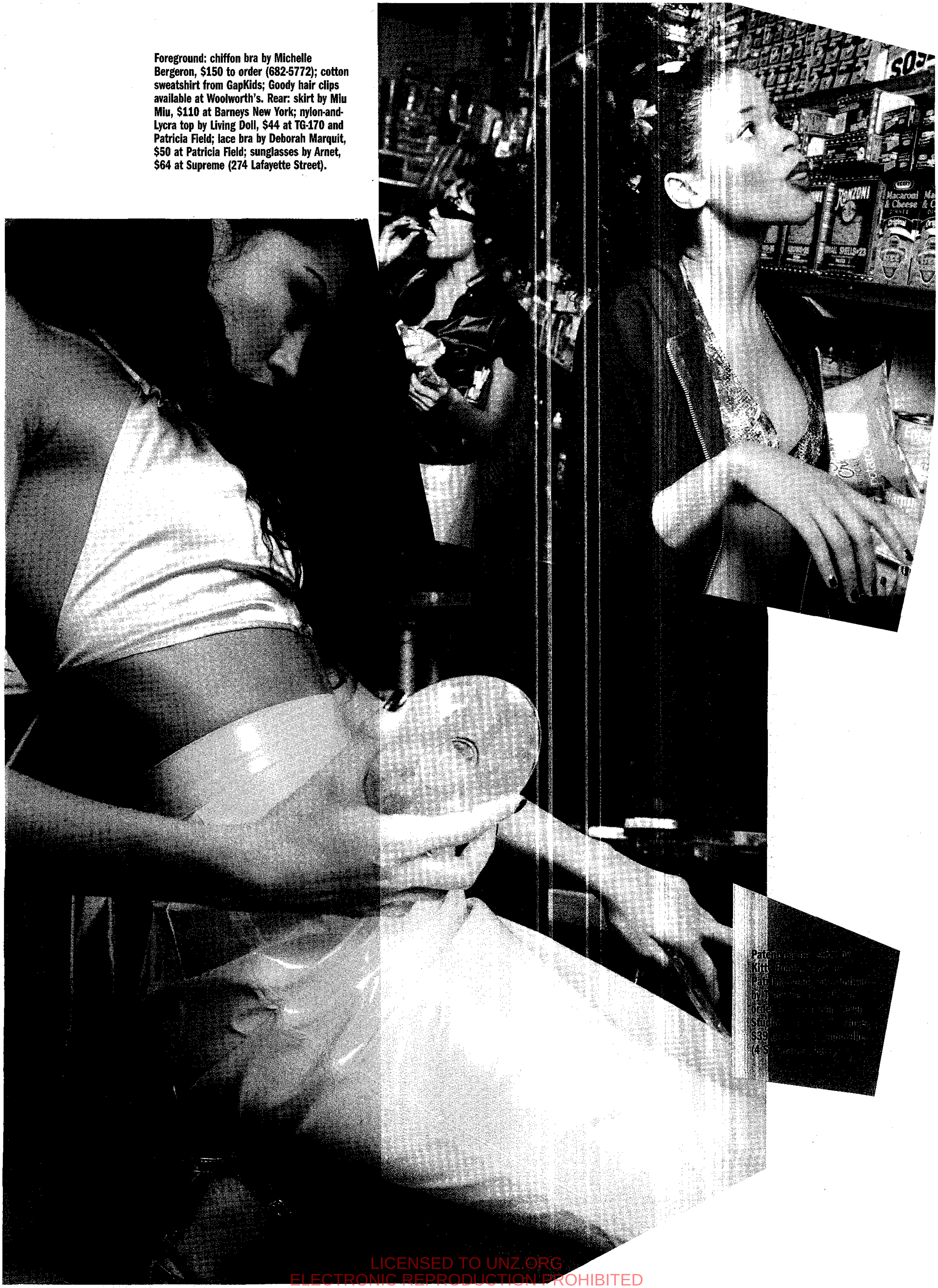
Left: cotton T-shirt, $24 at TG-170. Center: tank by Esprit, $34 at Na Na. Right: cotton T-shirt, $15 at Exploding Sky Studios (511 East 5th Street).

Vinyl skirt, $31 at [illegible] (75 East 7th Street); [illegible] $22 at [illegible] [illegible], $24 at [illegible]



Left: peau de soie pants by Tracy Feith, $227 to order at Showroom Seven Studios (643-4810); knit tube top by Beverly Mehl for *Showroom Seven*, $154 at Barneys New York; patent-leather mules, $150 at Barneys and Tootsi Plohound. Center: silk georgette dress for Label by Laura Whitcomb, $335 at Macy's; shoes by Adidas. Right: satin jumpsuit by Rebecca Danenberg, $90 at TG-170; sneakers by Nike.

Foreground: chiffon bra by Michelle Bergeron, $150 to order (682-5772); cotton sweatshirt from GapKids; Goody hair clips available at Woolworth's. Rear: skirt by Miu Miu, $110 at Barneys New York; nylon-and-Lycra top by Living Doll, $44 at TG-170 and Patricia Field; lace bra by Deborah Marquit, $50 at Patricia Field; sunglasses by Arnet, $64 at Supreme (274 Lafayette Street).



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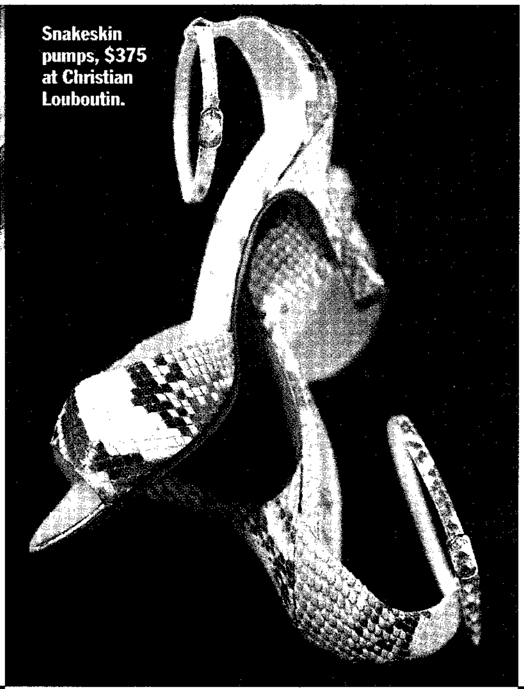
Best in Show

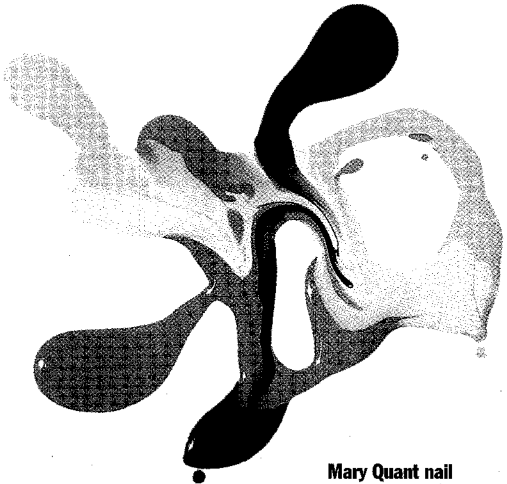
For our semi-annual roundup of fashion and quasi-fashion essentials, *New York* has once again taken the guesswork out of acquiring . . . the perfect dress . . . the perfect sunglasses . . . even the perfect hair conditioner.

Photographed by Stephen Lewis
Styled by Jane Suh

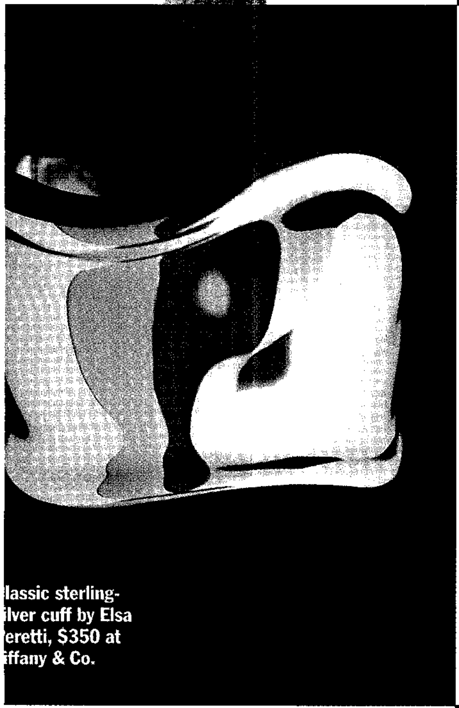
ontrol-top, sheer,
d thigh-high
intyhose in
even shades of
ide by Donna
aran, $12.50 to
14.50 at Lord &
ylor.



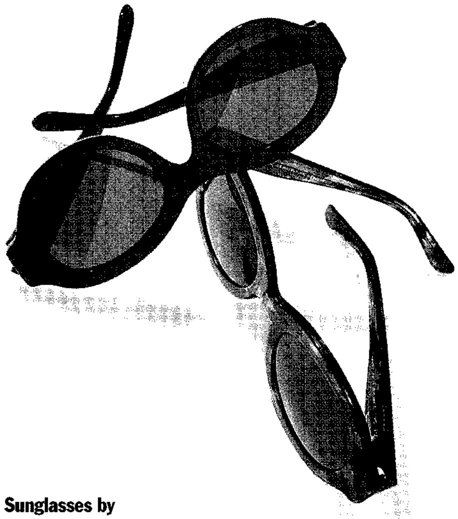
Snakeskin
pumps, $375
at Christian
Louboutin.



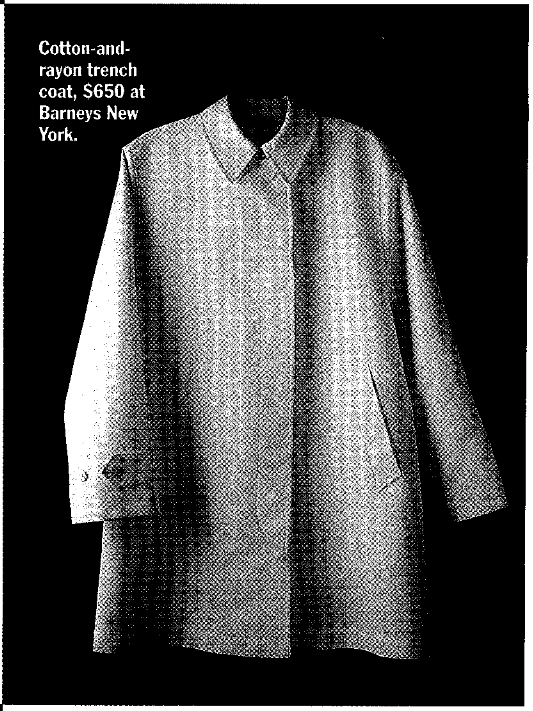
Mary Quant nail
polish, about $12
a bottle (call 011-
44-71-581-1811
in London).



lassic sterling-
ilver cuff by Elsa
eretti, $350 at
iffany & Co.

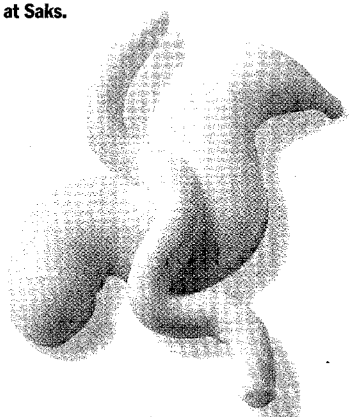


Sunglasses by
Frederic Beausoleil
for Robert Marc
Opticians, $195 a
pair at Robert
Marc Opticians.

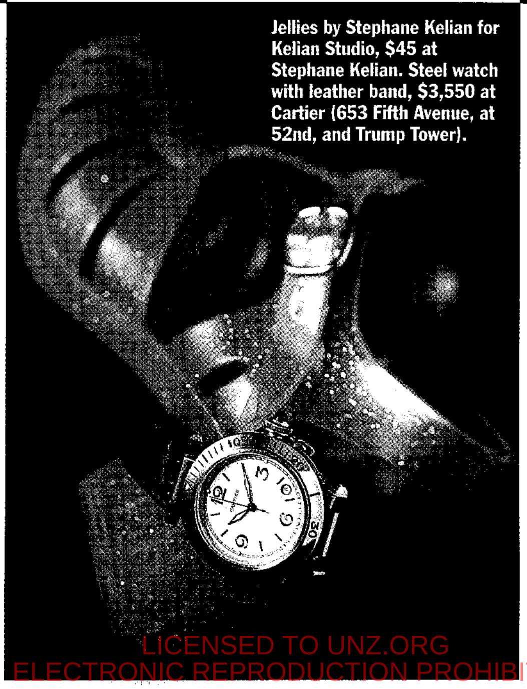


Cotton-and-
rayon trench
coat, $650 at
Barneys New
York.

eft: the season's
est wrap dress,
Isaac Mizrahi,
la Diane Von
irstenberg,
715 at Saks.



ita-cream conditioner, $42,
nd pre-shampoo cream, $50,
y J. F. Lazartigue, at
. F. Lazartigue (764 Madison
venue, near 65th).



Jellies by Stephane Kelian for
Kelian Studio, $45 at
Stephane Kelian. Steel watch
with leather band, $3,550 at
Cartier (653 Fifth Avenue, at
52nd, and Trump Tower).

Handmade leather
bag with sterling-
silver charms,
$2,790 at Linda
Dresner.

BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

Happy Happy Joy Joy

New Yorkers suffering from Mr. Friendly deprivation can take heart. (Mr. Friendly is the Japanese equivalent of Barney, and though he's only a product logo, not a TV personality, his smiling face and Barneylike platitudes—KEEP SMILE, for instance—are the rage with Japanese kids.) Though Detente, once our source for Mr. Friendly tchotchkes, has closed, Yuko Nose, the store's former manager, has just opened Air Market, and it's stocked with a trove of Mr. Friendly stuff: everything from key rings to mugs to calculators to backpacks. Air Market has clothing, too, mostly Japanese and mostly youngish, that bears the Super Lovers or Sucer des Bonbon labels, along with *faux*-fur-trimmed helmet hats and men's shirts by the American companies Acme Skateboard and Channel 1. (From $2.50 for a Mr. Friendly pencil sharpener to $65 for a helmet hat to $378 for an A-line wool coat.)

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Yesterday's Papers

Angelfish blowing bubbles up the bathroom wall. Flirty French cancan dancers. Perky kitchen scenes. After the giddiness and whimsy of the forties and fifties, modernists thought of wallpaper as déclassé, to be replaced by the ubiquitous white wall. But in this ongoing postmodern age, its day has come again. Andrea Mantel and Susan Brown, of Smart Company of America, have just re-created nine vintage wall coverings. And—for those afraid to take the plunge—they've also produced five printed borders. (Borders, $25 to $28 for a five-yard roll; wall coverings, $45 to $62 for a double roll.)

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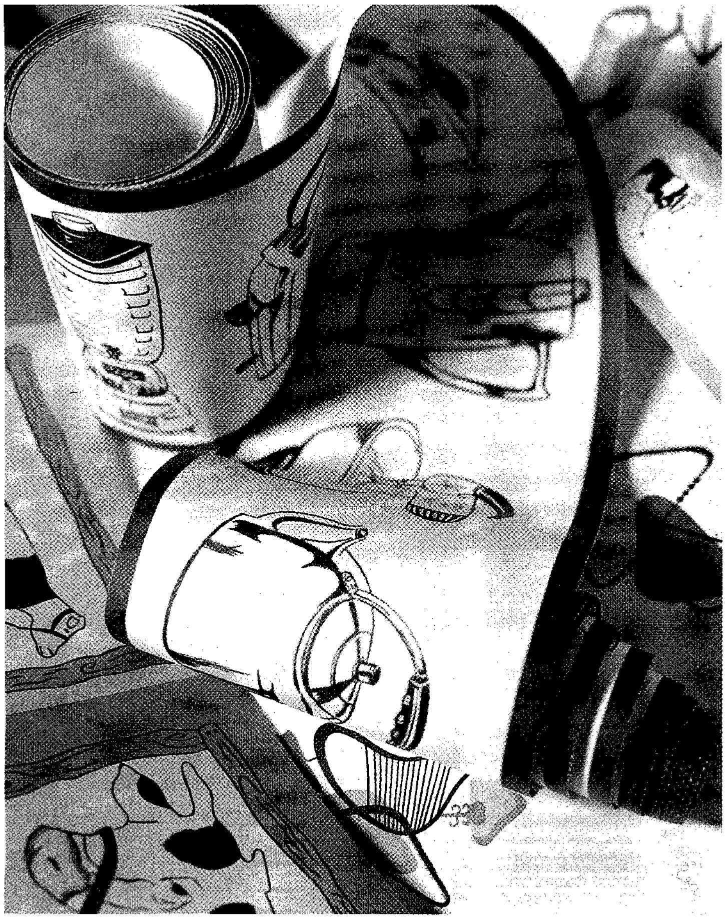


Minor Classics

Farmers once jigsawed chairs for their kids during the long winter months, producing everything from formal Windsor to farmhouse-kitchen to rustic Adirondack styles. Randy Floke has put together a one-of-a-kind collection that also includes machine-made schoolhouse chairs, and they all date from the 1890s through the 1940s ($45 to $175).

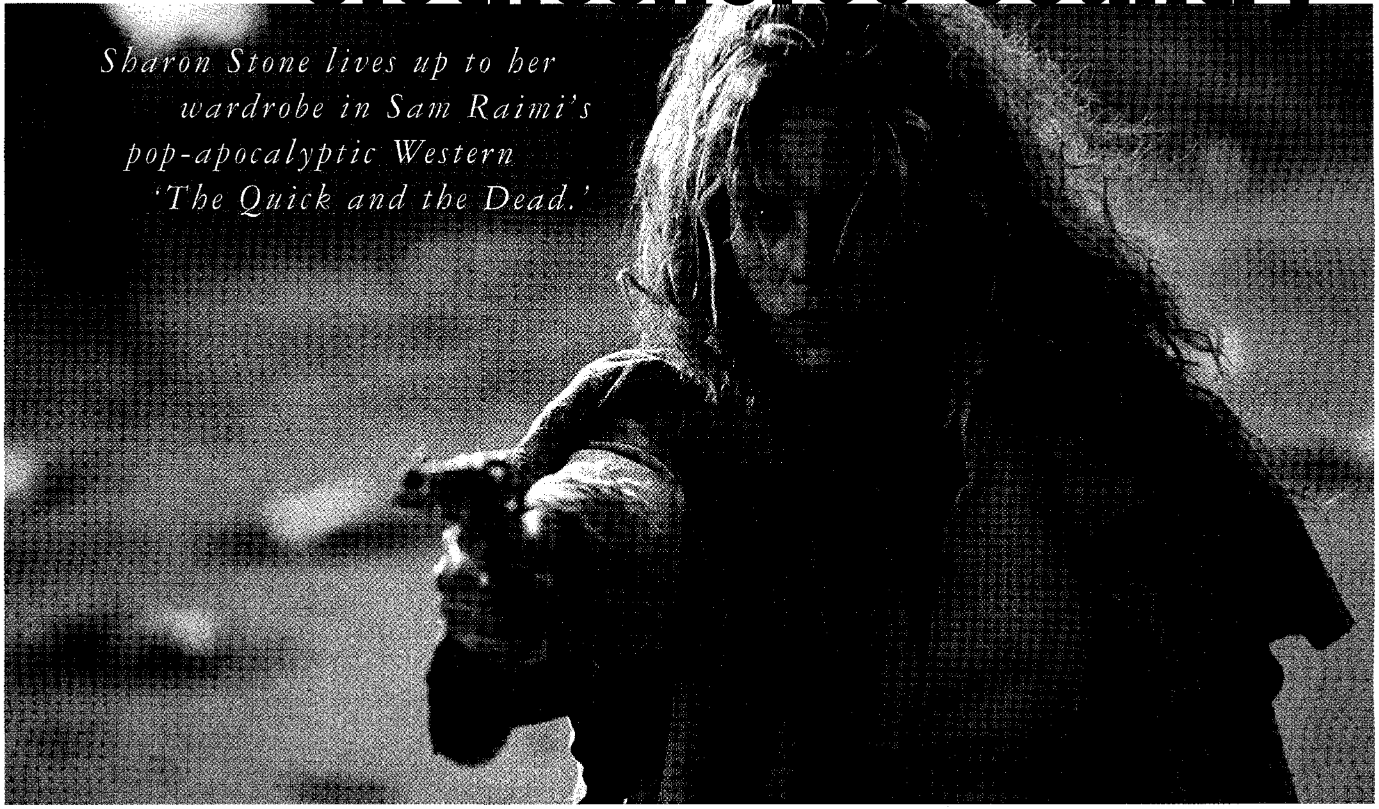
THE RURAL COLLECTION/*117 Perry Street/645-4488*

Photographs: left to right, Peter Ardito; Kenneth Chen; Peter Ardito; Jonathan Gross.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Clotheshorse Country

Sharon Stone lives up to her wardrobe in Sam Raimi's pop-apocalyptic Western 'The Quick and the Dead.'



AS A BOSS LADY OF THE OLD WEST, BARBARA Stanwyck was insinuating and tough—a smart cookie who could be dangerous. Sharon Stone doesn't have anything like Stanwyck's force. She has something else. In **The Quick and the Dead,** riding into town in leather pants, vest, black hat, and one of those fab, calf-length Western coats—a very big coat, a major coat—she seems to have cleaned out half the shops in Milan. You have to laugh at first. Yet she's an extraordinarily glamorous woman. Sharon Stone has the tall, lean body of the Western hero, and she's developed an amusingly minimal, narrowed-eyed style that may remind you of mid-period Clint. She's still a good model, and just enough of an actress to triumph in this crazy movie. Stone plays Ellen, a lone gun who cleans up the town of Redemption, a sinkhole of corruption and vice ruled by a wicked gangster named Herod (Gene Hackman). Given Stone's clothes, I thought, for a while, that I might have heard Hackman's name as "Harrods," the department store in London. But no, the filmmakers want us to think of the nasty king of Palestine who ruled at the time of Jesus' birth and ordered the slaughter of the Innocents. In *The Quick and the Dead,* the light breaks through the skies, and periodic rainstorms wash away the blood of the sinners. Ellen has come as the redeemer. We're in pop-apocalyptic Hollywood, where Christ is always ready to do service at the box office.

The Quick and the Dead is preposterous but far from boring. Herod rules over the decrepit, burnt-out town as a kind of Old West mafia boss, exacting 50 cents of every dollar that changes hands. Each year he stages a quick-draw tournament in which anyone can duel anyone else. At the end of the contest, having knocked off all the local hotshots who might threaten him, Herod alone is left standing. The plot is no more than a chart, like the basketball playoffs: The winners along the way have to keep fighting, so friends and family members, as well as criminals, wind up plugging one another. Oddly, no one leaves the town or complains about the rules. People itch to prove that they're the best. Even Ellen. She has a blood score to settle with Herod, but rather than just shoot the bastard in the back like any rational person, she enters the contest. Apparently Americans in the Old West enjoyed nothing so much as getting shot and falling down in the street. When people are shot, daylight literally shines through the bullet holes.

Herod's contest is such a brazenly commercial idea—the Western reduced to its climactic moment, the duel—that paradoxically it may strike many people as hip or even pure, like a horror film with nothing in it but stalking and slashing. I found the movie less hip than calculated, but I was entertained. You're not supposed to take *The Quick and the Dead* as real life or even as a real Western. The director, Sam Raimi, known for his chic-horror movies (*The Evil Dead, Darkman,* etc.) abandons all memory of the classical Westerns of Ford, Hawks, Anthony Mann, and late Clint Eastwood (*Unforgiven*); instead, he further stylizes the preoccupations of the mannerist masters Sam Peckinpah, Sergio Leone, and early Clint Eastwood, focusing on flourishes and gestures and the grotesque rituals of death.

The Quick and the Dead could have been a cultish bore like *The Crow,* yet what's remarkable about the many duels is how much of the personalities of the various shootists comes through. Raimi has an effectively ruthless shorthand style—anecdote reduced to iconography. This

Gene Hackman (right) and Leonardo DiCaprio.

Photographs by Murray Close/TriStar Pictures.

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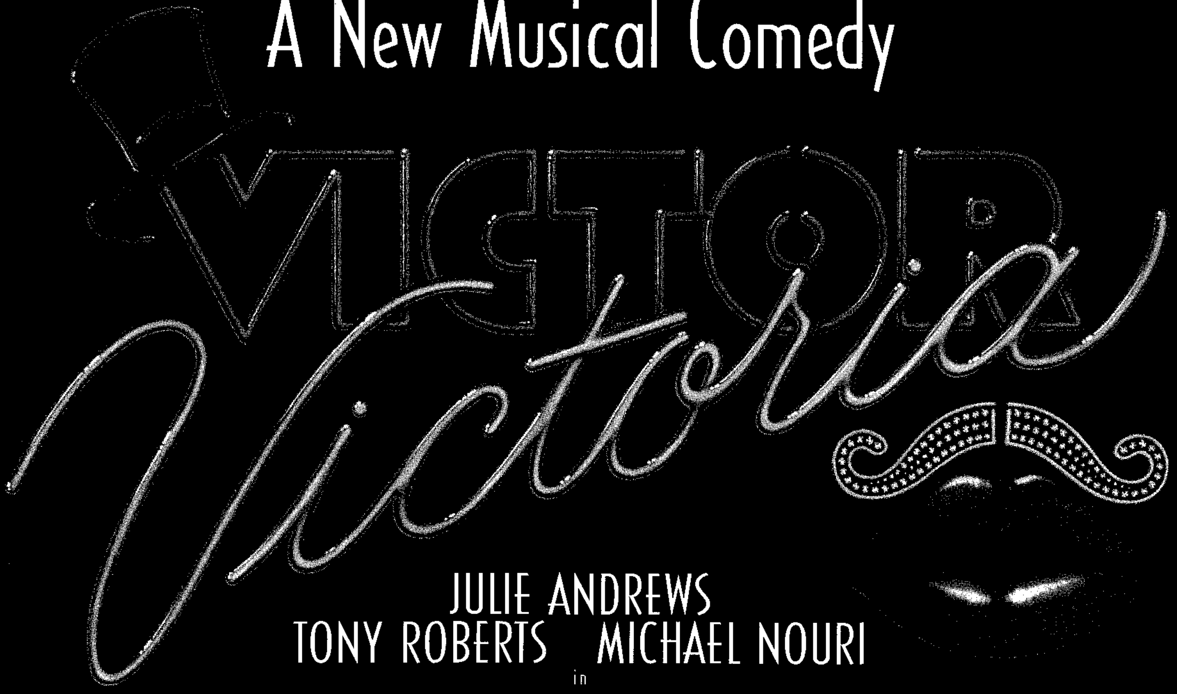

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director and the screenwriter, Simon Moore (an Englishman), have little interest in psychology, depth, motivation. The movie is all short, vivid strokes: A man is what he looks like and talks like. I doubt whether so many raunch-faced, walleyed, scrofulous plug-uglies, and also so many high-style studly gunslingers, have ever been assembled to shoot at one another in a single movie. Yet as each one dies, we know who he is, what his fantasy of himself was, and why he thought he was better than anyone else. Raimi's camera brings the audience close, and the movie's "dark" tonalities—the sadism and ghoulishness, the bizarre death obsessions—seem more like an outré B-movie style than a moral vacancy to get upset about. How can you hate a director this flamboyant?

And then there's Gene Hackman, who's reason enough to see anything. The unglamorous, stocky man sitting in the backseat of Warren Beatty's jalopy in *Bonnie and Clyde* has built one of the great careers in modern movie acting. One would think Hackman had squeezed all the juice out of the role of an evil Westerner in *Unforgiven,* but here he is, squeezing some more. Again, he takes a complex kind of amusement in evil, but he's drier this time, and colder, more purely focused on power. And then he surprises us: His Herod is an evil man who knows what goodness is. Therefore, when he chooses evil, he is chilling and perverse. Even in this malevolent playpen of a movie, Hackman seems like a grown-up.

A THRILLER, I REALIZE, ISN'T NECESSARily the best place for a director to demonstrate sweetness of temperament. Nastiness, or at least coldness, is part of the specialized pleasure of the genre: If the audience is to be grabbed and held, if it is to enjoy danger, fear, and death, it has to be partly cut off from normal human response. But at the same time—and this is the hard part—the audience must believe what it sees. Particularly when a thriller is about ordinary people, we must be convinced that the characters are capable of doing what they are shown doing. In a director of thrillers, a feeling for reality—for ordinariness even—is strategically necessary. Despite his many perversities, Hitchcock had that feeling, which is one reason his films are so harrowing.

But I did not believe in the characters in **Shallow Grave,** a new thriller from Scotland written by John Hodge and directed by Danny Boyle. Three Edinburgh yuppies—a doctor (Kerry Fox), an accountant (Christopher Eccleston), and a tabloid journalist (Ewan McGregor)—behave in a way so utterly hostile that no one would possibly have anything to do with them. Infantile and sarcastic, like sophomores having a sugar fit, they dump on everyone. The three share a comfortable flat, and they advertise for an additional roommate, insulting every applicant who dares come to see them. When they finally accept someone—a rather diffident fellow—he promptly dies, leaving a suitcase filled with cash in his room. A bank robber or drug dealer, evidently. The three roommates take the swag and bury the body, first chopping it into pieces. Soon they are betraying one another.

From the beginning, the filmmakers go in for arch dialogue and off-center readings, in the creepily knowing manner of such Harold Pinter–Joseph Losey classics as *The Servant* and *Accident*. But a swinish manner is not the same thing as style. Clearly, the director wants to make it easier for us to relish the troubles of these monsters, but I was disengaged from the beginning—the show-off brutality just left me cold. And once the troubles begin, the filmmakers don't hold to even a minimal consistency. The characters behave in one way when the plot requires them to, and then in another when the plot requires *that*. It's a case of sheer directorial opportunism. What's at stake? Nothing. The characters are so flimsy as human beings, they don't even seem serious about greed, and greed is the only emotion that propels *Shallow Grave*.

I'm not happy to be writing this way. I'd rather respond to Danny Boyle's excitement. At last, a truly wicked Scottish movie! But Boyle may be too excited. He heads straight for camera pyrotechnics and shock cutting, and though his work is exceptionally menacing, it's also rather opaque. The camera rushes about wildly. There are mysterious torture episodes, and the violence is more bloody than convincing. I enjoyed Boyle's bold use of solid colors, and he does mean, clever things with a power drill. No doubt his talent will settle down next time. But until further notice, film is a matter of illusion, and Danny Boyle doesn't know how to trick us yet.

In brief: WHOOPI GOLDBERG, A RHYTHM-AND-blues singer without a job, and Mary-Louise Parker, a real-estate agent fleeing personal troubles, leave New York in a minivan, heading west, and pick up along the way Drew Barrymore, a lovable, boy-crazy ninny. For a while, Herbert Ross's **Boys on the Side** is almost as exhilaratingly funny as *Thelma & Louise*. But then the three arrive in Tucson, and the movie sinks into a bog—endless scenes about AIDS (an international tragedy but virtually unusable as movie material), endless prim lectures about female-bonding. Since when did friendship among women become such a solemn institution? (No, I don't like it any better when the friends are men.) Parker is wonderful, and Drew Barrymore's innocently dirty-minded style is beginning to jell. But Whoopi Goldberg does not triumph in the unplayable role of a lesbian who mothers everybody and never gets laid. When will this talented woman actually do something in the movies? ■

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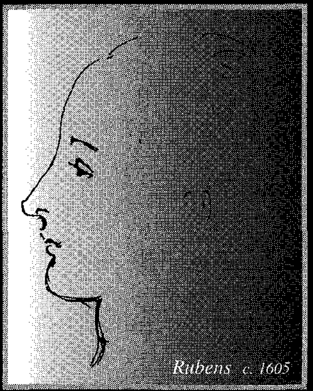

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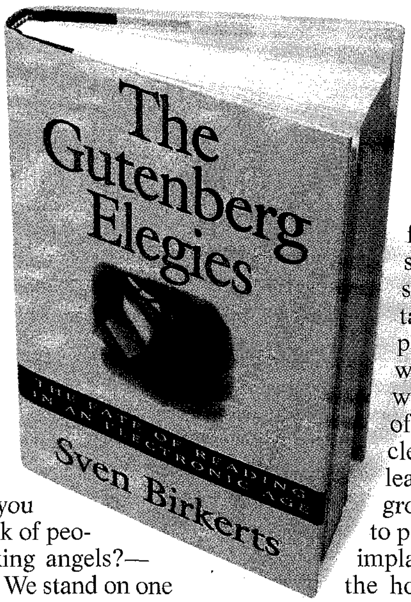
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

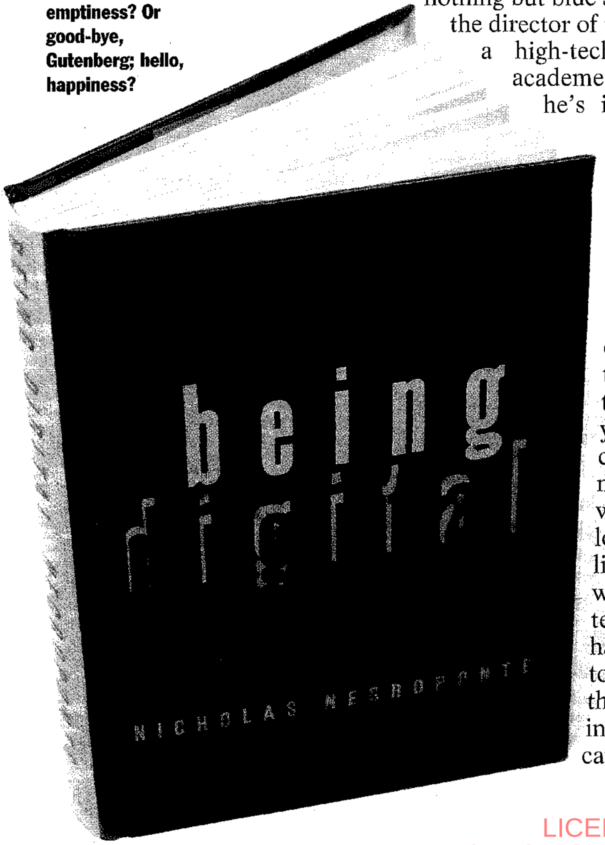
Choose Your Future

Are computers freeing us, or are they stealing our souls? Nicholas Negroponte and Sven Birkerts offer two views of our binary conundrum.



COMPUTERS WILL SAVE US. Computers will destroy us. They'll free our minds for giddy, boundless trips through time and space. They'll trap our souls in microchips and pixels. They'll bring us together, knitting individuals into a vast community of networked interest groups. They'll tear us apart, isolating people from their neighbors in specialized on-line info-cliques. They are an ultimate, dazzling tribute to human ingenuity. They are a final monument to human arrogance.

That's the standoff, and which side you take has more to do with what you think of people—tool-using apes or meaning-seeking angels?—than with what you think of computers. We stand on one of those weird millennial thresholds when visions of Heaven and hell appear to alternate with the slightest turn of the head. Two new books—scientist Nicholas Negroponte's *Being Digital* and literary critic Sven Birkerts's *The Gutenberg Elegies*—take up the view from either angle.



Good-bye, Gutenberg; hello, emptiness? Or good-bye, Gutenberg; hello, happiness?

Being Digital is the book for nerdy optimists. Its lofty brow is unclouded by anxiety; in our future, it forecasts nothing but blue skies. Negroponte is the director of the MIT Media Lab, a high-tech sandbox where academe meets industry, so he's in the business of solving problems, not fretting over them. His book—part propaganda—is infused with a Mr. Wizard zeal, an unquestioning acceptance of the cool, the neato, and the new. "Early in the next millennium your right and left cuff links or earrings may communicate with each other by low-orbiting satellites. . . . When you watch an hour of television, it may have been delivered to your home in less than a second. Reading about Patagonia can include the sensory experience of going there. A book by William Buckley can be a conversation with him. . . ." Presumably these are all improvements.

For Negroponte, the "change from atoms to bits"—from odd-shaped, dirty, hard-to-lift reality to streamlined, error-free, E-Z-tote data—is "irrevocable and unstoppable." And why should anyone want to stop it? If the physical world, like some dusty master tape of an early blues artist, can be cleaned up, digitalized, and rereleased on CD, let's get on with it, Negroponte implies. Then he gets down to particulars. Soon, microchips will be implanted in virtually every surface of the home, sensing the dwellers' movements, habits, preferences, and intentions. Life will be a fever dream of ease. The toast will pop on time, browned according to individual taste, as a multimedia *Wall Street Journal* manifests in the breakfast nook. Outside, the car starts in anticipation the moment you reach the self-opening front door. Possibly you won't even need a car, since "when you look out a window, what you see may be five thousand miles and six time zones away."

As every LSD tripper knows, the downside of feeling you're everywhere at once, capable of doing anything, is fearing that you're nowhere in particular, focused on nothing. Negroponte has no time for such nightmares. In the pragmatic American tradition of Ford and Edison, he's anguish-free. It shows in his prose. What for skeptics would be troubling oxymorons—"digital life" is a good one—are put forward serenely, as natural coinages. Negroponte the writer has digital wit. His reductionist philosophy isn't just talk. He actually walks the cybernetic walk, making thoughts smaller, simpler, and more concentrated, and recombining them in novel ways.

Negroponte is not a crude booster for all things electronic. It's efficiency and control he worships, not gadgetry for the sake of gadgetry. He disses fax machines as lumbering contraptions. He mocks the fetishistic quest for high-definition TV. And he sympathizes with the alienation of those who aren't yet wired. He hopes that computers "will be more like people," capable of face-to-face, spoken communication. But while he often voices disgust for the current state of the art, dismissing whole technologies with the breathtaking common sense of the supernerd, Negroponte is never less than inspired by computing's possibilities. It's here that precision goes out and buzzwords come in, when science turns to sentiment. "We are entering an era when expression can be more participatory and alive," Negroponte asserts, pointing to the

Photographs by Jonathan Gross.

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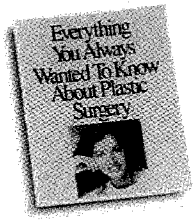

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ability to electronically alter works of art. Like utopians before him, he imagines that people, once freed from toil, will blossom into little Da Vincis. "Tomorrow, people of all ages will find a more harmonious continuum in their lives."

Or will they? In *The Gutenberg Elegies,* Sven Birkerts forecasts an opposite future. "I fear a world become sanitized and superficial, in which people have forgotten the primal terms of existence—the terrors and agons—and in which the existential unknown is banished outside the pulsing circulation system of data." Birkerts doesn't dispute the inevitability of Negroponte's revolution, just its value. He's a bookman, not a screenman—a romantic, ink-smeared laggard on culture's trailing edge.

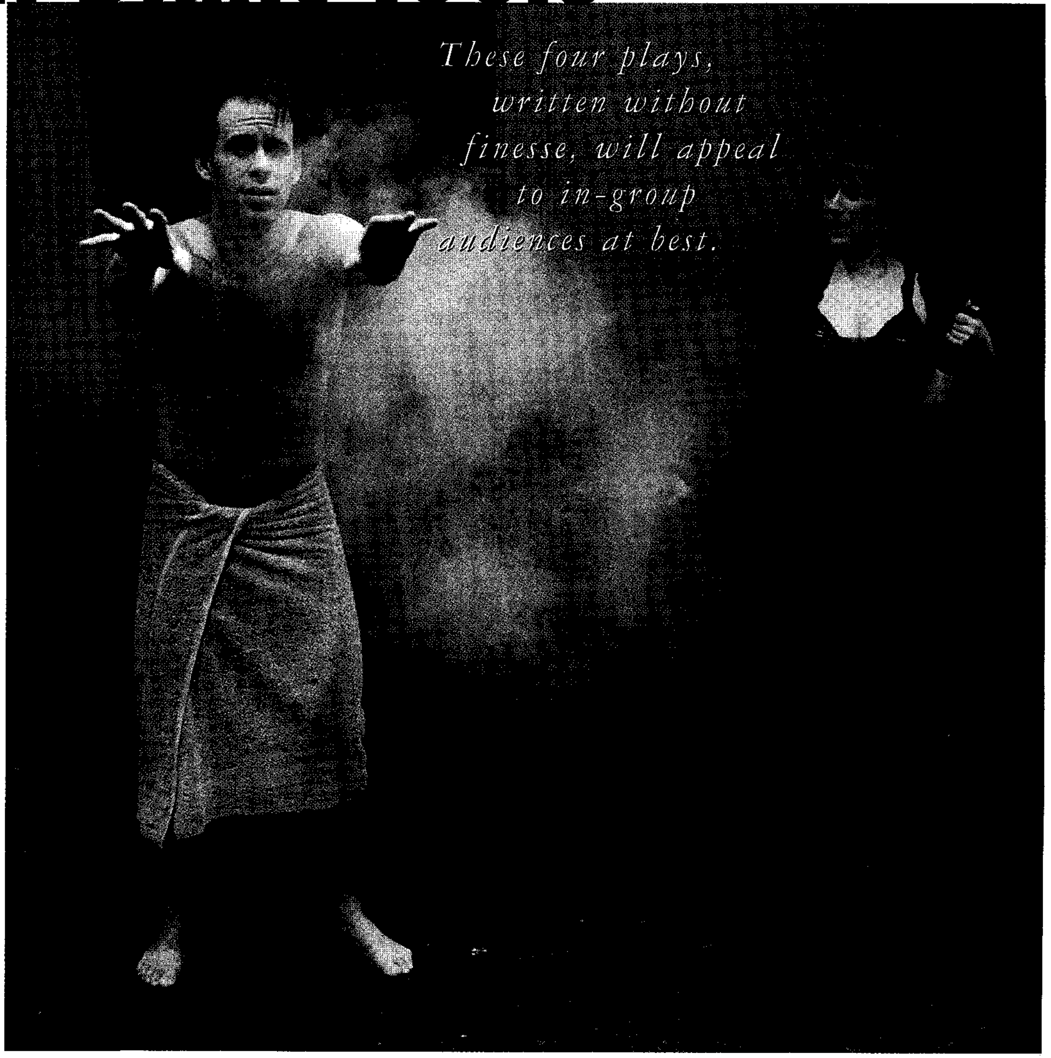
If Negroponte has familiar dreams, Birkerts has traditional fears. Being human for him is being in pain. Burnt toast is what makes golden-brown toast so tasty. And if you can see exotic landscapes out of your LCD kitchen window, they won't be exotic anymore, will they? Some of Birkerts's indictments are big old duds ("Our culture is ruled by the pocketbook, by the psychology of the bottom line"), and many are op-ed-page clichés ("Will all of these kids march forward into adulthood as Disney automatons, with cookie-cut responses to the world they encounter?"). At times, Birkerts lapses into academicisms, going on about "modes of communication" and calling literature "the repository of our collective speculation." It's ironic that Birkerts, defender of books and language, is so often clogged and verbally muscle-bound while Negroponte is lucid and relaxed. The strain of bucking the tide can swamp a prose style.

But Birkerts puts up a strong and noble fight, and his is the more interesting book, the only one with a struggle going on. Birkerts has something to go up against, while Negroponte's unopposed assurance gets monotonous. Birkerts is best when he is autobiographical, when arguing from his own case, not just some general one. His love of books is physical, irrational, bound up with a certain melancholy about real life's disappointments and dangers. In a chapter called "The Paper Chase," he links his reading life and romantic life. When love dies, literature lives. Can the same consolations be had from computing?

Birkerts philosophizes at length about the alleged existential difference between hard pages and ephemeral screens, between reading and viewing. Reading is inward, viewing outward, and inward is better—that's what it comes down to. He also predicts—or prays for—a backlash. "Our relentless focus on external matters, our near-exclusive preoccupation with vaulting the 'techno-hurdles' may cause a perverse, renewed longing for the old ways." Scorched toast and hardcover novels, he hopes, are things we won't be able to live without. ■

THEATER JOHN SIMON

With Blunt Tools



These four plays, written without finesse, will appeal to in-group audiences at best.

Andrew Polk and Barbara Gulan in *The Truth-Teller.*

IN THE AFTERWORD TO WHAT I TAKE to be her most recent collection of stories (although she can spring a new one on you while you blink), Joyce Carol Oates avers that "the grotesque always possesses a blunt physicality." Her new theatrical grotesque, **The Truth-Teller,** suffers from, among other things, a total lack of physicality, for which she tries to compensate with a heavy dose of bluntness. It feels like being kicked in the face by a paratrooper boot that does not even have a human foot in it. In other ways, Miss Oates does put her foot in it.

The Truth-Teller, which can't make up its mind whether it wants to be a straight satire or a piece of convoluted absurdism, appears to have been written with a BB gun: Blunt epigrams, like so much buckshot, fan out across the stage, hitting every conceivable and inconceivable target with equal doggedness and inefficacy. But when this squandered Lilliputian ammunition rebounds on the perpetrator, the collective heft of the ricocheting pellets is lethal enough to shoot the author through the heart.

The scene is an affluent suburb of Buffalo, where "Tiny" Culligan, a millionaire manufacturer of impregnable fences, lords it over his fenced-in household: Nora, his repressed and subservient wife ("sweetest gal this side of the Virgin Mary"); his sexually repressed daughter, Maggie, who can turn anything into a sex object ("I used to have a stuffed panda, too, but he wore out"); and his utterly subjugated son and heir, Biff, who can do nothing but echo and mimic his father or bemoan his life. You'll have noticed the names evoking Ibsen, Tennessee Williams, and Arthur Miller, but don't expect anything as coherent and enjoyable as parody.

The Culligan estate, though guarded by the fiercest watchdogs and towering fences, is penetrated by another daughter, Hedda (Ibsen again!), the black sheep who ran away years ago and now returns with her lover, Saul Schwartz, a good-natured, bumbling psychosociolinguist, with whom Hedda can wallow in every form of political correctness and technical jargon ("I can't seem to decipher the contextualization signals"), and who, being Jewish, allows the Culligans, in whose house no Jew ever set foot, to indulge their comic anti-Semitism (Nora to Hedda: "But didn't your friend's ancestors kill our Savior? . . . I hear rumors"). Anti-Semitism is mocked so heavy-handedly as to emerge almost pitiable; ditto p.c. Thus, Saul threatened to resign his teaching job unless "a black lesbian radical gynocritic" was added to the faculty. What happened? "She got my job." A little of this goes a long way; in *The Truth-Teller,* the mêlée and the mileage evoke the New York Marathon.

Miss Oates is particularly weak on humor, yet fastens onto what she mistakes for it with the bite of a Culligan Doberman. But how many laughs can you get out of, say, the tendency of the Culligans to refer to Buckhead, Maggie's ex, as either Fuckhead or Dickhead, then to argue endlessly about whether they really said that? As ponderously directed by Gloria Muzio, this elephantine farce could have sunk the *Titanic* faster than any iceberg. I cannot blame the actors for being awful; have you ever tried to wield a sledgehammer as if it were a cigarette holder? Hitherto, Culligan was known as a water-softener, but now appears to have the same effect on the brain. Miss Oates has done well in many genres, from fiction to journalism, but drama is one she should give up on, just as Thalia and Melpomene gave up on her in the cradle.

"WHERE IS THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO WHOM WE'LL owe the forgetting of a continent?" asked the great poet Guillaume Apollinaire. Upon seeing **The Young Man From Atlanta,** I would not go so far as to ask its author, Horton Foote, to forget an entire continent; I'd settle for his corner of Texas, which he keeps chewing and rechewing: There is a point where mastication becomes masturbation. Do not think the title means that the play is set in At-

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

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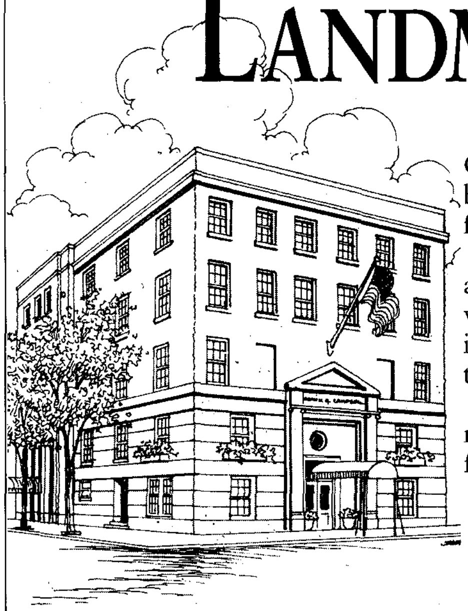

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lanta, or that the eponymous young man actually appears in the play. No, we are again stuck in Texas, the Houston of this play no different from the Harrison of most of the others. Look, I'm not asking for Atlanta; I'd be satisfied even with Albuquerque or Baton Rouge. Or with Foote's quitting altogether. How many times can he, as prolific as Miss Oates and nearly 80, keep writing the same sentimental, pathetic, old-fashioned, terminally boring play?

Here we have the reckless Lily Dale (encountered previously in the Foote *oeuvre*) and her kind, long-suffering husband, Will Kidder, whose only son has just drowned. A young man from Atlanta, where he was the son's roommate, shows up in Houston (though not onstage) to sweet-talk the bereaved mother out of money just as he always did her son. But Will Kidder has just been let go by the bank where he'd toiled all his life, and Lily Dale can't go on spending as usual. And then another young Atlantan shows up (onstage), revealing that the son was a homosexual and a suicide. Can the Kidders live with this revelation?

This, more or less, is the play, except for a few subsidiary characters, most of them sweet. Everything about the play has a wistful sheen to it, like the pants seat of an old serge suit. "Life goes by so fast, Lily Dale," Will sighs; but the play somehow refuses to emulate it. As routinely directed by Peter Masterson, this world premiere feels more like a world dernière, though I have no doubt that there are regional theaters retrograde enough to be eager to mount it.

The acting is generally acceptable, with Ralph Waite (Will) and especially James Pritchett (Lily Dale's father) better than that. Perhaps the best thing about *Young Man From Atlanta* is that there is no role in it for Foote's untalented daughter, Hallie. But what joy there is in that quickly subsides at the performance of the director's wife, Carlin Glynn, who even goes up on her lines, as Lily Dale.

BERNICE RUBENS'S BRITISH NOVEL **I Sent a Letter to My Love** became a 1980 French movie, *Chère Inconnue,* with Simone Signoret. Under the original title, it's now an Off Broadway musical set in Ohio and sadly shriveled. With music by Melissa Manchester, book by Jeffrey Sweet, and lyrics by both, it is like a dinner consisting of renewed helpings of lukewarm oatmeal.

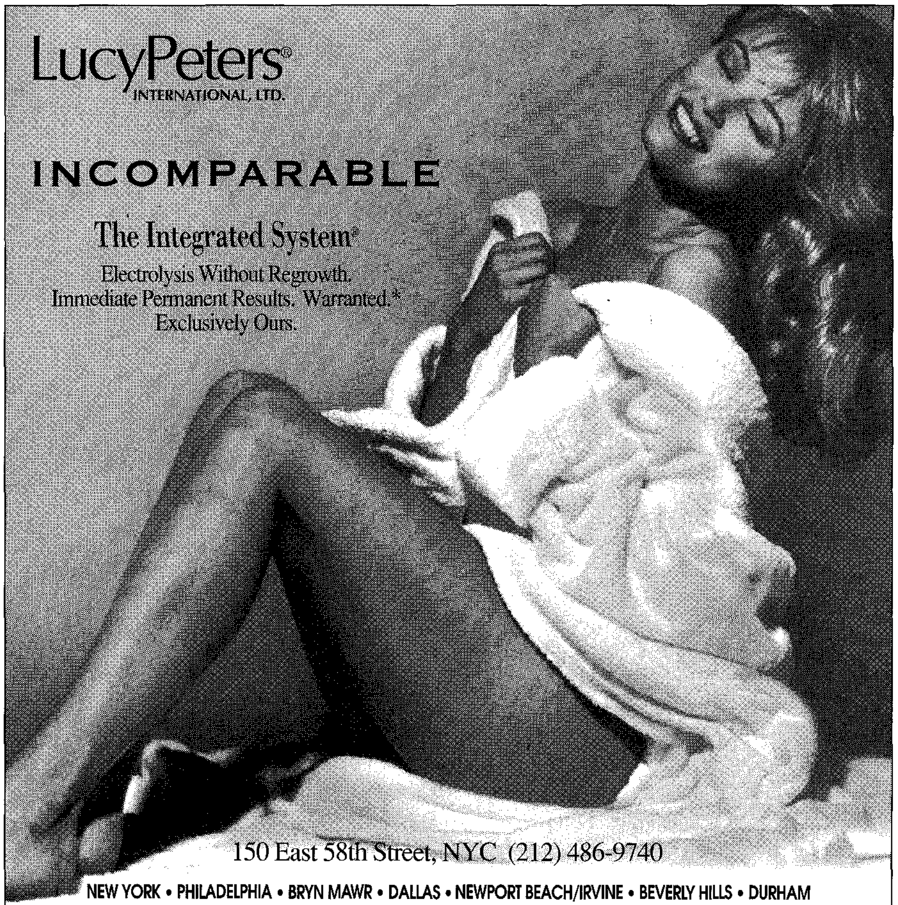
Though I have scant use for the pop songs of Melissa Manchester, her attempt to turn herself into a different, show-tune composer seems even more unrewarding. This music steers a perfect course between melody and rhythm, managing to avoid the least touch of either. What emerges is a tuneless, undynamic mush, with solos, duets, and trios sounding equally monotonous—all draggy would-be ballads. Perhaps Miss Manchester imagines rural Ohio as a sonic sump, but then, why, oh why, oh why, oh, did she espouse it in the first place? And she wasn't helped by Jeffrey Sweet's book and lyrics, which, if they could be bottled, could put all known makers of sleeping pills out of business. "It is so quiet in these parts," says the wheelchair-bound Stan, "you can hear the robins break wind." I strained my ears to catch this welcome relief from the songs and dialogue, but could hear only the co-authors' borborygmi.

Stan and his spinster sister, Amy, who takes loving care of him, live alone and have no lovers. When she puts an ad in to the local paper's personals under a pseudonym, Stan is the only one who answers. To bring some happiness to him—and also to herself—she keeps up the pretense and correspondence. There is darkness and despair in this situation, and also in a couple of other ensuing relationships, but Sweet and Manchester opt for invincible blandness and an insipid, near-happy ending. Especially derivative and dreary is Sweet's invention of a band-singer with whom the young Amy had her brief, long-ago fling. This fellow appears as an imaginary confidante and counselor, adding his platitudinous two cents' worth to a sea of commonplaces.

At the very least, Stan and Amy should be played as older, more browbeaten, not by the handsome and virile Robert Westenberg and the immeasurably charming Lynne Wintersteller, whom dowdy hairdos and clothes can't reduce to an old maid. They act and sing as gallantly as if they had something to act and sing, and get nice support from the amusing Bethe B. Austin and the hilarious Meagen Fay. The hundred-eyed watchman Argus was, according to myth, put to sleep by Mercury's lyre. The god of thieves must have proleptically purloined some Sweet-Manchester songs.

TERRENCE MCNALLY'S **Love! Valour! Compassion!** has moved to Broadway, where, with its shoddy glitter, it so richly belongs. Upon reassessing it, I am struck even more by the manipulativeness and meretriciousness of the enterprise, what with its eyedropper-calculated dosage of campy bitchiness, homosexual self-pity, and male nudity in artful rotation, like one of those neon signs that at regular intervals change from red to yellow to green. With the obligatory references to AIDS introduced at cannily calibrated distances from one another, and the trusty clichés given each its dollop of McNally wit, like a dab of cologne to mask a stale odor, everything moves forward with the spontaneity of the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

The cast, headed by Nathan Lane, is better than ever, the fine original actors even more assured than before, and Anthony Heald a substantial improvement on Stephen Spinella. The production values, too, continue to impress. At a recent matinee, the laughter and applause were frequent and explosive. Looking around me, I found it hard to determine whether this play was tailor-made for its audience or vice versa. Probably both. ■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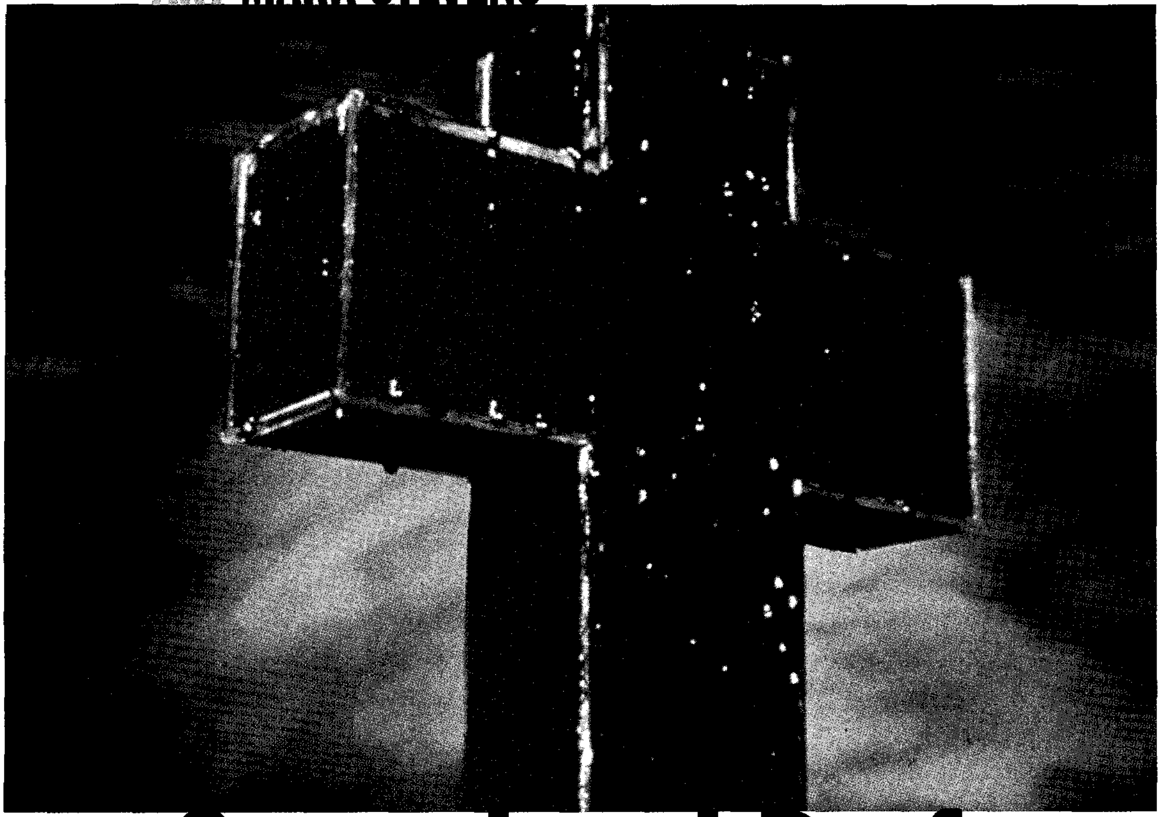


Above: ***Blood Cross,*** **by Andres Serrano (1985). Right: a study for one of Kandinsky's "compositions" (1913).**

Sacred and Profane

Andres Serrano, the artist the religious right loves to hate, raises—and too often trivializes—great questions.

MANY ARTISTS WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER than to "violate a taboo." Even the phrase is alluring: *Violate* has a titillating Victorian air, whereas *taboo*—a word Captain Cook brought back to England from the South Seas—excites the imagination and contains a built-in "Boo!" to lend near-comic emphasis to sacrilege. More important, the drive to violate taboos is an essential impulse in modern culture. Those working in this area can depend upon celebrated precedents and take refuge in feelings of righteousness, freedom, and even heroism—especially when attacked by angry old maids like Senator Jesse Helms.

This is worth emphasizing because the furor around Andres Serrano's work *Piss Christ*—which is Exhibit A in the current attempt to destroy the National Endowment for the Arts—takes place in a characteristic kind of American vacuum. Since his work has become a symbolic battlefield where the political left and right express contempt for each other, Serrano is generally stripped of the usual contexts of art and history. You could almost conclude from the furor around *Piss Christ* that there have been no religious iconoclasts before Serrano. His attackers draw up aghast at the prospect of a monster violating a virgin church. His supporters hail the liberator who throws off repression, joining the spirit to the vulgar body.

Actually, Serrano is just an artist—a provocateur working in familiar Western traditions not only of art but of religion, where anticlericalism and an iconoclastic attack upon idols are common. The retrospective **Andres Serrano: Works 1983-1993,** organized by the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia, which recently opened at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York, provides an opportunity not only to see what has caused the fuss but also to weigh whether or not Serrano brings anything vital to the traditions of which he is part.

Serrano, who is now 44, grew up in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, on the margins of American society. His mother was from Cuba; his father abandoned the family. Early in life, he became fascinated with the ripe aesthetics of the Catholic Church. He attended the Brooklyn Museum School; for a time, he also worked for an advertising firm, gaining a feel for glossy composition and commercial color. In his twenties, he kicked a drug habit and went on to take part in the politicized art scene of the eighties.

Serrano typically juxtaposes shocking elements with the sacred or heroic. In the current exhibition, the works are generally large black-framed Cibachrome prints bonded to Plexiglas. In the early eighties, he would set up outrageous "tableaux" to photograph; in *Pietà* (1985), his wife, Julie Ault, posed holding a large limp fish. In the mid-eighties, he began juxtaposing religious images, such as the crucifix, with various bodily fluids.

Some fluids—such as milk and blood—had obvious religious connotations. In *Blood Cross* (1985), for example, he photographed a Plexiglas cross filled with cow's blood. (The blood leaked from the shoddy construction, giving the impression that the cross was bleeding.) Other fluids had fewer religious implications. For *Piss Christ* (1987), Serrano photographed a crucifix submerged in his own urine. Without the tip-off of the title, there would be no way of knowing about any sacrilege, for the actual image is a soft-focus view of a crucifix in an ethereal light.

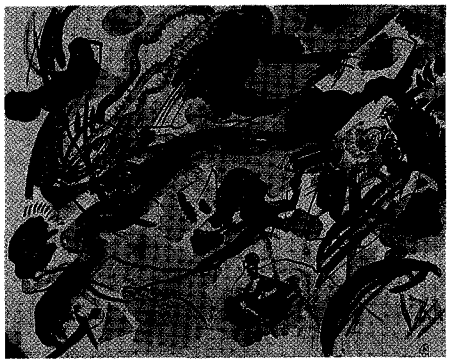
In this work, Serrano attempted to do to high religion what Duchamp did to high art: *Piss Christ* belongs with Duchamp's legendary *Fountain*, the urinal he presented as a "ready made" work of art in 1917. The interesting issue is not whether or not the art is sacrilegious but what, if anything, the sacrilege achieves. In Western culture, the

Photograph courtesy of the New Museum of Contemporary Art.

repeated violation of taboos reflects the enduring spiritual unease of a secular culture. Attacking a taboo can express both doubt in the spiritual power of the taboo and a desire to awaken or unlock that power through violation—thereby opening a new space for art and the spirit.

Serrano himself has said "use of bodily fluids, especially in connection with Christianity, has been a way of trying to personalize and redefine [my] relationship with Christ." Defenders of his use of urine speak of "the extent to which we're unable to deal with our humanity." According to Serrano, the work is "meant to question the whole notion of what is acceptable and unacceptable. There's a duality here, of good and evil, life and death." These are great issues—among the greatest. They are hardly new. Many great thinkers and all serious religions have confronted them.

What is disappointing about Serrano's art is that it can evoke—but not adequately express—the profound scale of these questions. The rough juxtaposition of "Piss" and "Christ" is a startling but also trivial expression of the deeply difficult relation between the body and spirit, the sacred and profane. And the manner in which Serrano transforms the residues of the body into the glossy aura of the Cibachromes, with their candied commercial color, succeeds mainly as an ironic comment on contemporary "transfiguration"—a limited success, given the historical scale of the subject.



The artist's much-discussed *Morgue* series, which he showed at the Paula Cooper Gallery in 1993, has a similar problem. There is nothing new about photographing the dead; it is as old as photography itself. Such images are inevitably troubling; often, too easily troubling. Serrano's Cibachromes of such painful subjects as *Rat Poison Suicide* (1992) are certainly disturbing. But they are also too artful in approach, too calculated in feeling, to provide a response adequate to the subject of death. As one admirer says, they "demystify" death. But they also suffer from their own form of sentimental mystification, namely an exaggerated pride in demystification itself and an unconvincing confidence that being an artist and facing the intolerable is response enough to such a subject.

In one respect, Jesse Helms is the best thing that ever happened to Andres Serrano, for Helms seems to confirm that taboos are alive and well. But the truth is that the Catholic Church is not what it was; and neither are taboos. At this point in the long evolution of modernism, a boundary asserted is at least as interesting as one transgressed, a taboo maintained as beguiling as one violated. In fact, Serrano is provocative less because he violates taboos or criticizes the Catholic Church than because he is at bottom so palpably, so classically, religious. He is a hair-shirt Catholic, one obsessed with putting great pressure on the body in order to feel the spirit. Serrano, in his way, is outrageously old-fashioned.

VASILY KANDINSKY (1866–1944) IS ONE OF the modern painters who hoped to transfigure art—to breathe a rhapsodic spirituality into the material facts of painting. Often comparing his work to music, Kandinsky declared that he was engaged in "pure painting," creating a "new symphonic construction" that no longer depended upon representing the outside world but relied instead upon a kind of internal music. His color captured the "vibration" of the soul. His line was a tuning fork for the spirit.

At the Museum of Modern Art, **Kandinsky: Compositions,** a brilliant exhibition organized by Magdalena Dabrowski, focuses upon the artist's best and most ambitious works—what he called his "compositions." Kandinsky painted ten of them; the seven best, of which four survive, were created between 1910 and 1913. The final three, in his later and drier geometric style, were painted between 1923 and 1939. The exhibition includes all seven surviving compositions, together with 31 studies for the works that help establish the evolution of his iconographic and formal purpose.

The Kandinsky of 1910 to 1913 was marvelously open to the excitements of the new century. He was steeped in Post-Impressionist painting and Art Nouveau. He was attracted to theosophy, that strange quasi religion that also captivated Mondrian. A simpler life beckoned to him in the form of Russian folk art. The compositions that resulted have a rich, stirred-up brilliance that, far from seeming confused or opaque, instead glow with a certainty that everything essential is coming together in art. Kandinsky himself regarded the pictures in apocalyptic terms, referring to themes of deluge and resurrection.

There is something thrilling about the compositions that is not easily explained. Part of their appeal derives from Kandinsky's stated spiritual ambition, of course, which is rarely expressed successfully in our own moment. But there is also something uplifting about the way they are painted. There is in these pictures a marvelous feeling of air—as if color and brush had breath. The forms swell. The rhythmic pulse of the composition is excited. Painting itself seems to dream of release. ■

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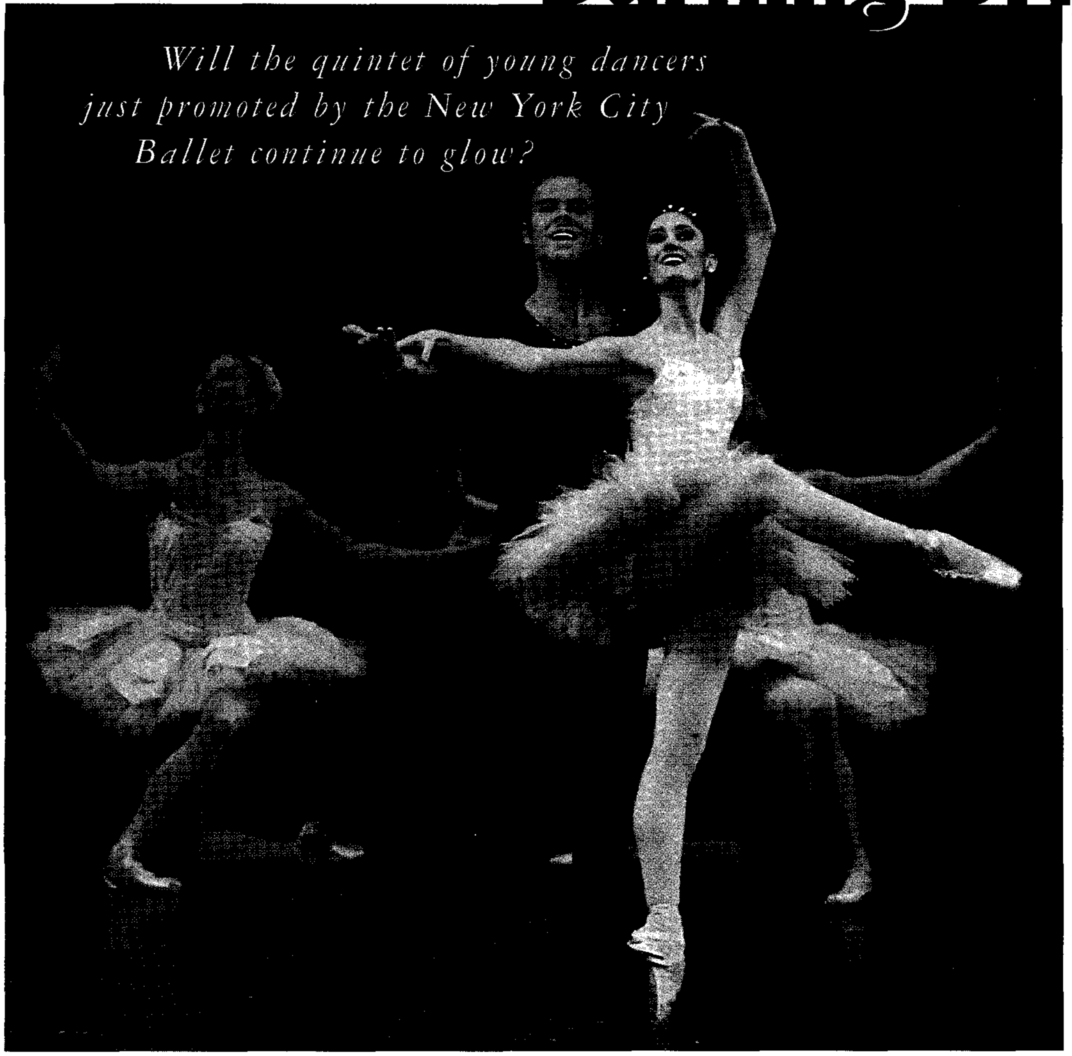
DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Burning Bright

Will the quintet of young dancers just promoted by the New York City Ballet continue to glow?



Miranda Weese (partnered here by Ben Huys)—remarkable technical aptitude and confidence.

A SLEW OF DESERVING DANCERS HAS JUST BEEN promoted by the **New York City Ballet**—Jenifer Ringer and Alexander Ritter from corps de ballet to soloist rank, Albert Evans and Ethan Stiefel from soloist to principal. The advancements were hardly unexpected; they could have been predicted from the roles offered in recent seasons to these gifted performers and the young artists' responding to the challenge with steady proof of their mettle. The real surprise came two months before this wholesale anointment: last December 14, when the meteor effect—a periodic City Ballet phenomenon—occurred and Miranda Weese, not quite 20, became a soloist after little more than a year and half in the corps.

Nurturing precocity is a company tradition. Perhaps remembering his brilliant and delighted cultivation of "baby ballerinas" when he was creating ballets for Diaghilev in the twenties, Balanchine continued the practice in America with his own company. Among the *wunderkinder* he nurtured through his choreography and coaching were Suzanne Farrell, Gelsey Kirkland, Kyra Nichols, and Darci Kistler, all of whom were clearly en route to stardom in their mid- or late teens.

I don't yet see in Weese the singular genius of her predecessors, though she's undeniably qualified. First of all, she looks wonderful, with a body harmoniously proportioned for classical dancing and the kind of appealing, open face that is immediately attractive in the theater. Her technical aptitude is already remarkable, but her confidence and authority are even more amazing—worthy of an established ballerina. Still, the more roles you see her perform, the less there is to see. Weese remains the same serene, capable creature in everything she does. Tracking her, you're guaranteed a pleasant and satisfying experience—even a refreshing one, because of her youth—but not a stirring one. Unlike the Farrells and Kistlers of the dancing world, Weese doesn't make you understand life more profoundly or alter the contours of your perception. Just the opposite: She represents the perfection of ordinariness. There's nothing striking or peculiar or distinctive about her. It's early on, though. When Patricia McBride—another child of Balanchine's imagination—first rose to prominence, it was possible to misread her as the epitome of the sweet girl next door.

What about the other newly crowned princes and princesses? The exuberant Ringer is a gorgeous combination of superb technique and juicy personality. The boldness of her attack comes across not so much as the drive to succeed—to make her mark on lethally competitive terrain—as sheer joy in dancing, the spontaneous enthusiasm that is too often eroded by professional training. Stiefel is an astonishing virtuoso with the classical line and demeanor of the noble-prince type that ballet favors. Not quite tall enough or emotionally communicative enough to register as a partner, he appears isolated by his gifts at the moment. In performance, he seems to be alone, proud, aloof, courageous, and poignant—like the pilot-heroes of the twenties and thirties, bravely navigating endless stretches of dark space.

Ritter is aristocratic, too, but in a gentler fashion; he's more lyrical and self-effacing. The beauty of his dancing steals up on you slowly and lingers long after the performance is finished. He doesn't immediately stand out in a group; you have to find him. When you do, you can't take your eyes off him, he makes everything connect so exquisitely. Evans is a maverick in this company. Distinguished for his theatrical flair and fantasy, he lends every part he plays a flamboyant panache or a mysterious subtext—occasionally both. Ever since he joined the troupe, visiting choreographers (numbed, maybe, by the uninflected technical mastery that is the NYCB norm, have

Photograph by Costas.

seized thankfully on Evans's originality.

Ballet dancing—especially in the top echelons of a major company—is a very precarious trade. The career of any one of these young artists could unravel, shatter, or pale into nothingness—through adverse circumstances within or beyond the dancer's control. Oddly, this harsh reality only intensifies the delight of watching the dancers whose early promise has now been officially confirmed. You realize how rare and fragile each of them is, how precious.

Apart from the rearrangements in the ranks, the company's news was the premiere of Kevin O'Day's latest ballet, *Huoah,* to a score of that cryptic name by Graham Fitkin. O'Day, a former Tharp dancer re-adapting himself to the classical vocabulary, has made an excellent balletoid. It has structural logic; it gives its all-star cast of seven lots of breathtakingly swift, tough moves; it exudes a high-gloss excitement that is exactly what sells (or is said to) these days. Nothing about it feels necessary or true; on the contrary, it seems a marvel of recycling.

Light-years ago—in 1954, to be exact—Balanchine selected some pieces of the strange-sounding music of Charles Ives and made a dance suite in which some sections evoked the anomie and latent terror of modern urban existence. These were minor elements Balanchine noted—albeit tellingly—in his generous picture of life. Possibly, conditions *have* grown more dire, although every generation is convinced the world is coming to an end in a way specific to its own experience. Or it may be that Peter Martins's temperament encourages an aesthetic that is narrow, bleak, and threatening. During his twelve-year tenure as Balanchine's successor, gloom and violence have vastly extended their territory onstage—without providing the variation, insight, or catharsis that might justify this takeover. Rage, savagery, and doom pervade nearly all of the ballets Martins himself makes in the contemporary vein, and the same qualities have been relentlessly explored in the marathons of new creations for the company he has organized. Here we go again.

O'Day gives us, straight off, the black-as-a-pit arena, with the dancers spotlighted like escaped prisoners. He proceeds to spell out danger in terms of merciless speed and sharpness. Like Martins, he takes the tack of passing off antagonistic-looking partnerwork as fun, millennium-style. Oddly enough, throughout *Huoah,* O'Day quotes indiscriminately from the Balanchine canon—all the way from the delicate and peaceable *Monumentum pro Gesualdo* to the above-mentioned *Ivesiana.* Is he simply claiming membership in the City Ballet crowd through these citings, or are they little bows to greatness? If the latter, O'Day would do better to heed the words of the seventeenth-century Japanese poet Bashō: "We seek not to imitate the masters; rather, we seek what they sought." ▬

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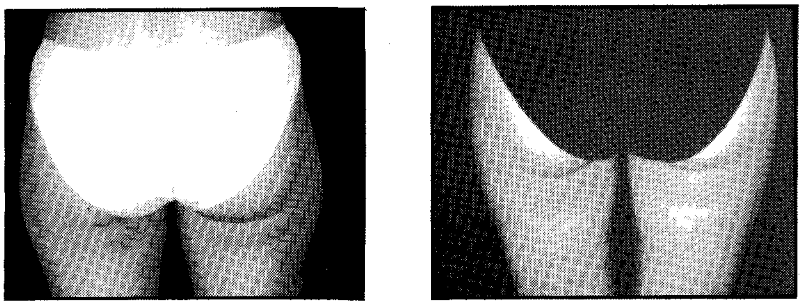

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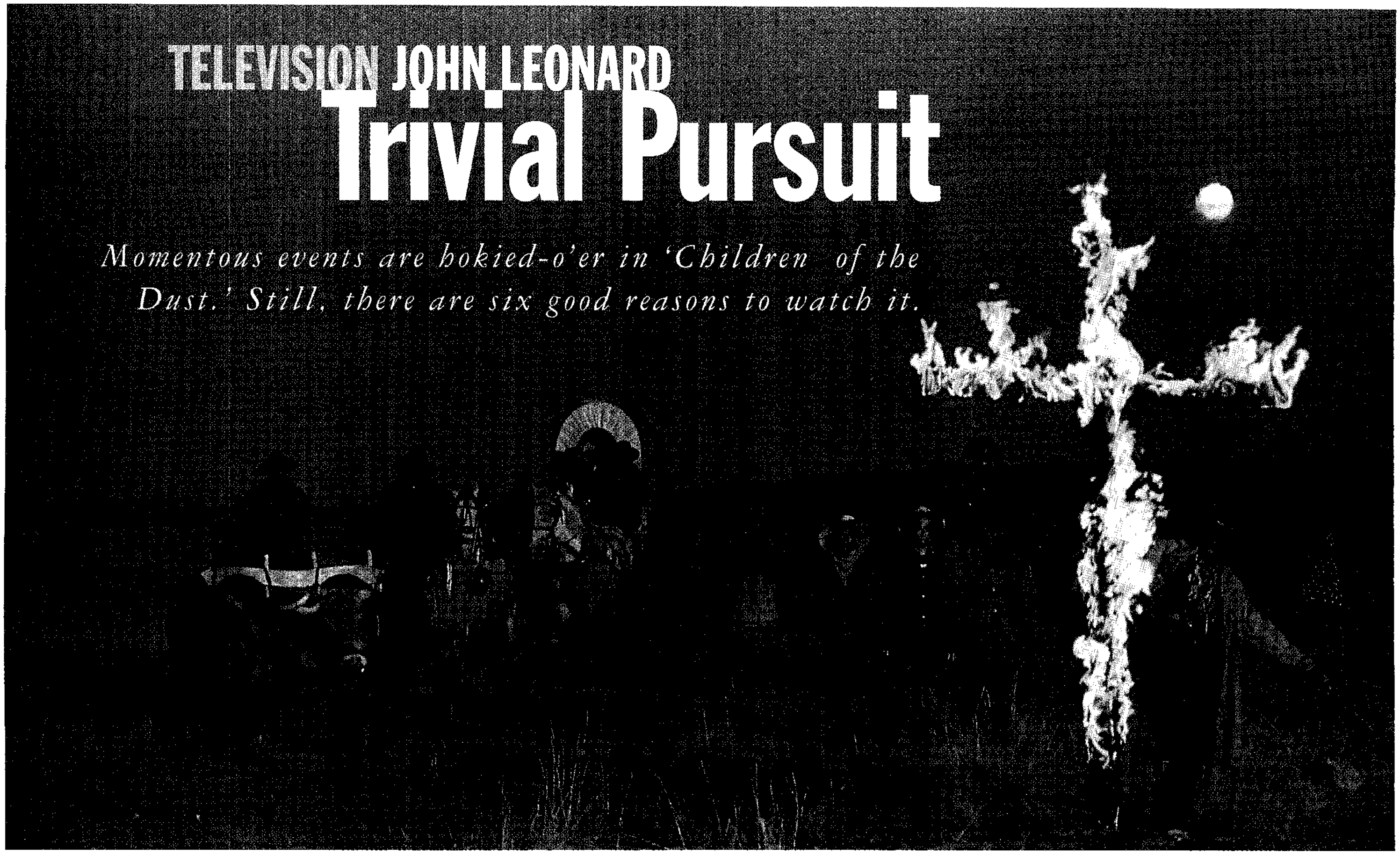
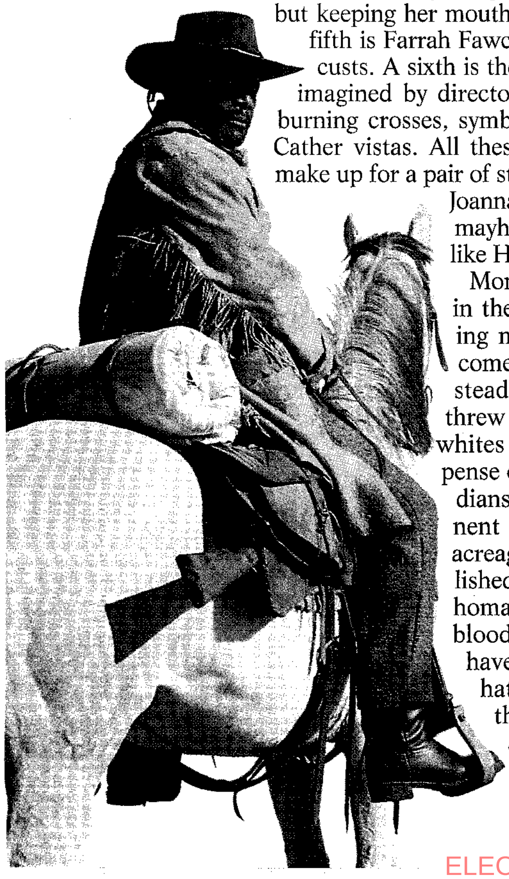
Trivial Pursuit

Momentous events are hokied-o'er in 'Children of the Dust.' Still, there are six good reasons to watch it.





Sidney Poitier, near cross and below, with cast of *Children of the Dust.*

Although Sidney Poitier as a Wild West gunslinger is a stretch, his grizzled anguish is one reason to watch **Children of the Dust** (Sunday, February 26, and Tuesday, February 28; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS). Another is a majestic and sexy Regina Taylor (Lilly in *I'll Fly Away*), who loves Sidney in spite of his un-manning wound. A third is Michael Moriarty, stuck on the savage plains like Adlai Stevenson at Angkor Wat. A fourth is Shirley Knight, knowing the worst about men but keeping her mouth shut and her corset buttoned. A fifth is Farrah Fawcett, going crazy in a plague of locusts. A sixth is the West itself, 1880s Oklahoma as imagined by director David Greene, full of big sky, burning crosses, symbolic windmills, and lonely Willa Cather vistas. All these reasons combined, alas, don't make up for a pair of star-crossed lovers, Billy Wirth and Joanna Going, who wander into racist mayhem as if from an afternoon soap, like Hansel and Gretel at Babi Yar.

Momentous events are musclebound in the tiny mind of this heavy-breathing mini-series. Yes, freed slaves did come west from Tennessee, to homestead land the federal government threw up for grabs in 1889, alongside whites who despised them, at the expense of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, who had been promised permanent possession of their reservation acreage. Yes, these former slaves established all-black townships, 28 in Oklahoma alone. Yes, the Klan declared bloody war. And yes, our textbooks have neglected this crazy quilt of race hatred. While we're reminded, at the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, among Bierstadt landscapes, Schreyvogel battle scenes, Remington bronzes, and Cherokee knickknacks, that there was a Trail of Tears, no one ever mentions, except at Pete's Famous Barbecue, that Ralph Ellison was born in the black part of town. I suppose a shoot-'em-up is better than silence.

But must it be hokied-o'er, gaudied-up, and Grand-Opried with the lurid cast of lewd? As Gypsy Smith, half-black, half-Cherokee, all six-shooter, Sidney is necessary in order to save the young son of a Cheyenne chief from a cavalry massacre, and to lead Regina's wagon train to Freedom. That the fledgling brave should be placed in the care of ambivalent Michael, the Indian agent, and hysterical Farrah, his unhappy wife, where he will grow up to be the Billy who falls in love with Joanna, who'll marry instead Hart Bochner, who turns out to be a closet Klansman, after which comes an overmuch of arson, rape, lynching, and castration, is the stuff of cornball-oater pulp. Only Regina escapes with her dignity intact from the apocalyptic ending, in which either *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* meet *Thelma & Louise,* or Papa in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* meets Sartre in *Troubled Sleep,* and the Great Spirit turns out to be an Existential Humanist.

Harry Hamlin is no Harrison Ford. While he's got the hangdog down pat, his aw-shucks needs major medical. So **Tom Clancy's OP Center** (Sunday, February 26, and Monday, February 27; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) must limp along on a single cylinder in the lead role, as it seeks to save the world from renegade KGB operatives who have stolen three 500-kiloton nuclear warheads from a newly independent Ukraine and are transporting them, by Brazilian freighter, down the Bosphorus to some desert-crazed tin-pot in an outhouse like Libya. Not only is Harry new to the directorship of the Crisis Management Center, a fanciful amalgam of the National Security Council and the Defense Intelligence Agency, but there is trouble in his marriage to a socially ambitious real-estate agent who hands out business cards to Supreme Court justices. Besides Ken Howard as the president of

Photographs by Tony Esparza/CBS.

the United States, Wilford Brimley as his security adviser, Rod Steiger as a Russian Stalinist general, a "Mr. Peepers" Mossad agent, and your basic Bearded Arab Terrorist With a Taste for Asian Prostitutes, hang-dog Harry must also keep an eye on his own staff psychologist, Lindsay Frost, who warmed up for this part as an FBI agent in *Mancuso,* and who, if you ask me, is a nifty reason for government service.

What with computer-simulated war games, video-surveillance cameras, commando-attack whirlybirds, neutron-scanning cabin cruisers, and three different blonde babes, there's plenty to distract us from such scary questions as, well, Ken Howard for president? Wilford Brimley as Dr. K? Meanwhile, Tom Clancy is punching his usual paranoid buttons: For every Enemy Without, there is another (sneakier) Enemy Within. Nor are the Media really on Our Side. Who knows for sure about Israel? Monogamy, however, is patriotic. *OP Center* is a high-tech, low-concept hoot for all of us old enough to have written away in the late forties for a Captain Midnight Secret Decoder Ring.

TELEVISION

A MARVELOUS CAST DOES ITS BEST TO GALvanize the recalcitrant material of **Citizen X** (Saturday, February 25, and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; HBO) into some semblance of genuine suspense. In this dramatized account of a true-life murder investigation, Stephen Rea, as Russian forensics detective Viktor Burakov, spends eight long years tracking down a serial killer who strangled, stabbed, and mutilated 52 strangers, most of them young women and small children. A Red Army colonel (Donald Sutherland, at his winking best) assists Burakov only when it is convenient for his career. A local party boss (Joss Ackland, at his haughtiest, with a bedroom secret) will not permit the sort of newspaper publicity that might warn an unwary populace, because, of course, serial murder is Western decadence. A fearful but intrigued psychiatrist (Max von Sydow, that slyboots, showing off) reluctantly agrees to help. On his only vacation in a decade, our hero is seen watching a videocassette of Gene Hackman in *The French Connection* (gentle irony). Perestroika finally clears the ominous air over Rostov-on-Don (actually, Budapest). The look that is insisted upon throughout by director Chris Gerolmo and cinematographer Robert Fraisse is desaturated pastel tones, overexposed and underdeveloped, as if Communism were a stuffed-up nasal passage. But we know from the start that Jeffrey DeMunn is the one who did it and that his intimate acquaintance with the *electrichka,* a rural commuter-railway service, enabled him to befriend and seduce his victims. Not even all these considerable tricks of craft are sufficiently absorbing to overcome our all-American impatience to get to kiss-kiss, bang-bang. ■

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LEONORE FLEISCHER **FEBRUARY 27, 1995**

SALES & BARGAINS

This week: a guide to cleaner ties (and cocker spaniels), the latest software, and the best end-of-season buys in winterwear.

28 Up

THIS STORE SELLS WOMEN'S clothing in sizes 14–28; it is now having a final basement clearance of one- and few-of-a-kind winter and holiday merchandise, with markdowns of an additional 50 percent. Ribbon silk jackets, were $455, now $227.50; lightweight pants, some were $150, now $21.50; others were $88, now $14.50; heavier-weight pants, were $250, now $39.50; blue chemise dress, was $265, now $49.50; red crêpe smock dress, was $250, now $34.50; natural linen dress, was $265, now $29.50; brown A-line dress, was $195, now $49.50; velvet floor-length caftan in paisley, floral, or animal print, was $125, now $39.50; pink denim skirt, was $72, now $27.50; navy star-printed big shirt, was $160, now $39.50; plaid flannel shirt, was $48, now $14.50. A.E., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Ashanti, 872 Lexington Ave., near 65th St. (535-0740); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Loden Star

THIS SHOWROOM HAS AUTHENTIC AUSTRIAN loden-wool coats for men (sizes 36–50) and some plaid-lined loden coats for women (sizes 6–16). The coat is the traditional loden-wool back-pleated hunter's model with button-front and is available in green or navy. All coats, retail $650, here $350, including tax. M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Giesswein, Inc., 499 Seventh Ave., near 37th St., twentieth floor (in the south tower; 629-3260); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 3/3.*

Doggy 'Do

THIS PET-GROOMING SHOP HAS A TWO-FOR-one special on weekdays only: If you have two dogs, you can have both bathed and groomed for the price of one; all dog baths come complete with de-matting, ear cleaning, nail clipping, and the use of any special shampoo the pets may need. The center charges by size, weight, and breed, and will charge the higher price for both dogs if one is smaller than the other. For example: bath and haircut for a Maltese, $45; haircut and bath for cocker spaniel, $48; haircut and bath for briard, sheepdog, large Akita, and standard poodle, $50–$65. Cats are also taken here: for example, a lion's cut for a Persian, including normal bath, ear cleaning, and nail clipping, $48. A.E., M.C., V. accepted. *Dog-O-Rama, Inc., 123 Fourth Ave., near 13th St., second floor (353-9186); Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 4/1.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Kits and Caboodle

THIS CHARMING STORE HAS LOTS OF BOOKS and toys on sale for small children, such as art kits by Alex and Creativity for Kids, now 20 percent off, were $10–$26, now $8–$20.80; Replay kits, now 30 percent off, were $10–$15, now $7–$10.50. There's a special on books: Buy any five paperbacks or any four hardcovers, and take 20 percent off the total. Teddy bears, including Oatmeal and Paddington, now 20 percent off, were $12.95–$25, now $10.35–$20; set of hardcover book and coordinating doll, such as *Alice in Wonderland, Linnea,* or *Nicky the Nature Detective,* now 20 percent off, were $25–$40, now $20–$32. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Twinkleberry & Nutkin, 311 E. 81st St. (794-2565); Tues.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; while sales merchandise lasts.*

Legends of the Fall

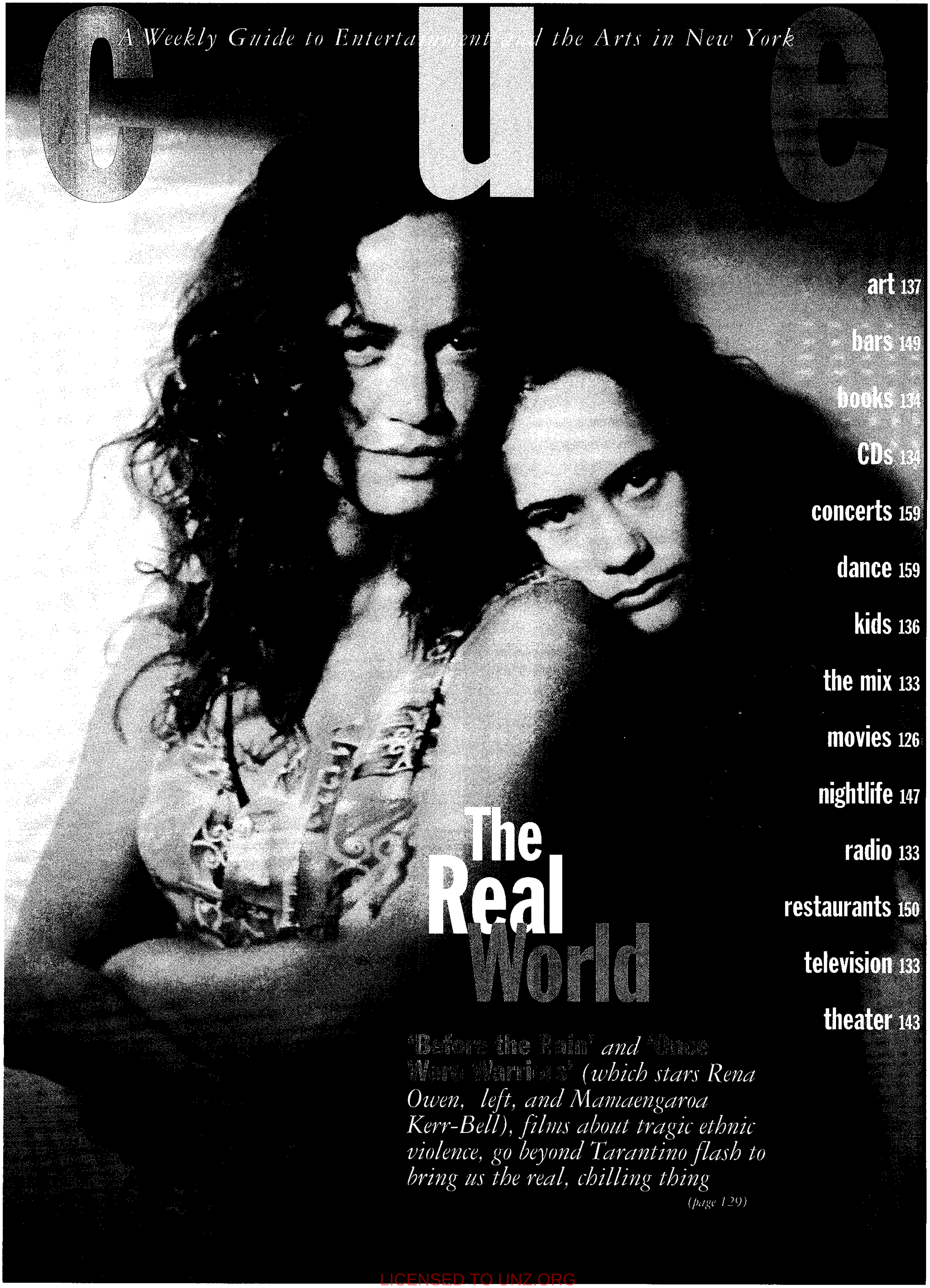
FALL AND WINTER MEN'S CLOTHING IS ON sale here: sport coats (sizes 40R–48L) by Hickey Freeman, Isaia, and Redaelli, were $395–$900, now $150–$450; corduroy and woolen trousers by Zanella and Barry Bricken, sizes 31–42, were $175–$300, now $75–$115; dress and sport shirts by Peter Elliot and Luigi Borelli, were $75–$265, now $30–$120; assorted outerwear by Barbour, Filson, and Daks, was $112–$671, now half-price; alpaca, cashmere, or shetland-wool McGeorge sweaters, sizes S–XXL, now 50 percent off, were $78–$695, now $34–$295; Sawyer shearling coats, sizes 40–46, were $1,200, now $575. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Peter Elliot, 1070 Madison Ave., near 81st St. (570-2300); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. 1–5 p.m.; through 3/1.*

I'm a User, Baby . . .

THE THREE MANHATTAN USERFRIENDLY LOcations are offering private training in such computer programs as WordPerfect, Lotus 1-2-3, Microsoft Word, and many other Macintosh- and PC-software programs at 20 percent off the usual fees: three hours of one-on-one training plus three hours of supervised practice, was $189, now $149; five hours of one-on-one training plus five hours of supervised practice, was $279, now $219; seven hours of one-on-one training plus seven hours of supervised practice, was $379, now $299; ten hours of one-on-one training plus ten hours of supervised practice, was $499, now $399. If you sign up for seven- or ten-hour sessions, you get one month of unlimited free practice time during off-peak hours (9–11 A.M.; 8–10 P.M.; weekends) at any Userfriendly location. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; appointments recommended. *Userfriendly, 139 W. 72nd St. (580-4433); 1477 Third Ave., near 83rd St. (535-4100); 401 Sixth Ave., at 8th St. (675-2255); Mon.–Thurs. 9 a.m.–10 p.m., Fri. till 6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–8 p.m.; through 3/31.*

Knot for Nothing

THIS TIE SHOP WILL CLEAN OR ALTER YOUR neckties at 15 percent off the usual service charges for two weeks only (four-tie minimum), was $23 for cleaning four, now $19.55; cleaning additional ties, was $5.75 each, now $4.90. Altering worn ties, including narrowing, widening, shortening, lengthening, relining, and retipping, was $34 for four ties, now $28.80; altering additional ties, was $8.50 each, now $7.20. New custom-made neckties from your choice of more than 200 fabrics, now 15 percent off, were $40 each, now $34; silk Italian prints and wovens, retail $30–$35, were $20 here, now $15. You can mail in your ties, $5 for up to eight ties ($6 for nine or more); checks accepted. *Tiecrafters, 252 W. 29th St., New York, N.Y. 10001 (629-5800); 245 E. 57th St.; 31 University Pl., near 9th St.; Mon.–Thurs. 8:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; Fri. till 5 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–2 p.m. (at these locations only); through 3/3.*



cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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The Real World

'Before the Rain' and 'Once Were Warriors' *(which stars Rena Owen, left, and Mamaengaroa Kerr-Bell), films about tragic ethnic violence, go beyond Tarantino flash to bring us the real, chilling thing*

(page 129)

Everybody Hurts...Oscar at MOMA

New Films

Bad Company—Ellen Barkin and Laurence Fishburne star in this movie about CIA agents, rogue CIA agents, and ex–CIA agents. Written by Ross Thomas and directed by someone named Damian Harris, it's the kind of naïvely sinister movie in which the sleek and vicious characters come very close to one another and say quietly and with great distinctness, "You're going to feel more pain than you ever have in your life." It remains to be said, however, that Spalding Gray, too mischievous to go straight, plays a wealthy corporate head as a neurasthenic whiner in pajamas who needs a good slap across the kisser now and then. Some of the other people on the set should have been treated the same way. (Denby; 2/13/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Embassy II–IV; Nova.*

★**Before Sunrise**—A young American, Jesse (Ethan Hawke), and a French student, Céline (Julie Delpy), meet on a train and spend a night in Vienna talking about the droopy subjects—parents, boredom, love affairs, death—thatself-serious young people always talk about. Charming and often funny and sweet, this meeting of privileged soul mates, directed and written (with Kim Krizan) by Richard Linklater, has a grave delicacy, evoking Eric Rohmer at times, but with a softer, warmer American hopefulness. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Before the Rain—This Macedonian film won the Golden Lion award at the Venice Film Festival and has just been nominated for an Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. Like *Pulp Fiction,* it employs a complex structure in which we sometimes witness events out of sequence. In this case, it isn't just for fun: The movie advances a variation on the rather hoary idea of the cycle of violence, ultimately presenting its tale as a never-ending repetition of tragedy. It's told in three connected parts set in London and Macedonia. The first piece focuses on a young girl hiding in the home of monks. Featuring Gregoire Colin (of *Olivier, Olivier*) as a monk who's taken a vow of silence, it has the rare power and beauty of a silent film. The rest, about a wandering, unhappy photographer, his girlfriend, and extremes of ethnic hatred, is far less involving, though still intelligently done. (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Billy Madison—Adam (*SNL*'s writing really sucks; *SNL*'s writing really *doesn't* suck) Sandler plays a spoiled rich kid who must go back to school and complete all the work from first to twelfth grade in six weeks in order to gain his inheritance and win the respect of his father (which is the sort of thing that people who are gaining an inheritance have the time to be concerned about). Directed by Tamra Davis. (1 hr. 28 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; National Twin; First and 62nd St. Cinema; 86th St.; New Coliseum; 62nd and Broadway.*

Boys on the Side—Yet another movie in which two women don't have a lesbian relationship. This one centers on a group of friends taking a car trip across the country, talking, joking, bonding, and laughing (but not loving). With Whoopi Goldberg, Mary-Louise Parker, and Drew Barrymore. Directed by Herbert Ross. (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

The Brady Bunch—The squeaky-clean clan—groovy clothes and wholesome attitude intact—is dropped smack-dab in the Los Angeles suburbs of the present. You don't want to like it, you don't need to see it, and yet you can sing the opening song of this flick without batting an eye. Directed by Betty Thomas. (1 hr. 29 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Embassy 1; Movieplex 42; 1st and 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; New Coliseum.*

Brother Minister—The Assassination of Malcolm X—This well-reviewed documentary raises numerous questions about the assassination and the facts surrounding it. Especially interesting for the clips of Malcolm X and other historical footage, this work by director Jack Baxter is, at the very least, thorough in talking to everyone available who might have something to add. (1 hr. 55 min.; NR) *Olympia Cinemas.*

Bullets Over Broadway—An unexpected bounty on Valentine's Day for Woody Allen's latest comedy. Dianne Weist has garnered almost every award in sight for her hilarious spin on an aging and vain star of the theater, and Allen can always be counted on to garner a writing nod. But it's snagged seven awards—as many as *Pulp Fiction*—including a well-deserved slot for Chazz Palminteri and a very unexpected one for Jennifer Tilly as a gangster's ditsy moll. Obviously, it's rather broad comedy is more palatable to Hollywood than the excoriating, painful humor of *Husbands and Wives.* (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Cinema 3; 86th St.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, Clerks is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Death and the Maiden—In Roman Polanski's adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's theatrical success, Ben Kingsley gives a brilliant performance as a Latin American doctor who may be hiding his past as a torturer for a brutal military regime. Kingsley cloaks himself in conventional locutions and good-guy body language; all his character wants is not to be drawn out of his sheath of mediocrity. The person drawing him out is Sigourney Weaver, who plays a former victim of torture into whose hands he has fallen. Now that she has the upper hand, will she become a torturer herself? The material, with its drama of sadistic and ethical instincts at war, its undertone of erotic loathing, is right up Polanski's alley, and he makes their intimacy fearfully exciting and unclean. Weaver's performance, though, is misconceived: She's physically powerful but flat and unconvincing. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Paris Theatre.*

★**A Great Day in Harlem**—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Documentary, this is an amiable if unremarkable documentary about an *Esquire* photo shoot in the summer of 1958 that gathered together every notable jazz figure in sight. The historic photograph that resulted has seemed like a miracle—how else to explain one picture that groups together Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Sonny

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Retrospective

A Game Little Plugger

Shirley Temple, the overpoweringly adorable tyke who made Macaulay Culkin and the Olsen twins possible, stars in 'The Little Princess,' 'The Littlest Rebel,' 'Poor Little Rich Girl,' and more at the American Museum of the Moving Image through March 5.

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

"Cue" cover photograph by Brown & Shelton/Fine Line

Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and many, many others? This film explains how it all occurred. While it doesn't answer some basic questions (where were some of the missing giants that day, and why didn't they make it?), or conduct terribly insightful interviews, or even look very good, it does boast rare performance clips and snatches of marvelous music. And the sheer wealth of talent identified in the photo is simply overwhelming. A pleasant little riff for jazz aficionados. (1 hr.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Heavenly Creatures—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay. Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Heavyweights—Fitness guru Ben Stiller arrives at a summer camp determined to whip into shape the chubby misfits. After a few weeks of what seems like starvation dieting and one too many pushups, the kids decide they like to be different and fight back. It's a Disney film from the people who brought you *The Mighty Ducks*, so lessons will be learned—even if they're not particularly original or interesting. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG) *Village East; 23rd St. West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th St. East; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Higher Learning—Director John Singleton overreaches again in this messy, overweening, poorly shot movie. He tries to take a look at life on college campuses and, effectively, in America. In one scene alone, Singleton manages to raise the issues of homosexuality, lesbianism, bisexuality, gay-bashing, cultural diversity, racial tension, skinheads, violence, murder, and police brutality. That must be some sort of record, but it's hardly worth the effort. (2 hrs. 7 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 84th St. Six.*

Hoop Dreams—Just nominated for an Academy Award for . . . Best Editing, which it certainly deserves to be recognized for. But no nod for Best Picture or even Best Documentary? Outrage will be voiced, but unlike the convoluted problems with the foreign-film category, documentaries are handled in a fairly straightforward manner. Anyone in the Academy can join the documentary committee, but since you have to devote a serious amount of time to seeing the eligible films, it tends to be dominated by those who have a great deal of time on their hands (i.e., retired or not very busy folk, all of whom seem to hate any documentary that manages to get a commercial release). But shouldn't the nominees be chosen by those who've seen most of the eligible films? And how else to arrange the rules? (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; Chelsea Cinema; Baronet/Coronet; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Immortal Beloved—Like *Citizen Kane*, it takes the form of a posthumous investigation: Beethoven (Gary Oldman) dies, and Anton Schindler (Jeroen Krabbé)—the great man's devoted friend, amanuensis, patsy, and eventual biographer—travels around Austria and Hungary visiting the composer's former mistresses. Which of them is the "Immortal Beloved" to whom Beethoven once addressed a passionate love letter? Is it the rapturous, worshiping Giulietta Guicciardi (Valerie Golino), the sublime Countess Erdödy (Isabella Rossellini), or someone else? No movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as *Song Without End* (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Plaza; Lincoln Square.*

In the Mouth of Madness—"Forget about Stephen King" is one of the recurring jokes in this movie about a mysterious author whose books are even more successful—both in sales and in their effect on readers. King just gives them sleepless nights,

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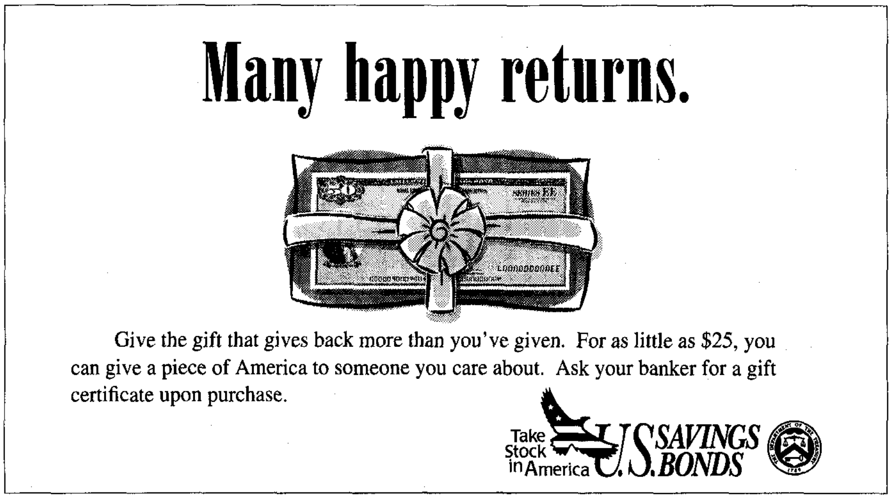
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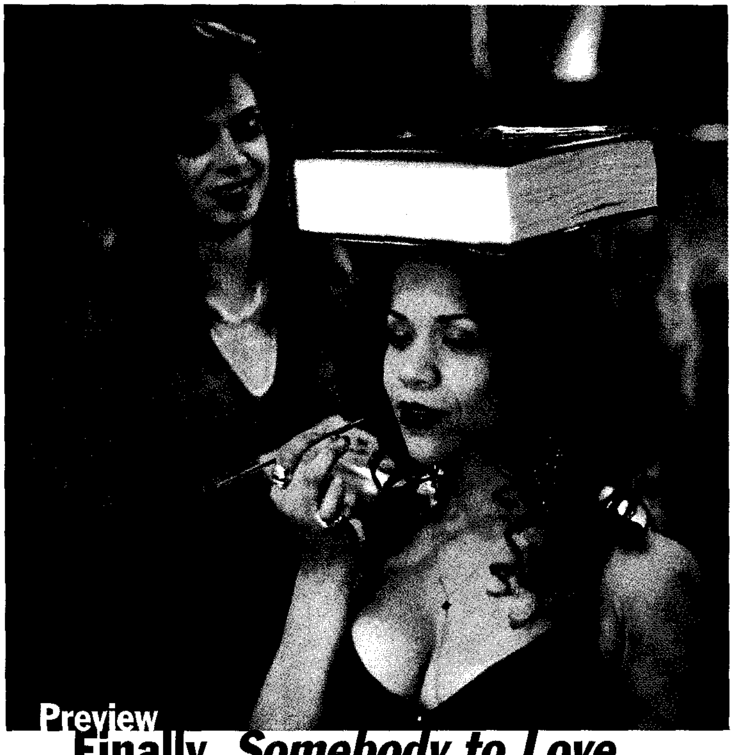
but this missing writer has written a novel that wreaks havoc on the lives of everyone who reads it. Sam Neill is the insurance investigator who has to track the author down. Directed by John Carpenter, currently at work on a remake of *Village of the Damned* starring Christopher Reeve. (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

The Jerky Boys—Alternate title: *Dumbest.* (1 hr. 22 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 84th St. Six; Nova.*

Just Cause—Director Arne Glimcher follows his unembarrassing but unsuccessful debut *The Mambo Kings* with this thriller starring Sean Connery, Laurence Fishburne, and Ed Harris. It's being marketed as an identical twin to *The Silence of the Lambs,* which is probably less or more than it deserves, depending on whether you made the film or plan to watch it. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**The Last Seduction**—Not nominated for an Academy Award for Best Actress. And though Linda Fiorentino's performance is worthy of it, no great hue and cry is deserved. Unlike the convoluted rules that continually trip up the foreign-film category, *Seduction* became ineligible because of the simple stipulation that movies must first be seen in a movie theater. Since the backers of *Seduction* were too foolish to realize the value of what they had and took the "get the money while you can" route of letting it air on cable before they booked it in theaters, it doesn't qualify. If the Academy didn't stand by this ruling, every TV movie and mini-series that received good reviews might be booked into an L.A. or New York theater for one week just to qualify for the Oscar. (Even worse, stars might stipulate this *had* to be done before agreeing to appear on the small screen.) Thus, this year's nominees might include *Prime Suspect 3, Breaking the Silence,* Sally Field's turn in *A Woman of Substance,* or countless other TV movies. Actually, all those projects could be eligible anyway, if they were simply shown in a theater before airing on TV. Now that *would* be a smart move by a backer. So don't expect it to happen any time soon. (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*



Preview

Finally, Somebody to Love

Rosie Perez (above) plays a taxi dancer and Harvey Keitel is her has-been boyfriend in 'Somebody to Love,' director Alexandre Rockwell's follow-up to the loopy and underappreciated 'In The Soup,' February 23 at Independents Night! at the Walter Reade Theater. Call 875-5600.

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same; it's marked the box-office coming-of-age for Pitt. (2 hrs. 13 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd St. West Triplex; 34th St. East; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, this latest adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's classic novel is about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. But Gillian Armstrong cast the right actresses, especially Winona Ryder (nominated for Best Actress) as the ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christina Ricci, Eric Stoltz, and Claire Danes of *My So Called Life.* (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Chelsea; Manhattan Twin.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. Nominated for numerous Oscars, including Hawthorne as Best Actor. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus company employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous Salomé. With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

Martha and Ethel—A documentary by Jyll Johnstone and Barbara Ettinger about the nannies Martha and Ethel. Though employees, nannies become intimate members of the families they work for; this film uses extensive interviews and archival footage to show the impact these two had on the children for whom they served as surrogate mothers, friends, and disciplinarians—not to mention how they dealt with the parents they were asked to displace. (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Quad Cinema.*

Meet the Feebles—Director Peter Jackson just received an Oscar nomination for Best Original Screenplay for the terrific *Heavenly Creatures.* It's no surprise he didn't receive one for this bawdy tale featuring an all-animal/puppet cast that works on a downscale TV variety show. Anyone who fondly remembers when Film Forum screened *Sade* (highlighted by a very witty and indeed cute talking penis) will be right at home. Anyone who finds that an off-putting image would do well to stay away. (1 hr. 36 min; NR) *Film Forum.*

Miami Rhapsody—Writer-director David Frankel, who's worked extensively in television, has delivered a flagrant copy of mid-period Woody Allen, but that's the least of what's wrong with it. Imitativeness is a pardonable fault in a new director. A more pressing difficulty is that the picture isn't very good. Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) has a cute boyfriend (Gil Bellows) who wants to marry her. But everyone in Gwyn's family—her mother, father, sister, brother—is cheating, and Gwyn is too dismayed by all these infidelities to get hitched. With Kevin Pollak; Paul Mazursky; Mia Farrow; and Antonio Banderas, the only grown-up among them—and he isn't even photographed well. (Denby; 2/13/95) (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Mr. Payback—An interactive movie in which the audience determines the course of action at various stages of the narrative. The future of cinema? A profitable spin-off, akin to video games? Or a gimmick that will join the likes of Sensurround in movie-history books? You be the judge. (20 min.; NR) *19th St. East.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *59th St. East.*

Murder in the First—The final days of Alcatraz are illustrated in this true story about Henri Young (Kevin Bacon), an inmate whose lawyer (Christian Slater) brings to light the degrading living conditions of the prisoners living under a brutal prison warden (Gary Oldman). Director Marc Rocco faces the biggest upside as he attempts to capitalize on the muddied promise of *Where the Day Takes You.* (2 hrs. 2 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermitlike mother, Jodie Foster (nominated for Best Actress) is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson sees her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Manhattan Twin; Regency.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman (nominated for Best Actor) is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy, deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set Thanksgiving-to-Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton, displaying a gentle yet steady touch, achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart.*

(Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *23rd St. West Triplex; 34th St. Showplace; Guild 50; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinema.*

Once Were Warriors—See essay. (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—Nominated for seven Oscars, including Best Picture. One would expect the sweet and mild *Gump* to beat such a scabrous piece. But if a movie like this can gross more than $80 million and if a movie like *Midnight Cowboy* could win the Oscar in 1970, well, then nothing is impossible. (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse' First & 62nd St. Cinema; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

The Quick and the Dead—Sharon Stone is the Woman With No Name in this Clint Eastwood-style western about a mysterious, laconic woman who wanders into the town of Redemption looking for trouble. With Gene Hackman, Russell Crowe, and Leonardo DiCaprio. Directed by Sam Raimi. (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Movieplex 42; National Twin; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

Ready to Wear—Trivial. (2 hr. 12 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—Nominated for several Oscars, including Best Director. There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; 68th St. Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magic realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. (The highlight of his last movie, *Passion Fish,* was a hilarious monologue centering on anal probes.) Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Sex, Drugs, and Democracy—A look at how Holland has tackled the social issues of our day by enacting laws that would send Newt Gingrich into a fit: The Dutch have legalized prostitution, open sale of marijuana, equality for gays and lesbians, and government-financed abortion, among other things. Director Jonathan Blank and producer Barclay Powers speak to everyone from brothel owners and hash dealers to priests and politicians. (1 hr; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Shallow Grave—A sharp, black-humored thriller about three roommates who stumble upon a dead body and a suitcase full of cash. Of course, they should turn it over to the authorities . . . but that wouldn't be any fun, would it? Unfortunately, it isn't fun for them anyway—before they can enjoy the loot, the three become wildly suspicious of one another, with the mousy accountant (Christopher Eccleston of *Let Him Have It*) going truly loony and setting up his bed in the attic next to the hidden cash. With Kerry Fox of An Angel at My Table and Ewan McGregor (a dead ringer for David Cassidy). Written by John Hodge. Directed by Danny Boyle. (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

The Shawshank Redemption—A return engagement for this slow-moving drama in the wake of its multiple Oscar nominations for Best Picture and Best Actor (Morgan Freeman). With Tim Robbins. Based on a gimmicky short story by Stephen King. Directed by Frank Darabont. (2 hrs. 22 min.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Nominated for an Oscar as Best Foreign Film. Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is set mainly in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. If the revolution isn't going to succeed, the movie seems to be saying, couldn't we at least have a little more of the old Cuban spirit of live and let live? (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

Through the Olive Trees—Iranian director Abbas Kiarostami offers his spin on Truffaut's *Day for Night* with this wry tale of filmmaking in northern Iran. Screened at the New York Film Festival, it's the third part of a trilogy set in that locale. (1 hr. 43 min.; G) *Village East*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed Uncle Vanya for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called director Louis Malle. (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Walking Dead—A Vietnam drama in which soldiers are trapped behind enemy lines and politics are a very secondary concern to staying alive. With Joe Morton. Written and directed by Preston A. Whitmore II. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

Window to Paris—A comic fable about the residents of a building in St. Petersburg, Russia, who discover that a window in one of their apartments somehow allows them to cross over onto a rooftop in Paris. With entrepreneurial ingenuity that would make Armand Hammer proud, they soon find themselves carrying out a wildly ambitious transport of goods between the two cities, driving the young French woman whose home they continually tramp through absolutely batty. Directed by Yuri Mamin. (1 hr. 27 min.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza.*

The Wooden Man's Bride—Unexpected plot twists are the main pleasures of this Chinese drama, so the less you know the better. But if you're still reading, it's about a beautiful young woman heading for her marriage to a wealthy heir when the processional is attacked by the Whirlwind Bandits. She is whisked away and the groom-to-be accidentally kills himself when preparing to rescue her. A rough peasant, Kui, saves her through his courage, but the woman is forced to marry anyway . . . to a wooden likeness of her dead groom. Though director Huang Jianxin doesn't have quite the eye of his contemporary Zhang Yimou, this is a well-acted, low-key drama of considerable merit. Through 2/21. In Mandarin Chinese. (1 hr. 53 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Heavenly Creatures; Clerks; A Man of No Importance; Strawberry and Chocolate.* Opening 2/24: *Once Were Warriors.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Death and the Maiden; Forrest Gump.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Sex, Drugs, and Democracy.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) Through 2/21: *The Wooden Man's Bride.* 2/22–3/7: *Meet the Feebles.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.* Opening 2/24: *The Walking Dead.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Martha & Ethel; Hoop Dreams; Red; A Great Day in Harlem.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Quiz Show; Miami Rhapsody; Queen Margot; Pulp Fiction; Murder in the First; Heavyweights; Through the Olive Trees.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Legends of the Fall; The Last Seduction; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; Shallow Grave; The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause.*

Preview

The Real Thing

Everyone who goes to the movies with any regularity has witnessed the rising popularity of "fun" onscreen mayhem. Cinematic violence in the age of Tarantino is cartoonish, ironic, and highly watchable (despite political debates on its many horrors). A pair of new films, however, bypass *Pulp Fiction*-esque exploding heads and snarling dialogue. And their violence is nothing short of devastating, the end product of passions and resentments that are not stoked in the genres but stored in the genes.

Once Were Warriors is a New Zealand film about Maori family life under the heel of alcoholism and brutal force. *Before the Rain* is a Macedonian film about love and death under the shadow of fratricidal warfare. The films show men sabotaged by violence, and women desperate to save their daughters. Both demonstrate with exquisite precision the causes and consequences of violence and the grand lyrical exception of those who, once in a great while, escape it, however provisionally. For half-Maori director Lee Tamahori and Armenian-Yugoslavian director Milcho Manchevski, there's nothing romantic or romanticized about it: Violence is the end of the story, not the beginning. U.S. audiences may finally get the opportunity to experience something slightly more complex than catharsis.

B. Ruby Rich

Photograph by Brown & Shelton/Fine Line.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Billy Madison; The Brady Bunch.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Just Cause; Quiz Show; Hoop Dreams; Murder in the First; Before Sunrise; Billy Madison; Pulp Fiction; Forrest Gump.* Opening 2/24: *The Walking Dead.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Boys on the Side; Quiz Show; The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Madness of King George; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; The Quick and the Dead; The Brady Bunch; Mr. Payback.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Heavyweights.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Legends of the Fall.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; The Brady Bunch; Murder in the First.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Hoop Dreams; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Queen Margot; Miami Rhapsody; Tom and Viv.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Higher Learning; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; Murder in the First; Boys on the Side; Forrest Gump.* Through 2/23: *Just Cause.* Opening 2/24: *The Walking Dead.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Quiz Show.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Brady Bunch.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Bad Company; Heavyweights.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Pulp Fiction.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Mrs Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Nobody's Fool.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th ZZZSt. (935-6420) *Little Women; Nell.* Opening 2/24: *The Walking Dead.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison.*

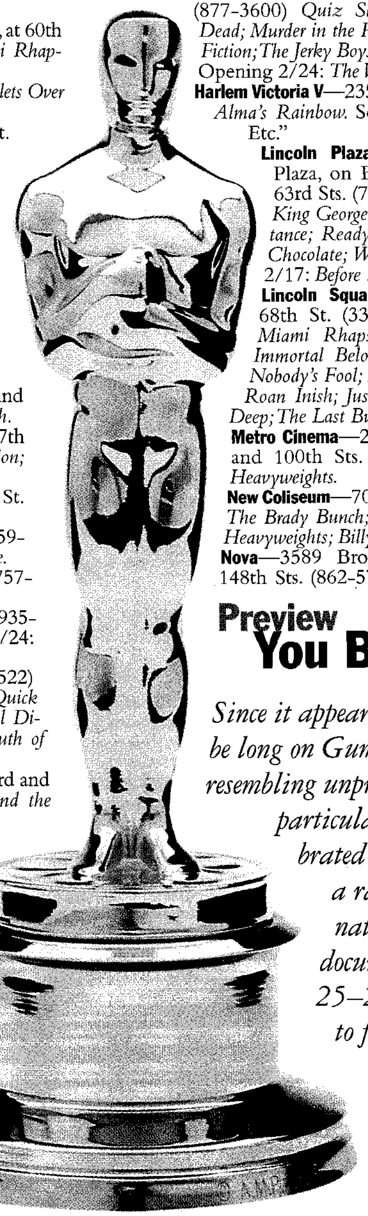
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Immortal Beloved.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Heavyweights.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert; Interview With the Vampire; Junior; Eat Drink Man Woman; Speechless; Far From Home; The Pagemaster.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Legends of the Fall.*



61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; The Shawshank Redemption; The Brady Bunch; Before Sunrise; The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Murder in the First; Just Cause.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Boys on the Side; Forrest Gump.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Just Cause; Legends of the Fall; Quiz Show; Forrest Gump; Murder in the First; Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness; The Quick and the Dead.* Opening 2/24: *The Walking Dead.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Red.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) at Park *Bullets Over Broadway; Billy Madison.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pulp Fiction; Heavyweights.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Brady Bunch.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Forrest Gump.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Quiz Show; The Quick and the Dead; Murder in the First; Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.* Opening 2/24: *The Walking Dead.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear; Strawberry and Chocolate; Window to Paris.* Opening 2/17: *Before the Rain.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Shallow Grave; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; The Secret of Roan Inish; Just Cause.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Just Cause; Heavyweights.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; Heavyweights; Billy Madison.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Jerky Boys; Bad Company.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X; Nobody's Fool.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Billy Madison.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Preview
You Be the Judge

Since it appears the Academy Awards will be long on Gumpism and short on anything resembling unpredictability, attention must particularly be paid to the less-celebrated categories. Head to MOMA *for a rare chance to see all the nominated live-action, animated, and documentary shorts on February 25–26, with documentary features to follow March 2–9. At the very least, you can sound extremely knowing on Oscar night (March 27). Call 708-9480.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Hoop Dreams; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Highlander; In the Mouth of Madness; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Billy Madison; Highlander—The Final Dimension; The Jerky Boys; Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; Demon Knight; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; In the Mouth of Madness The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Just Cause; Billy Madison; Legends of the Fall; The Quick and the Dead.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Just Cause; The Madness of King George.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Pulp Fiction; Forrest Gump; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; In the Mouth of Madness; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Quiz Show; Pulp Fiction; Gump; Nell; The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison; Boys on the Side; Nobody's Fool.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Little Women; Miami Rhapsody; Before Sunrise.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Boys on the Side; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; Boys on the Side; The Madness of King George; Heavyweights.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *In the Mouth of Madness; Murder in the First.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Just Cause; Brady Bunch; Murder in the First; Heavyweights; The Jerky Boys; Mouth of Madness.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Demon Knight; The Jungle Book.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause; Heavyweights.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Hoop Dreams; Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness; Higher Learning.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Legends of the Fall; Billy Madison; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; The Quick and the Dead.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Just Cause; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; Hoop Dreams; Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X; In the Mouth of Madness.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Brady Bunch; Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Just Cause; Before Sunrise; Dumb and Dumber; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and*

Photograph courtesy of A.M.P.A.S.

the Dead.

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights; Forrest Gump.*

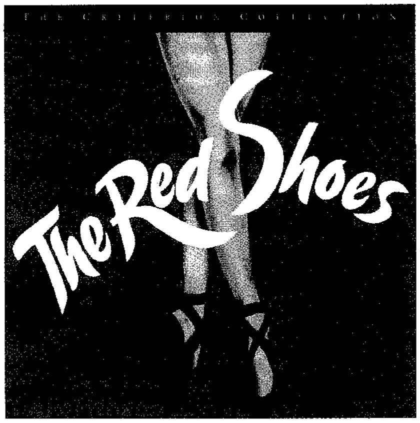
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Last Seduction; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; In the Mouth of Madness; Heavyweights; Billy Madison.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Boys on the Side; Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*



Laser Discs **Though Michael Powell's classic is exceptionally dated in its treatment of women and adult relationships, it remains beloved by anyone who ever slipped on toe shoes. Buy this elaborately packaged edition in preparation for a Powell revival at Film Forum March 14–27. (Criterion; $124.95.)**

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Quiz Show; Just Cause; The Quick and the Dead; Murder in the First; The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Murder in the First; The Brady Bunch; Billy Madison.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Hoop Dreams; Quiz Show; Forrest Gump; Just Cause; Heavyweights; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Quiz Show; Boys on the Side; Forrest Gump.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Just Cause; Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; Hoop Dreams.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights; Legends of the Fall; Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness; Heavyweights.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Madness of King George; Miami Rhapsody.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; The Quick and the Dead; Miami Rhapsody; Disclosure; Billy Madison; The Madness of King George; The Brady Bunch.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Pulp Fiction; Heavyweights; The Quick and the Dead.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636)under own management *Nobody's Fool; Disclosure; Murder in the First; Billy Madison.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Just Cause; Billy Madison.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Brady Bunch; Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Billy Madison.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Brady Bunch; Just Cause; Legends of the Fall; Miami Rhapsody; Nell; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Nobody's Fool.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Heavyweights; In the Mouth of Madness; The Quick and the Dead; Forrest Gump; Hoop Dreams.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Heavyweights; Boys on the Side.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Nobody's Fool.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Just Cause; The Quick and the Dead.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause; Forrest Gump; Heavyweights.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Quiz Show; The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; In the Mouth of Madness.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Just Cause; The Jerky Boys; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Heavyweights; Dumb and Dumber; Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody; Before Sunrise; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; The Brady Bunch.*

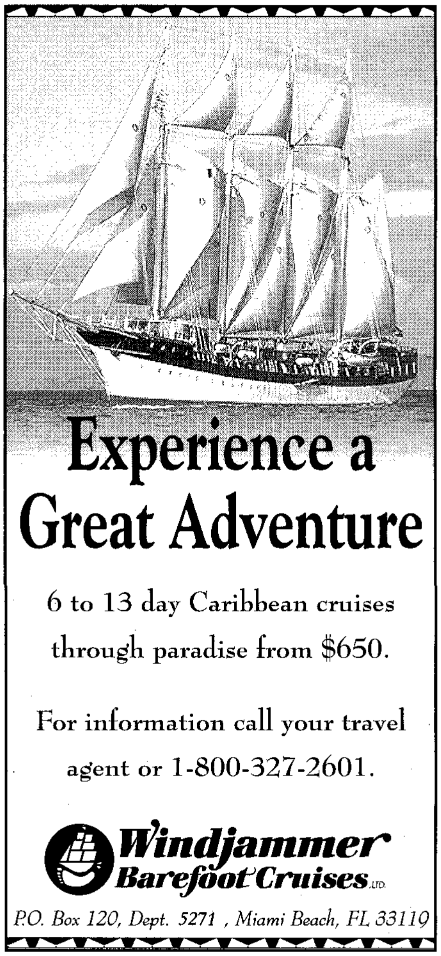
Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 3/5: "Shirley Temple, Child Star." Shirley Temple never played Little Orphan Annie—which seems strange, to say the least. But she did tackle numerous other classic characters, like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and Heidi, and they can all be seen in this retrospective. 2/20–2/24: *The Littlest Rebel (1935).* 2/25: *Poor Little Rich Girl* (1936). 2/26: *Heidi* (1937); *Wee Willie Winkie* (1937). 3/5: *The Little Princess* (1939); *Stowaway* (1937). If you know *why* Temple never made a Little Orphan Annie movie, call 880-0897 and you could win a jar of Ovaltine! 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—A highlight of the year for avant-garde film buffs is *Spirit Stream Storm* (1995), a compilation of hand-painted and collaged works by Stan Brakhage, Charles and Ray Eames, Kurt Kren, and other filmmakers from around the world. Presented in 35 mm., it's currently touring the U.S., with its final stop in Los Angeles. Screened 2/23–2/26. 2/25: *Victory in the Ukraine* (1945), directed by Aleksandr Dovzhenko; *The Text of Light* (1974), directed by Stan Brakhage; and *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors* (1964), director Sergei Paradjanov's first film to be shown in the U.S. 2/26: Three films by James Broughton; *The Spanish Earth* (1937), directed by Joris Ivens; and *Salt of the Earth* (1953), directed by Herbert Bilberman. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Donnell Media Center—2/14: *Cabin in the Sky* (1943). 2/21: *On the Town* (1949). 2/23: *Garbage!* The Series. 2/28: *Fiddler on the Roof* (1971). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Film Forum—Held over: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965) and *Mamma Roma* (1962). See also "Movies." Through 3/16: "Buster Keaton 100," a thorough and thoroughly amusing retrospective of the deadpan comic. 2/21–2/22: *Pest From the West* (1939), *Mooching Through Georgia* (1939), *So You Won't Squawk* (1941), and *Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath* (1931). 2/23 and 2/24: *Doughboys* (1930), *Free and Easy* (1930), *The King of the Champs-Élysée* (1935), and *The Invader* (1936). 2/25–2/27: *Steamboat Bill, Jr.* (1928), *The Boat* (1921), *My Wife's Relations* (1922), and *Daydreams* (1922). 209 W. Houston St.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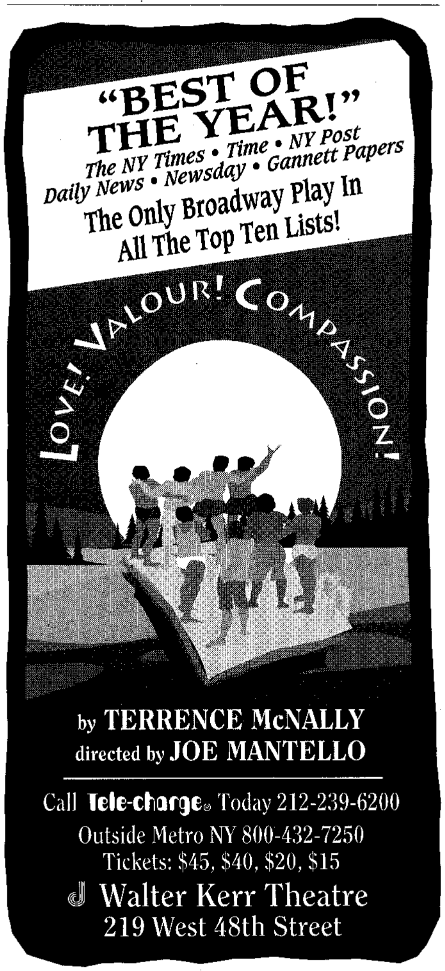
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LAW AND ORDER

Continued from page 38

The money laundering itself was allegedly carried out in a straightforward although not always successful fashion. One of the leaders of the Organization would get a call from a drug trafficker or a representative to say that there was "paper"—currency—available. Then, the government alleges, Spence, Hirsch, or Weinig would arrange for a courier to pick up the cash, usually on a street corner or in a hotel room. The money was routed to the Citibank branch in the Bronx, where an alleged accomplice named Patricia Dilluvio would, prosecutors say, handle the deposits. Then the money would quickly be wired to various overseas bank accounts, most often in Switzerland.

The government says it made a key break in the case in January 1994. DEA agents in Houston watched a couple of men place two large suitcases in the trunk of a white Chevy. About an hour and a half later, the agents saw the men leave the car in the parking lot of the Sheraton Astrodome Hotel. Soon after, a courier for the Organization, Gary Salerno, drove the white Chevy to a Greyhound bus terminal, parked it, took out the two suitcases, and entered the building to board a bus. Agents stopped him for questioning and found that the bags contained $676,393 in cash. Salerno said he was planning to deliver the money to Richard Spence. The agents seized the money but let Salerno go.

Almost unbelievably, the Feds say, Spence, Hirsch, and Weinig filed a claim of ownership with the DEA in which Spence swore that the money was his—he said he had sold some precious stones and metals overseas.

But perhaps the single strangest episode—especially in light of the picture painted by Weinig's friends of his devotion to his family—took place last April. Spence had allegedly accumulated some $2.5 million in drug money belonging to the Colombians. But rather than launder the funds in the usual way, the FBI says, Spence, Hirsch, and Weinig had another idea: Why not just keep the money and tell the Colombians it was taken by the authorities? To explain the disappearance of the cash to the drug dealers, the three men forged an indictment of Spence and a fake document showing that the money had been seized by the DEA.

It is, one supposes, possible to understand how someone could convince himself that money laundering is okay. As one member of the Organization is reported to have said: "I'm not a drug dealer. All I'm doing is manipulating money." It is almost impossible to imagine, however, how a man of Weinig's apparent intelligence could find a rationale for stealing from ruthless Colombian drug dealers.

True to form, the drug merchants threatened to kill Hirsch if he didn't come up with the cash. DEA agents say that last September, the Colombians not only discussed having someone kill Hirsch and his family but, the affidavit says, had actually hired an assassin to wait in the lobby of the Bertelsmann building in Times Square. Faced with the threat, Hirsch, Spence, and Weinig, according to the federal complaint, pooled their resources to give the Colombians some money. Agents say they saw Weinig leave his co-op on October 4 carrying a large black nylon bag, which he put in the trunk of Hirsch's car. The bag, they contend, held $250,000 in cash.

Weinig, whose wiseguy-style nickname on the wiretaps was "the Wing," had his troubles compounded ten days ago, when additional charges were filed against him for his role in a kidnapping-and-extortion scheme that may or may not have grown out of his desperate need for cash. When the head of a Long Island mortgage company couldn't pay Spence the more than $200,000 he owed him, Feds say, Spence allegedly had him grabbed and held until he paid his debt. Weinig is allegedly heard in wiretaps not only discussing the kidnapping while the victim was being held but agreeing to use his offices for the delivery of the extortion payment, which included the victim's house and four Peter Max paintings.

At a hearing several weeks ago, the bizarre nature of the case and its motley group of white-collar defendants were on full display. There were more than a dozen lawyers, including some of the highest-profile defense attorneys in the city. Guys like Gerald Lefcourt, Gotti lawyer Gerald Shargel, and Richard Finkel, who represented Rabbi Shlomo Helbrans in the Shai Fhima case. And then there was Weinig's counsel, former prosecutor and white-collar-criminal specialist John "Rusty" Wing of Weil, Gotshal & Manges, looking like a copy-machine salesman in his flat-gray suit, slightly rumpled button-down, and unshined shoes.

Sitting in the front row of the spectator section was Harvey Weinig, taking notes on a legal pad. Dressed in a gray pinstriped suit, black wing tips, and a white button-down shirt, he appeared more interested than troubled. A small, compact man with short dark hair and glasses, he looked like an accountant rather than a flashy lawyer who may have reaped the spoils of a career in laundering drug money.

But the real Harvey Weinig will likely emerge when the trial starts in a few months. "Either Harvey was duped beyond anyone's imagination," says a friend, "or there's a side of him that doesn't fit with any part of the rest of him . . . almost like somebody with some weird, secret sex life." ■

(727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—2/23: On the first anniversary of the "Independents Night!" series, which screens promising new works by filmmakers before their commercial release, the movie being screened is *Somebody to Love,* director Alexandre Rockwell's followup to *In the Soup.* It's an unusually high-powered offering (starring, as it does, Rosie Perez, Harvey Keitel, and Steve Buscemi) for this monthly showcase, which in the past has been the first chance for almost anyone to see such movies as *Federal Hill* and the recent Sundance award-winner *The Brothers McMullen.* Through 2/23: "Nelson Pereira Dos Santos: *Cinema Novo*'s 'Spirit of Light.' " A tribute to the director who has been at the forefront of Brazilian cinema—as both an artist and a source of social consciousness—for the past 40 years. *Memories of Prison* (1984) on 2/20 and 2/21. *On the Road of Life* (1980) and *Jubiabá* (1985) on 2/22 and 2/23. 2/24–3/9: "*Cahiers du cinéma* Selects. . . ." The fourth year for *another* valuable series, this one focusing on recent French films selected by the editors and critics of the auterist stronghold. 2/24 and 2/25: *I Can't Sleep* (1994), directed by Claire Denis; *The Tree, The Mayor, and the Mediatheque* (1993), directed by Eric Rohmer. 2/26: *Joan the Maid* (1993), directed by Jacques Rivette. Told in two parts, this five-and-a-half hour film is the latest in a recent surge of movies and theater pieces centering on the life of Joan of Arc. Sandrine Bonnaire stars as the young heroine in this starkly simple version. Part I also seen on 2/28; part II on 3/1. "Movies for Kids" on 2/25 and 2/26: "A Screenplay in Progress: Satchmo's Gang," in which audience members get to participate in directing the flow of the story. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—2/21: *L'Enfer* (1993). 2/28: *François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Goethe House—2/23–2/28: "Being Black in Germany." The New York German Cultural Center screens eight works, ranging from shorts to documentaries to feature films, all centering on the experiences of Afro-Germans, Africans, and African-Americans. 2/23: *Self Service* (1984), *Black Rider* (1993), and *The Blacks Are Coming* (1993). 2/25: *Haven Dwellers* (1994), *Out of America* (1994), *Farewell GDR* (1991), and *Hit the Bull's Eye* (1993; in German with no English subtitles). 2/28: *Africa on the Rhine* (1985). 1014 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (439-8706); free.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—2/25 and 2/26: A rare chance to see all the shorts that have been nominated for this year's Oscar. Includes all five animated shorts (*The Big Story, Bob's Birthday, The Janitor, The Monk and the Fish,* and *Triangle*), all five live-action shorts (*Franz Kafka's It's a Wonderful Life, Kangaroo Court, On Hope, Syrup,* and *Trevor*) and all five documentary shorts (*Blues Highway, 89MM From Europe, School of Assassins, Straight From the Heart,* and *A Time for Justice*). On March 2–9, they'll screen the documentary features. Through 2/28: "Seven by Rossen." A look at the angry and socially conscious writer, director, and producer Robert Rossen, responsible for some of Hollywood's most appealing antiheroes. Much of Rossen's work stands the test of time because cynicism ages more gracefully than other worldviews. Think of him as a sharp-eyed flip side to Frank Capra: He, too, recognizes the black hearts of people but—unlike Capra—doesn't always find reason for hope. 2/23: *The Hustler* (1961). 2/24 and 2/28: *Alexander the Great* (1956). 2/27: *Body and Soul* (1947). Through 2/28: A tribute to the French director Marcel Pagnol, one of the early influences on neorealism. Highlights include *The Miller's Beautiful Daughter* (1948) on 2/23 and 2/28 and *Mr. Poirier's Son-in-Law* (1933) on 2/24 and 2/27. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

The Museum of Television and Radio—Through 4/2: "Barbra Streisand: The Television Work." Through 3/5: *Barbra Streisand in Putting It Together: The Making of "The Broadway Album."* An HBO documentary about what would be termed a comeback album, except she never really went away. Paired with a 1985 Barbara Walters interview. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

Urban Flora...*Made in America*

John Leonard's TV Notes

Showtime cable spends all week celebrating Black History Month with a nightly series of short films at 7:30 P.M. from independent producers—*Sweet Potato Ride,* by Kim Greene and Camille Tucker (Monday, 2/20); *Beyond the Agenda,* by Laini Dakar (Tuesday, 2/21); *Retribution,* by Beamie McCrae (Wednesday, 2/22); *It's In the Bag,* by Angela De Joseph (Thursday, 2/23); and *Why Colors?,* by Bobby Mardis (Friday, 2/24)—to conclude, not in the least bit whimsically, with *Solomon & Sheba* (Sunday, 2/26, and other dates; 8 to 9:30 P.M.), a made-for-TV-movie from that Italian homeboy Dino de Laurentiis. I kid you not. Jimmy Smits stars as ancient Israel's wise guy Master Builder. Halle Berry is her Virgin Majesty, Nikaule, who didn't cut out her husband's heart on their wedding night just to give away her kingdom's frankincense to a goatish bunch of Hebrews—not when she can offer up to the imperialists not only the lost desert metropolis of Ophir, "the Cradle of Gold," but her own beautiful body as well. These two powertrippers spend most of the movie crossing sand, pitching tents, comparing notes on cosmology and statecraft, and poeming at each other. When they finally get down to doing the dark, erotic deed, they flash less flesh than we're accustomed to seeing of Smits in his Bochco persona. Just as, when we finally get to Jerusalem, we don't even see the Temple. Not even Nicolas Grace, as the perfidious Jeroboam, improves this movie much above the regrettable standard of TNT's biblical lollipops, though Smits is a sturdy surprise, and Berry is a heart-stopping knockout, and Ruben Santiago Hudson, as Tamrin, is dynamic enough to hydroelectrify an Aswan dam.

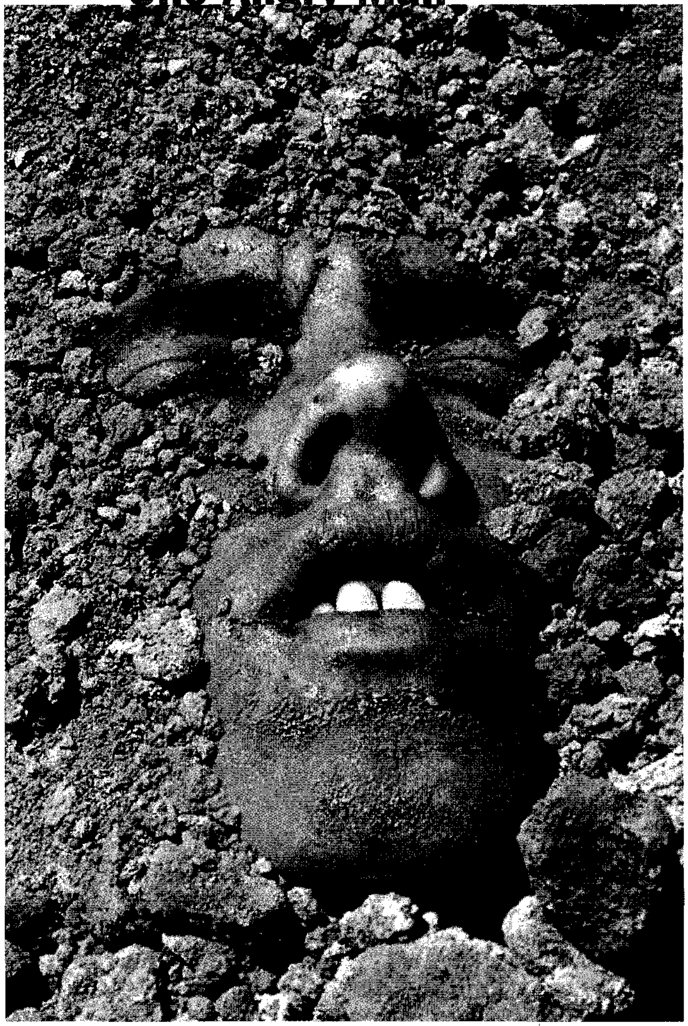
In **The Begging Game** (*Frontline,* Tuesday 2/21; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), correspondent Deborah Amos, with documentary-film producers Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky (*Brother's Keeper*), goes underground in New York City to examine the storytelling styles and survival skills of a select sample of the panhandling homeless. Not altogether to their surprise, they find that some of these people can be disingenuous. Not at all to my surprise, we also find that they're a lot more sympathetic, nonetheless, than the Quality of Life police. I needed to know what I am told here about the superiority of Korean boxes as enduring shelter in lousy weather. I'm knee-jerk; *Frontline*'s not. Yet we seem to agree that one suburban commuter, a publishing executive who stops and listens, knows almost as much of "Theresa's" real story as *Frontline* does, and still helps anyway, enormously, is a heroine of a kinder, maybe even a Christian, culture.

Falling for You (Tuesday, 2/21; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is the same old Bimbo-Menaced movie, but wearing high-fashion pop-*noir* lingerie. About the same time that Jennie Garth's falling for Costas Mandylor (Deputy Kenny in *Picket Fences*), the usual serial killer is picking up lonely blonde baby dolls in smoke-filled singles bars, taking them back to their high-rise pads, and tossing them out of their skyscraper windows. The first time this almost happens to Jennie, she develops traumatic, and convenient, amnesia, so she doesn't even recognize her assailant when he murders his way into an apartment in her own building for a second try. Billy Dee Williams will crack this case, and feel a little better about himself, but not before we've looked through Eric Till's arty camera, as if through a lens of syrup, at odd angles of up escalators, down elevators, mannequins, flowers, feet, and every other variety of "objects opaque in their servitude," as some nouveau-roman French fry once complained about empirical reality.

Simon & Simon: In Trouble Again (Thursday, 2/23; 8 to 10 P.M.; CBS) reunites Jameson Parker and Gerald McRaney, ex-partners, still brothers, back in the detective game because, well, somebody stole the yacht that Rick was skippering to some marina, and A.J.'s marriage to a Seattle prosecutor (Jeannie Wilson) has gone sour, and besides the missing yacht, there's also their missing mother (Mary Carver, also back again for the residuals), which means that Downtown Brown (Tim Reid) will show up, too. There are jokes about flossing, and a cuckold named Angus in a kilt, and Major Dad these days is looking more and more like G. Gordon Liddy. But two long hours of the same old sibling rivalry is lot like ten years of the Smothers Brothers.

In Print

One Angry Man



"History is made and preserved by and for particular classes of people," said the late AIDS activist/artist David Wojnarowicz. "A camera in some hands can preserve an alternative history." More an unblinking, unsentimental, and quite personal narrative than a collective manifesto, Brush Fires in the Social Landscape is just out from Aperture. ($35.)

Radio Highlights

"On the Media"—On 2/26, Alex Jones welcomes *The Nation*'s editorial director and publisher Victor Navasky for a discussion of independent journals of opinion. At 11 A.M.; WNYC; 820 AM.

"The Broadway Hour"—2/20 at 6: Helen Reddy discusses her starring role in *Blood Brothers* and her recording career; Barbara Feldon talks about doing *Love for Better and Verse* Off Broadway; David Staller, Philip Officer, and Tom Andersen perform (live) the classics of Rodgers and Hart and Hammerstein and Kern, accompanied by Dick Gallagher. Larry Sutton hosts; WPAT, 930 AM.

"Live From the Joseph Papp Public Theater"—The P.I.T.S./WBAI radio project presents American Tales With a Twist. Jeff and Mary Ward, Andrea Lucas, and the Evil Twin Comedy Troupe offer up classic American tales "as you recognize them and as you won't." 2/21 at 2; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—2/26 at 1: Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Russian Easter Festival Overture.* With comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—2/26 at 8: Catalani's *La Wally.* With Eva Marton, Francisco Araiza, Francesco Ellero d'Artegna, Alan Titus, the Bavarian Radio Chorus, and the Munich Radio Orchestra. Pinchas Steinberg conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Photograph: © The Estate of David Wojnarowicz, *Brush Fires in the Social Landscape,* Aperture, New York, 1994.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, is broadcast this week at 10 P.M. on 2/25 on WNYC, 820 AM. The program, which spotlights Anne Sexton, is rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—2/20: Bach's Two Keyboard Concerto in C, Respighi's *Metamorphoseon*, and Picker's *Old and Lost Rivers*. 2/21: Rodrigo's *Fantasia Para un gentilhombre* and Delibes's *Coppelia*. 2/22: Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E-flat and Gade's Symphony No. 1 in C. 2/23: Handel's Concerto Grosso in F and Water Music. 2/24: Wesley's Symphony No. 5 in A and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5 in E-flat. 2/27: Paine's *Oedipus Tyrannus* and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A. 2/28: Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Haydn and Carpenter's *Adventures in a Perambulator*. Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—2/20: Geoffrey Wolff on his latest novel, *The Age of Conflicti* (other guests to be announced). 2/21: Gregory Howard Williams on *Life on the Color Line*; Timothy White on Brian Wilson, the Beach Boys, and "the Southern California experience." Every day at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—2/25 at 1:30: Verdi's *La Traviata*. With Veronica Villarroel, Frank Lopardo, and Roberto Frontali. Conducted by John Fiore. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

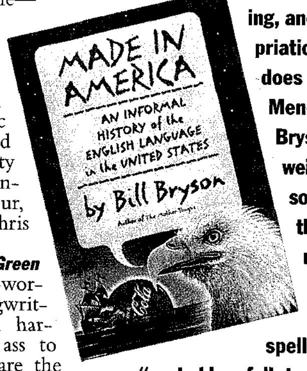
Clifford Brown and Max Roach *Alone Together: The Best of the Mercury Years* (Verve)—These early-fifties sessions are, quite simply, some of the most musical moments in jazz history. Before dying in a car accident at age 26, Clifford Brown had polished bebop trumpet to such a high gloss that Miles Davis's spacey, gestural theater was the only follow-up possible. Sideman Max Roach, meanwhile, had become one of the jazz's most melodic drummers, using tuned toms, telegraphic kick, and rippling cymbals to turn steeple-chases like "Cherokee" and "What Am I Here For?" into sparkling/furious conversation. Add legends-in-the-making Sonny Rollins, Hank Mobley, Booker Little, Stanley Turrentine—along with smoking Brown regular Harold Land—and you have a perfect introduction to hard bop and maybe even to jazz itself. This is music as in love with melody and song as it is with virtuosity and invention. And with unmatched amounts of all four, it's damn near perfect. (Chris Norris)

The Jayhawks *Tomorrow the Green Grass* (American)—R.E.M.-worthy twang, Beatlesque songwriting, and yearning vocal harmonies honed "hauling ass to one-night stands." Such are the riches reaped from a decade being the Jayhawks, Minnesota's beloved quintet of countrified indie-rockers that frothing critics have called the "only country-rock band that matters." They still matter, but following '92's brilliant *Hollywood Town Hall*, this collection of plaintively tuneful songs comes as a slight backstep. The playing is top-notch—especially as augmented by the keyboards and vocals of newcomer Karen Grotberg—but few of these straightforward tales of loss and redemption have the depth of earlier efforts by the Mark Olsen/Gary Louris writing team. ("Miss Williams's Guitar" a clearly heartfelt ode to Olsen's wife, Victoria Williams, even waxes sappy.) Stirring near-anthems like the gorgeous single "Blue" and "I'd Run Away" prove there's more to hope for from this great midwestern hope. (C.N.)

Books

Speaking American

Historians, librarians, and armchair etymologists like nothing better than to spend a leisurely afternoon in the company of a hefty reference book; the truly fixated play games of one-upmanship against the *Oxford English Dictionary*. But for people content to use reference materials as they do a telephone directory, Bill Bryson's *Made in America* is an engaging, anecdotal report on our national appropriation of the Queen's English. While it does not threaten the preeminence of Mencken's *The American Language*, Bryson's book could serve as a lightweight companion to it. The fustiest person, after all, might enjoy the history of the term *G-string:* Bryson traces it to a nineteenth-century description of the piece of leather Indians employed to hold up their loincloths. It was spelled *geestring*, he writes, which was "probably a folk translation of a more complicated, and now forgotten, Indian term." His explanation illustrates the book's secondary usefulness as a history of America itself, and as an incendiary device for those who would revise it. (William Morrow, $23.)


MADE IN AMERICA
AN INFORMAL HISTORY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE in the UNITED STATES
by Bill Bryson

LINDA HALL

The Written Word

Katherine Mosby—The Columbia writing teacher will read from her highly praised first novel *Private Altars*, about a headstrong bride forced to fend for herself during the depression. Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave. (737-1450), 2/21 at 7:30; free.

Robertson Davies—The author of the *Deptford Trilogy* reads from *The Cunning Man* on 2/20. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $10.

"Galway Kinnell and His Ancestors"—More accurately, Kinnell and his influences. He'll read his recent work and that of Smart, Keats, Hafez, Dickinson, Rilke, and others on 2/20. Writers in Performance, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848), at 7:30; $10.

February at the Poetry Project— 2/20 at 8: Poet, actor, and video artist Roberts Blossom. 2/22 at 8: Beat poet Ray Bremser and novelist Sharon Mesmer. The Poetry Project is at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

"*ARK/angel Review* Presents"—A free reading featuring Jerome Badanes and Mandeliene Smith, a graduate student at Sarah Lawrence College. 2/23 at 7:30, Chelsea Barnes and Noble, 675 Sixth Ave. (727-1675).

"Selected Shorts"—3/1 at 6:30: Myra Carter reads E.M. Broner's *Joking Around*; Charles Keating reads Thomas Hardy's *The Grave by the Handpost*; John Shea reads Steven Schwartz's *Madagascar*. Symphony Space, Broadway at 96th St. (864-5400); $14.

"The Poet Tree"— 2/26: "The Body-Poetic Gala." Poet Marc J. Straus, M.D., reads *One Word*; nurse-poet Cortney Davis reads from *The Body Flute*. There will also be an open mike and a book raffle. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Lectures and Panels

"Lincoln Center Off Stage: Dorothy Delay and Sarah Chang"—Delay, coach of some of the finest violinists in recent memory, talks to Chang, one of her recent students, on 2/21. Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. (721-6500), at 6; $14.

"The Language Instinct"—2/23 at 8:15: Steven Pinker, Ph.D. tries to answer the question *I've been trying for years—why can't I speak French?* as he explores the issues surrounding our capacity to learn languages. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

"Beyond the Boundary: Men, Race, and Culture"—A two-day conference featuring filmmakers, journalists, and scholars that is free and open to the public. 2/24-25, New York University's Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Sq. S. Reservations suggested; call 998-3757 for information on the Friday schedule and 998-8538 for the Saturday events.

Preview

Power Flowers

Just as some people read food magazines and never try a single recipe, there are plenty of folks—in this town particularly—who obsessively ogle the Smith & Hawken catalogue, as if to prove they will in fact get back in touch with the soil someday. The New York Flower Show is the perfect getaway for the frustrated urban gardener. *March 2 through March 5. Piers 90 and 92 on the Hudson River. Call 914-421-3219 for more information.*

Fairs and Festivals

New York Flower Show—The Horticultural Society of New York presents "Gardens of the World," featuring a one-story-high Statue of Liberty created in topiary, a full-scale Australian Outback homestead (set in a eucalyptus grove and adjoining a rain forest of Tasmanian ferns), and an interactive children's garden. 3/2–5 on Piers 90 and 92, bet. 50th and 56th Sts. on the Hudson River. Call 914-421-3219 for more information; $10.

Sixteenth Annual Antiquarian Book Fair—P.S. 3 hosts this sale of first editions, rare books, rare photographs, prints, and magazines. More than 70 dealers will be on hand. 2/24–26, 490 Hudson St., bet. Christopher and Grove Sts. For admission information and hours, call 260-1521.

Manhattan Antiques and Collectibles Triple Pier Expo—Hundreds of exhibits featuring furniture, paintings, jewelry, textiles, toys, clothing, and Ameri*cana will fill three West Side piers on the week*end of 2/25–26. Admission is $10, and the hours are as follows: Saturdays—Pier 90, 9–6; Pier 92, 10–6; Pier 88, 11–6. Sundays—Pier 90, 11–5; Pier 92, 11–6; Pier 88, 11–7. The passenger-ship-terminal piers are located on Twelfth Ave., bet. 48th and 55th Sts. Call 201-384-0010 for further information.

Tours

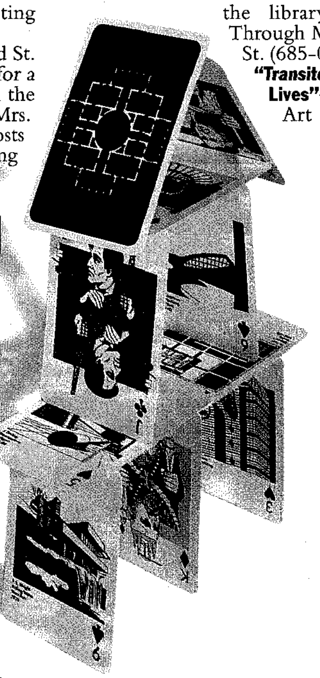
"Presidential New York"—On 2/20, Big Onion tour guides take the patriotic on a walk through lower Manhattan to visit sites associated with presidents from Washington to Roosevelt to Reagan; the Woolworth Building, Federal Hall, the New York Stock Exchange, and Fraunces Tavern are among the stops. Call 439-1090 for meeting place. The tour starts at 1 and costs $9.

"Tour and Tea at the Algonquin Hotel"—The 92nd St. Y *sponsors this 2/20 visit to the Algonquin for a* look behind the scenes and afternoon tea in the historic Rose Room, haunt of the chipper Mrs. Dorothy Parker. The tour starts at 3 and costs $35 (including tea). Call 996-1100 for meeting place and further information.

Game

Building a Hand

Even 52-Pickup can be an aesthetic quest with Princeton Architectural Press's new deck. Jacks Bernard Tschumi (Columbia's current dean), Walter Gropius, and Eliel Saarinen make three of a kind; Jacques Derrida, that joker, is wild.



Photograph by Jeremy Shatan.

"Italian Ellis Island"—Big Onion guides take you on a tour of the museum and offer a talk on the history of American immigration while emphasizing the Italian-American experience. 2/25 at noon; $15 (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour); call 439-1090 for meeting place.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money ($5, in Auden's day, in Auden's mind, was sufficient). But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably sweet. People smoked too much, slept on fire escapes, and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kerchwey or Philip Rahv or Harold Hayes, and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. Even Dylan Thomas's collapsing and dying a few feet from the White Horse Tavern has been incorporated into the sweet memoirs. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. Sidewalks of New York takes you on a literary walk through the Village on 2/25 at 2. You'll see *not only the residences of poets, playwrights,* novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park, at the bottom of Fifth Ave. Call 662-5300 for more information and 517-0201 for reservations (which *are* required); $10.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on Wednesdays at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements (call 935-3960 to do so).

Benefits

Festa Di Carnevale—A neapolitan carnival feast with food, wine, music, dance, and a performance of *La Canzone Di Zeza* on 2/26. The Synod House, St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (924-0077), at 3; $25. Proceeds go to I Giullari Di Piazza, the traditional Italian folk-music and theater company.

Exhibitions

"I Believe in Agitation"—The Morgan Library, in observance of Black History Month and in recognition of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Frederick Douglass, presents a selection of his letters. The documents on display are from the Gilder Lerhrman collection as well as the library's own holdings. Through May 14 at 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008).

"Transitory Gardens, Uprooted Lives"—The Municipal Art Society's Urban Center is the site of this exhibition, in which photographer Margaret Morton documents the unusual gardens built by homeless people on the Lower East Side. The Urban Center is located at 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Admission is free, and hours are 11 A.M. to 5 daily (except Thursday and Sunday). For special arrangements, call 935-3960. Through February 24.

"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is located at Fifth Ave. and 103rd St. (call 534-1672 for more information).

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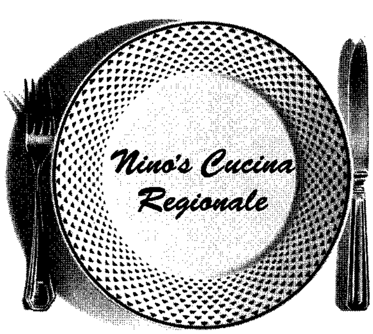

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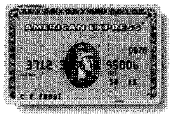

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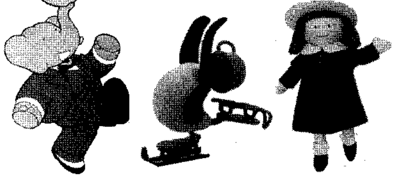
In Person



Babar Pingu Madeline

Look Who's in Town!

This weekend, your children can have their pictures taken with these friends free at The International Children's Television Festival

THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO
25 West 52 Street 621-6600

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SHARING IS CARING

Kids

Pas de Deux...

Children's Events

Swing Your Partner—Do-si-do at a Winter Garden "Family Hoedown" with Liz Slade and the Firebrats. A caller will preside over city folk as they attempt square dances, circle dances, and reels. No need for a partner, you can grab one when you come on down. 2/25, 6:30 to 8. **The Winter Garden**, 2 World Financial Center (267-9700.) ●

Trade Off—A baseball card and comic show for serious collectors and neophytes. 2/26 10-6. **Immaculate Conception School**, 414 East 14th St. (254-0200).●

Jazzing It Up—A jazz weekend at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan**. "Jazzy Kids" has preschoolers singing, hand-clapping and storytelling at 11 and 3. "Jazz Storytime" is at 1 and 4 for ages 6 and up 2/25. "The Blues: America's Haiku" a poetry -writing and sing-a-long for ages 7 and up is at 2. 2/26. The Jazzmobile School Trio performs a Thelonius Monk concert at 1:30 and 3, 2/26 for ages 6 and up. 212 West 83rd St. (721-1234). $5 admission.●

Mardi Gras—"Four Island Days" (2/22 through 2/25 from 1 to 4) features music, dance, hothouse tours and craft activities from different Caribbean Islands each day. Festivities culminate in an all-out Tropical Carnival (2/26 from 1 to 6). **Brooklyn Botanic Gardens**, 1000 Washington Ave. at Eastern Parkway (718-622-4433). ●●

Pas de Deux—**The New York City Ballet** presents a family matinee with a shortened version of Swan Lake, and pas de deux performed in Romeo and Juliet and Glazounov. During intermission "Friends in High Places" a stilt walking troupe hosts a demonstration of "The Art of the Pas de Deux." 2/26 at 3. New York State Theater, 63rd and Broadway (870-5570). Tickets are $10 to $60.●

Bird Brain—Sesame Street Live presents "Where's the Birdie,"about a certain large **yellow** bird who is convinced his friends have forgotten his birthday. 2/22 at 10:30, 2/23-24 at 10:30 and 2 and 2/25-26 at 10:30, 2, and 5:30. **The Paramount,** Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741). $11.50–$15.50. ●

Beastly—A $6 million Disney production of *Beauty and the Beast* on ice with the moral that true beauty lies within. Performances through 2/26; call 632-4000 for complete schedule information. **Radio City Music Hall,** 1260 Sixth Ave. Tickets are $17.50–$35. ●

"Now Griot Sonic Art Society"—In honor of Black history month David Pleasant's youth percussion ensemble demonstrates jazz, blues, Gullah-inspired juba, hand jive, and body percussion. 2/25 and 2/26 at 2:30 and 4. The Brewery Puppet troupe introduce African rhythm and blues. 2/26 at 2 and 4. American **Museum of Natural History**, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800). Free with museum admission: a suggested donation of $3 for children, $6 for adults. ●

"Kid Carnival"—Join a conga line wearing feathered masks and shaking Brazilian percussion instruments called *ganzas*. After all you're in Rio de Janeiro. 2/22-2/24 1-3. **South Street Seaport Children's Center**, 165 John St., nr. South St. Museum admission which also gives access to historic ships, a working nineteenth-century print shop, and exhibition galleries is $2 for children, $5 for adults.●

"Found Sounds"—Peter Schickele's Music for Homemade Instruments is performed on *mupejas*, made from multiple peanut jars, pan pipes fashioned out of test tubes and other instruments made from discarded objects. The "Just Kidding" family concert at **Symphony Space** also features Women of the Calabash. 2/25 at 11. 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $1 for children, $5 for adults.●

Victoriana—An annual two-day midwinter festival at the **Museum of the City of New York** where everybody makes calling cards and Victorian-style hats and accessories. 2/22 and 2/23 from 11 to 1. Fifth Avenue at 103rd St. (534-1672). Suggested contributions: $3 for children, $5 for adults, $8 for families.●

Day at the Beach—**Madison Square Garden** will be a balmy 80 degrees for the Evian Indoor A.V.P. Pro beach volleyball championship. 240 tons of sand is being shipped in to simulate surfside conditions. Finalists compete for $250,000 in prize money. 2/25 from 1 to 9. Seventh Ave. and 32nd St. (465-6741).$12-$20●

Speaking Out—The theme of the sixth annual Black Family Forum Series is "Shout Out: Youth and Adults Creating a Dialogue." The three-part series brings together religious leaders, elected officials, educators and the public to engage in town hall-style discussions about issues and concerns of families in Crown Heights and surrounding communities. 2/24, 3/24 and 4/28 From 6 to 9. **The Brooklyn Children's Museum**, 145 Brooklyn Ave. at St. Mark's Ave. (718-735-4400). Seating is limited.

"Tubby the Tuba and the Big Brass"—**Little Orchestra Society** perform a Lolli-Pops concert of works by Mozart, Kleinsinger, and Bach for three- to five- year old children. 2/25 at 10:30 and 11:45, 2/26 at 12:30 and 1:45. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100). Tickets are $30

Goldilocks and the Three Bears—**Theatreworks** presents a musical production of the familiar drama with a new plot twist. 2/25 and 2/26 (also 3/4 and 3/5) at 12:30. Under 5s not admitted. Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are $17.

Doo-Wop—Funky 50s Funhouse at the **Duplex** treats the audience to Elvis songs, bits from The Mickey Mouse Club, Alka Seltzer commercials, and other fifties froth sung by an abundantly talented group of mostly high school aged students. Sundays at 6. 61 Christopher St., at 7th Ave. (255-5438). $6 for children, with a one-drink minimum (and one free refill); $12 for adults, with a two-drink minimum.

City Safari—A hands-on architectural exhibit for children at the **Municipal Arts Society** leads visitors through a 1740 Dutch farmhouse that once stood in Brooklyn and lets them touch the "skin" of a nineties skyscraper.. Through 5/4, 11 to 5 daily except Thursday and Sunday. 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3969).●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Data

Unsung Attractions

Nineteenth-century lead British knight at the Forbes Magazine Galleries.

School's out for midwinter break, and a cold wind is blowing through the playground, making it a perfect time to finally check out a few lesser-known, eminently kid-friendly cultural entities—ones that remind us what a perfectly fine place New York can be to raise children after all. Below is a selection of places that would top the list if kids wrote the local guidebooks.

The Queens Museum of Art **New York City Building** **Flushing Meadows Corona Park** **(718-592-9700)**	**Big Draw: The 1964 World's Fair's 9,000-plus-square-foot New York City panorama has had 60,000 new buildings added to bring it up to date; day turns to "night" there every 15 minutes.**	**Hours: Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–5.**	**Admission: $1.50 for children, $3 for adults.**
The Forbes Magazine Galleries **60 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street** **(206-5549)**	**Big Draw: More than 10,000 toy soldiers and 500 toy boats appear in historic battle scenes including the Trojan War and World War I's Battle of Jutland.**	**Hours: Tue., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10–4. Closed all legal holidays.**	**Admission: Free. (No more than four children per adult.)**
New York City Fire Museum **278 Spring Street** **(691-1303)**	**Big Draw: Fire-department memorabilia, including several horse-drawn fire wagons and a fire sled; also a 1959 Mack Searchlight Truck.**	**Hours: Tue.–Sat. 10–4.**	**Admission: Suggested donation $3 for adults, 50 cents for children.**
New Jersey Children's Museum **599 Industrial Avenue** **Paramus, New Jersey** **(201-262-5151)**	**Big Draw: A real fire engine, a real doctor's office, a real stream, and a scaled-down supermarket—many with accompanying costumes.**	**Hours: Seven days a week 9–5.**	**Admission: $7.42 (includes tax).**
Sony Wonder Technology Lab **Sony Plaza** **Madison Avenue, at 56th Street** **(833-8100)**	**Big Draw: Giant computer screen on which kids can redesign their faces; opportunities to track the course of a hurricane and fine-tune a Dracula video game.**	**Hours: Tue.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–6.**	**Admission: Free. Ticketing system weekends and school breaks. Arrive early.**

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
Classical Music
Dance

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Manny Howard
Restaurants & Bars
Sports

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Photograph courtesy of the FORBES Magazine Collection, New York.

Elaine Lustig Cohen...The Art Show

Openings

Long revered by Jean Dubuffet, Daniel Spoerri, and other modern European artists, **Heinrich Anton Müller** spent most of his adult life hospitalized at *the Münsingen Asylum* for the Mentally Ill near Bern, Switzerland. This retrospective of works by one of the long-overlooked masters of *art brut* includes photographs of his kinetic machine sculptures, fragile drawings of plants and animals on cardboard, and the artist's writings (opens 2/23 at the Swiss Institute New York, 495 Broadway).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Lillian Ball—Polyurethane sculptures that are casts of the interiors of ordinary objects; 2/23–3/25. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Joseph Beuys—Signed posters and multiples from the gallery's collection and from Dutch and German collections; through 3/11. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Mundy Hepburn—Constructed from homemade glass, these sculptures, some of which evoke surreal underwater flower beds, have painterly phosphor coatings and involve the use of gaseous-plasma technology; through 3/11. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Roni Horn/Nayland Blake—When the artist first began making these text-based drawings in gouache and watercolor in 1984, she recorded literary quotes and references as well as her own writing. Her most recent works are based on her own writings from the book *Pooling Waters.*/Video-based works from the past five years. Through 3/11. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Hedda Sterne—Delicate abstract paintings with a sense of spatial infinity; through 3/31. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Albert Urban—Color screen prints with musical and theatrical themes from the thirties and forties by this German artist (1909–1959), who began his artistic tutelage under Max Beckman and Willi Baumeister at the Frankfurt Kunstschule; through 3/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (772-8810).

Don Van Vliet—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by the former Captain Beefheart; through 3/18. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

57th Street Area

Christian Boltanski—Among the artist's new pieces are *Human,* an installation that consists of 1,000 small archival photographs of criminals and victims, Nazis and Jews, mixed together anonymously, and a work in which archival photographs have been printed on transparent vellum and delicately hung on two long nails, allowing the paper to flutter gently in air currents and produce quivering shadows on the wall; through 3/11. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

John Bowman—Paintings of imaginary cityscapes inspired by Eastern European cities; 2/24–4/1. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Earl Cunningham/Grandma Moses—Paintings by two American self-taught artists; through 3/18. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray—An exhibition that traces the personal and professional friendship of these two iconoclasts through works of art, catalogues, and ephemera; through 4/15. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Jacob El Hanani—Elegant, weblike drawings influenced by Moroccan textiles and the micrographic tradition of Hebrew scribes; through 3/25. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Ida Lorentzen—Paintings of interiors that depict a limited number of elements—doors, chairs, tables, windows, and mirrors—in different combinations; through 3/16. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Morris Louis/Stephen Ellis—Abstract paintings from the artist's "Unfurled" series of 1960 that are distinguished by their gentle, poetic coloring and sinuous, slightly columnar form; through 3/18./Recent monotypes; through 3/25. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

R. B. Kitaj—New autobiographical paintings by this American-born artist, who has lived and worked in England for more than three decades and currently has a retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum (see "Museums"); through 3/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Loren MacIver—Paintings from the past five years, of haunting studio interiors, intimate still lifes, and groupings of theatrical players and puppets; through 3/11. Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (581-2268).

Agnes Martin—This group of ten paintings of horizontal bands of thinly layered yellows, pinks, blues, and whites is the first work produced by the artist in her new Taos, New Mexico, studio; through 3/18. Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Elizabeth Newman—New sculpture installations that transform commonplace objects into poetic meditations on history and healing; through 3/18. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

David Smith—On loan from private collections and the collection of Candida and Rebecca Smith, the paintings and sculpture in this exhibition were made between 1940 and 1950 and reflect the artist's deep involvement with music; through 3/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Christopher Wilmarth—A selection of sculpture and drawings by this artist who died in 1987; through 3/25. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Pamela Wye—Paintings, drawings, and collages that use cartoonlike invented shapes and forms to create narratives involving sexuality, fantasy, and morbidity; 2/25–3/25. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Francis Alÿs/Jocelyn Hobbie—New paintings./Small-scale egg-tempera paintings whose quirky, personal imagery brings to mind folk art and Surrealism. Through 3/11. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

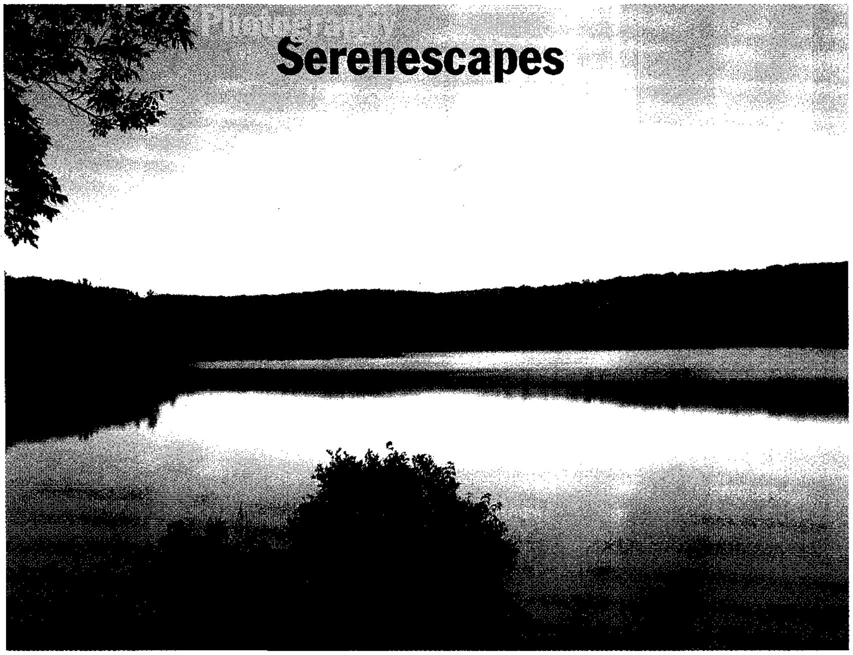
Alighiero e Boetti/Richard Long—Works by both artists that have never been exhibited in the United States, including Boetti's silk embroidery of 1982 *The Thousand Longest Rivers in the World* (which had its debut in Documenta 7, Kassel) and Long's *Somerset Willow Line,* a site-specific sculpture of 608 willow branches; through 4/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Tsibi Geva—Recent abstract paintings whose repetitive patterns refer to Islamic decorative motifs; through 3/8. Nosei, 100 Prince St. (431-9253).

David Diao/Bill Komoski—A new series of paintings titled "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."/New paintings. Through 3/11. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Aaron Fink/Peter Hristoff—New large-scale paintings that depict an overscaled object as a central image./New works on paper. Through 3/28. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Robin Hill—Monumental drawings on wax-saturated paper and a floor installation of 4,000 pig-



Serenescapes

The small ponds and lakes of New York's Hudson Highlands, once the territory of the Hudson River School painters, are the subject of Ray Mortenson's luminous gelatin-silver prints. At Janet Borden Gallery.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Janet Borden Gallery.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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mented plaster elements; through 3/11. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

Pello Irazu/Robert Smithson—New works./Photographs. Through 3/18. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Berit Jensen—Installations and paintings by a Danish artist; through 3/11. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Konrad Kaletsch/E. E. Smith—Sculptures that combine bridges, oil drums, water, and other symbols of industrial culture./Whether they depict a huge close-up of an eye or images of celebrities bracketed with anonymous figures, these photographs and photo silk screens explore the relationship between object and viewer in photographic representation. Through 3/11. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

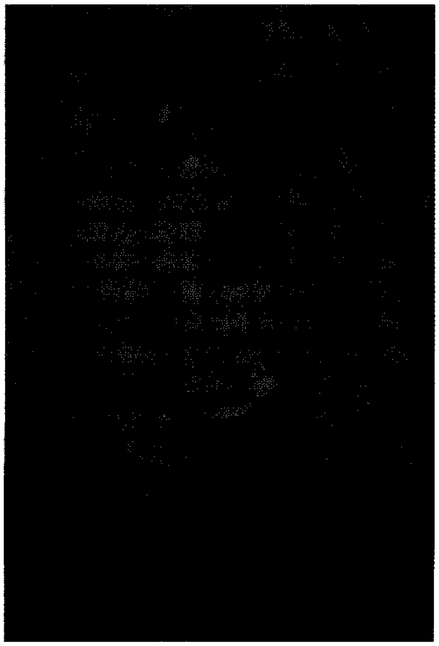
Gudrun Mertes–Frady—Paintings that are an intense exploration of color in all its permutations, associations, and meanings; through 3/11. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

John Miller—A series of photographs shot in the early afternoon in Berlin, Frankfurt, Bremen, New York, Los Angeles, New Jersey, and Vermont; 2/25–4/2. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Wendy Miller—Abstract paintings inspired by the hand-painted advertisements on billboards and walls seen by the artist on a trip to the Indian state of Karnataka; through 3/18. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Jürg Moser/Charles Luce—Paintings and sculpture that explore the area in between a specific object and its shadow./A 35-foot-long painted scroll relating to the artist's "World River Project." Through 3/18. Tz'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Tom Nakashima—Painted screens that depict scenes of action on one side and scenes of contemplation on the other; through 3/18. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).



On View **The Art Show, at the Seventh Regiment Armory February 23–27, is easily the best and most elegant of all the high-end art fairs, probably because it's sponsored by the hyperpicky Art Dealers Association of America. Rufino Tamayo's 1950 painting *La Perla* (above) is at Mary-Anne Martin/Fine Art.**

Susan Norrie—A new group of paintings that use the concept of the island and sea literally and metaphorically; inspired by Michelangelo Antonioni's film *L'Avventura,* about a woman missing on an island; through 3/15. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Tom Otterness—Three separate groups of drawings and new figurative sculptures that utilize modular chain-link forms and are cast in aluminum, bronze, or carbon steel; through 3/25. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Elsa Rady/Tristano di Robilant—Groupings of porcelain forms bolted to polyurethaned aluminum shelves constitute this artist's investigation into the formal and emotional possibilities of the "still life."/Large-scale sculpture. Through 3/11. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

David Reed—In order to suggest the intimate relationship a viewer can have with his paintings, the artist has displayed his new gestural abstract paintings in his own video-and-installation re-creation of Scottie's bedroom from the Hitchcock film *Vertigo;* through 3/19. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Jeffrey Saldinger—Self-portraits in oil on linen that depict the artist with various facial expressions, from the unflattering to the comical; through 3/18. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Ray Smith—Portraits of American writers painted on canvas and on wood panels; through 3/18. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

John Von Wicht—Prints and paintings by this WPA muralist who died in 1970, at Berman/Daferner, 568 Broadway (226-8330), through 4/22, and Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335), through 3/18.

Other

Andras Halasz—Paintings that depict the artist's own loft filled with dreamlike figures; through 3/31. Gat, 572 Fifth Ave. (354-4402).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

The Art Show—Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (940-8925), Thurs., Feb. 23, and Fri., Feb. 24, 12–8; Sat., Feb. 25, and Sun., Feb. 26., 12–7; Mon., Feb. 27, 12–6. As art fairs go, The Art Show, sponsored by the Art Dealers Association of America, is one of the best, offering paintings, works on paper, sculpture, and photography from 61 of the nation's leading galleries.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Contemporary Landscape: Topography and Landscape," with paintings, works on paper, and photography by Berlind, Blondes, Duesberry, Hannock, Innerst, Santlofer, Zwack, others; through 3/25.

57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (644-8300). Paintings by artists who have found their inspiration in New York and its people, among them Isabel Bishop, Rackstraw Downes, Richard Estes, Louis Lozowick, Reginald Marsh, Harry Roseland, others; through 3/25.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Neo-Dada: Redefining Art 1958–1962"; through 3/18.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art" comprises masterpieces from the eighteenth through the twentieth centuries; through 4/14.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibit of works made between 1910 and 1970 by African-American artists, which will travel to the Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, California; through 4/8.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). Paintings, watercolors, and pastels made by American artists between 1870 and 1930; through 4/15.

Takashimaya—693 Fifth Ave. (350-0115). "Material Dreams," with works made from fabric by Gerber, Feng, Hodges, Semmes, Swanger; through 3/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

AC Project Space—558 Broome St. (226-7271). A show that looks at different vernacular approaches to the countryside, with works by Chu, Giron, Ivy, Kozik, Levine, Peglau, Westermann; through 3/11.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-1434). Works by Raimund Kummer and Osvaldo Romberg; through 4/6.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). Sculpture, paintings, and videos that explore peculiar interminglings of illusion and actuality, by De Reus, Gallaccio, Steinkampf, Umberg; through 3/18.

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). "Re-

Photograph courtesy of Mary-Anne Martin/Fine Art.

vealing Desire," with works by nine women artists—Elizabeth Berdann, Robin Kahn, Lauren Lekso, Carolee Schneeman, and others—whose works deal with representation of the body; through 3/11.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Endurance" looks at the work of twentieth-century visual and performance artists whose works test the physical, mental, and spiritual endurance of the body, among them Vito Acconci, Chris Burden, Bob Flanagan and Sheree Rose, Kim Jones, Charlotte Moorman, Bruce Nauman, and others; 2/25–4/8.

Gorney—100 Greene St. (966-4480). Works by Eadweard Muybridge, Michael Snow, and Haim Steinbach; through 3/18.

Henry Street Settlement—466 Grand St. (598-0400). Works by five contemporary artists who have been working in New York City schools as part of the Touchstone program and by children participating in the program; through 4/7.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photographs, and sculpture that depict New York's Wall Street area, by Gallagher, Haas, Kosloff, Saville, Wilks, others; through 4/15.

Karg/Baer—100 Greene St. (334-0436), by appointment only. Works by Acconci, Antoni, Barney, Burden, Gilbert & George, Kustera, Mendieta, Nauman, Rainer, Ray, Schneeman, Wilke; through 4/14.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Duck" looks at works about the anxieties of our times, by Darger, Prince, Rainer, Warhol, Weegee; through 3/11.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). Works that challenge the practice and theory of Minimalism as reductivism, by Civera, Gitlin, Matzko, Mangold, Rocha, Westfall; 2/23–3/31.

Zwirner—43 Greene St. (966-9074). Recent works by Kelley, McCarthy, Nauman, West; through 3/14.

Other

Morris—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). An inaugural exhibition with works by Adams, Baynard, Beyt, Dayton, H. Marden, Phelan, Ray, Storey, Therrien, Walz, Wolfe, others; through 3/12.

Storefront for Art and Architecture—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Warchitecture–Sarajevo: A Wounded City," a multimedia exhibition documenting the destruction of architecture in Sarajevo; through 3/18.

Photography

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—The Mexican photographer's nudes in platinum/palladium and silver-gelatin prints from the thirties to the present; through 3/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Alain Fleischer—Conceptual sculpture installations, a video-projection piece, and large-format photographs; through 3/18. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9854).

Nan Goldin—New photographs made over the past two years during visits to Tokyo, Berlin, and Salzburg, and screenings of *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* (screenings take place Thurs. through Sun. at 1, 3, and 5); through 4/16. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455). Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

Richard Misrach—Photographs that continue the artist's investigation of man's intervention with nature, including works from the series "Desert Canto XV: The Salt Flats" and "Desert Canto XII: Clouds (Non-Equivalents)"; through 3/18. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Ray Mortenson—Large-scale photographs of the small lakes and ponds of the Hudson Highlands; through 3/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Genevieve Naylor—A survey of works by this photographer who worked in fashion and photojournalism and who covered the Korean War for *Look* magazine; through 3/19. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Victor Schrager/Jungjin Lee—These photographs of different bird species recall works by John James Audubon./Triptychs that depict images of the American desert interrupted by the artist's own hands, feet, limbs, and torso, composed of hand-applied photographic emulsion on handmade rice paper. Through 3/25. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Ben Shahn—An exhibit concentrating on the painter's photographic works, including images documenting the effects of the Great Depression in New York and the rural South and Midwest, the Alfred Dreyfus affair, and the Sacco-and-Vanzetti case; through 3/25. Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (772-4068).

Ray Charles White—Portraits of artists and art-world figures; through 3/16. Thicket, 44 Lispenard St. (343-2846).

Robert Yarber—Recent photographs of nocturnal landscapes; through 3/11. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Museums

Alternative Museum—Paintings by the Chilean artist, Jaime Palacios, whose works use archetypal symbols to express the relationship of man to earth, nature, and the rest of mankind; an installation by Gerda Meyer Bernstein that addresses brutality and injustice; large-scale drawings by Marina Guttierrez that combine a style inspired by Puerto Rican folk art with a symbolic system derived from Egyptian hieroglyphics. 2/27–4/8. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Images of Power: Balinese Paintings." Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." 725 Park Ave. (517-8315); Tue., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thur. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Grand Reserves: Rediscoveries and Recent Acquisitions at the Brooklyn Museum." Through 3/26. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation". Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned.*" Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Narelle Jubelin: Soft Shoulder." Mixed-media works by an Australian artist that address the effects of international commerce and travel on local culture; through 3/11. New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

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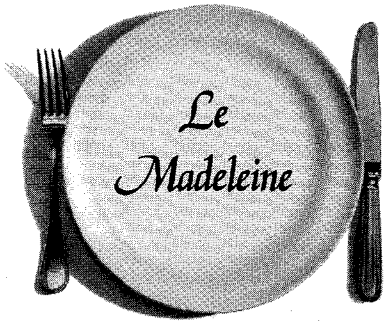

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Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991. Through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." A retrospective tracing his artistic career from his early works made on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas through the last years of his life. 2/26–7/16. "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"R.B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Paintings by the American-born artist, who has lived in England for more than three decades and whose themes include his years as a merchant seaman, the history of film, and his Jewish heritage. Through 5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans." Paintings and drawings spanning the years 1935 to 1981 by this self-taught artist from North Carolina whose mandalalike images of surreal creatures, multiple eyes, and beautiful women's faces were inspired by visions from her dreams. Through 4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." Through 3/14. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." Through 5/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

El Museo del Barrio—"Art of the Other México: Sources and Meanings." Through 3/5. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late-nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales. Through 9/3. . . . "Centuries of Sentiment: Valentines Past and Present." Through 2/28. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"La Fontaine." An exhibit of the French poet's books of fables, comedies, librettos for operas, and other works. Through 4/15. . . . "Lawrence Weiner: Books and Other Printed Matter." Through 4/8. . . . "Peter Koch, Printer." A retrospective of works by this designer, printer, and publisher, from the "Cowboy Surrealism" of his early years in Montana to commercial and commissioned work and his increasingly innovative explorations of the uses of printing and the book form itself. Through 3/28. . . . "Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25. . . . "e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 5/14. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Queens Museum of Art—"Common Ground/Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art." Through 4/9. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 2/22 at 10 and 2: "Contemporary Art." On view from 2/18. 2/28 at 10 and 2: "United States Stamps and Covers." On view from 2/23.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 2/22 at 1: "Books & Autographs." On view from 2/18. 2/28 at 1: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 2/24.

Doyle—175 E. 78th St. (427-2730). 2/22 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 2/18.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/22 at 2 and 2/23 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture & Decorations." On view from 2/17. 2/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Modern & Contemporary

Retrospective

By Her Own Design

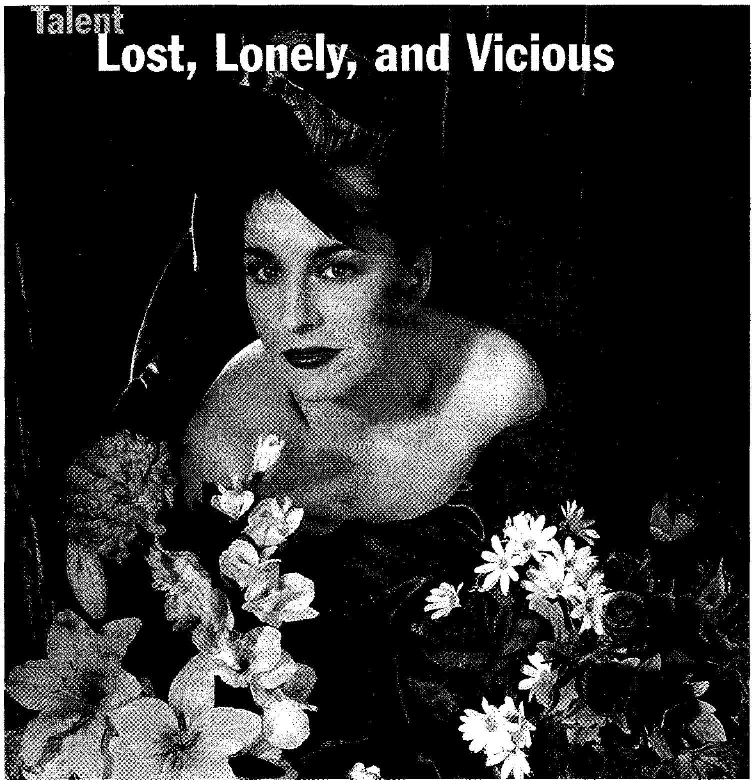
Had she not married Alvin Lustig, one of America's most influential graphic designers, Elaine Lustig Cohen might have toughed it out as a high-school art teacher, dodging gum balls thrown, she recalls with a laugh, by "those rotten kids." Instead, the 21-year-old former fine-arts student went to work in her husband's office, learning the business by osmosis. When Lustig began to lose his sight in 1953, Cohen became his eyes, executing his concepts for him. After his death in 1955 at age 40, Cohen started her own design practice at the urging of their friends.

"People often ask me what it was like to be a woman designer in those days," says Cohen, now 67, whose pioneering work as a designer of architectural signage, books, book covers, and catalogues is currently the subject of an exhibit at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum. "I wasn't competing in the advertising world," she says. "It was a small world then; everyone knew everyone." But it was Cohen's experiments with lettering—redrawing typefaces, for instance—and not just the recommendations from the likes of Philip Johnson and Ada Louise Huxtable that got her the jobs developing signage for General Motors and the Seagram Building.

Cohen, who'd always painted, returned to the medium full-time in 1968; in 1979, she was the first woman to have a show at Mary Boone's then-fledgling gallery. She's since exhibited her paintings at Exit Art and will show her latest collages at Julie Saul Gallery in March (she also runs Ex Libris, the rare-art-book store that she and her second husband, Arthur Cohen, who died in 1986, opened on the ground floor of their Upper East Side townhouse in the early seventies). Once tautly geometric, and clearly informed by her design background, Cohen's abstract paintings have loosened up a bit and become a more accurate reflection of her sensibility. It hasn't been easy to escape her roots, though—Cohen's daughter Tamar has become a graphic designer. "Designers want to invade every part of your life, from how you live to how you see," she warns with a sympathetic sigh. "They think that good design makes things better." **Edith Newhall**

Photograph by Richard Mitchell.

Shakespeare...CinderFella...Loesser



Talent

Lost, Lonely, and Vicious

Chicago actress Paula Killen is something like a contemporary solo-theater equivalent of Ida Lupino: The characters in her one-woman show 'The State I'm In' are tough, slightly damaged women played with wry compassion—and humor. Begins Thursday at the Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A East 4th Street (254-6468).

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. Begins previews 2/24 for a 3/6 opening. $35–$45. Tue.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz' 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppresssive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia De Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the most devastating failure of his career with his single, disastrous foray into dramatic writing, would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Philip Bosco, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. In previews; opening 3/9. $20–$42.50. Tue.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin.') Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the fluegelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Now in previews (Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2; $29.50–$67.50) at the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200).* Uh Huh.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play— not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of *L.A. Law*) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. Opens 2/23. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, begins its fourth year on Broadway this week. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock and roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

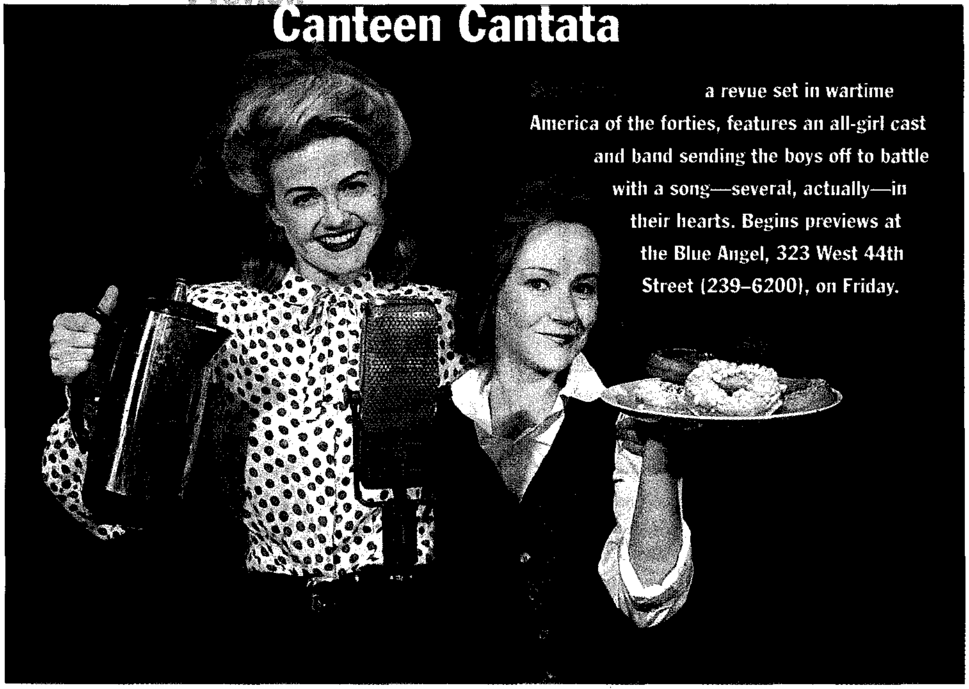
An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Vanessa Williams, who scored something of a personal triumph in the title role, wraps up a thrice-extended run on 3/18; Maria Conchita Alonso steps in 3/20. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel will soon ease into its ninth year on Broadway, sturdy as ever. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*



Preview

Canteen Cantata

a revue set in wartime America of the forties, features an all-girl cast and band sending the boys off to battle with a song—several, actually—in their hearts. Begins previews at the Blue Angel, 323 West 44th Street (239-6200), on Friday.

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, nearing the 3,000 mark and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands,* he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold,* Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. Through 3/12. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains with the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Camping With Henry And Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. Opening 2/20. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Circus Life—Murray Schisgal, the American theater's laureate master of wry middle-class comic schtick, has written a farce about two men—law partners and lifelong pals—who fall in love with the same woman. She used to work in a circus and is facing murder charges, so you can just imagine, can't you? With Mike Burstyn, Keith Langsdale, and Tresha Rodriguez. Directed by Larry Arrick. Opens 2/27; $25 until then, $35 thereafter. Tue.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Compleat Works Of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Opens 2/26. Tues., Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. $19.95 through 2/28; $25 thereafter. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings by director Barry Kyle. Both parts (*Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War*) are now in previews; they premiere on 2/25 (Part I at 2 and Part II at 8). Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Heavy Breathing—A one-man show, written and performed by Scott Carter, about literature, pornography, and asthma. Directed by Jim Fyfe. $15. Thur.–Sun. at 8. *William Renfield Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).*

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Opens 2/21. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Jack's Holiday—It's a busy February for Mark St. Germain, who opens not only a straight play (*Camping with Henry And Tom*) downtown this month but also this A.S. (After Sondheim) musical about a serial killer on the loose. Music and lyrics by Randy Courts; book and lyrics by Mr. St. Germain. $35. Now in previews; opens 3/5. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theater (279-4200).*

Rush Limbaugh in Night School—A one-man show written and performed by Charlie Varon, in which the titular character, forced into good old American-style economic competition by rival talk-show hosts, finds himself soliciting new audiences in the liberal swamps of the New School and the Delacorte Theater. Begins previews 2/22 for a 3/15 opening. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Silence, Cunning, Exile—A new play by Stuart Greenman about the life of Diane Arbus, the photographer who, inspired by Joseph Mitchell's profiles of small-time eccentrics and grotesques in *The New Yorker,* made them her subject—and opened up a hole or two in her own soul as well. Directed by Mark Wing-Davey, who also staged Howard Korder's scathing *The Lights* at Lincoln Center season before last: *this* guy's no stranger to urban horror. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. Sun. at 3. *Public Theater, Martinson Hall (260-2400).*

Now Playing

Alice Out From Under—Down the rabbit hole with comedian and performance artist Fia Perera as she meets (and performs) "fifteen zany characters who help her triumph over life's obstacles." Yes,

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

well. Directed by Wynn Harmon. $7, plus a two-drink minimum. 2/27 at 6:45; 3/6 at 9:30; 3/13, 20, 27 at 8:30. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, W. 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of isolation. They meet when one—a tense, anxious woman who was once a percussionist for the New York Philharmonic—begins making a series of late-night prank calls to people selected randomly from the phone book. When she reaches a lonely young artist, they strike up a conversation and begin speaking regularly on the phone. $27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 3/12. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (279-7200).*

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show from Nuyorican graduate Dael Orlandersmith. In it, she plays Diane, a poet with a dark angel for her muse, as well as numerous other characters. Directed by Peter Askin. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Budd—A Manhattan performance artist moves to the suburbs, where chaos, predictably, ensues. Written and directed by Richard Caliban. $15; $10 student tickets available with reservation. 2/23–3/18; Thur.–Sun. at 8. *Cucaracha Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St., bet. Aves. B and C (966-8596).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on...well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Recently extended through 3/26. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Cherry Orchard—The play by Chekhov, in a production by the Oasis Theatre Company. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5; 2/23 through /26. *230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Come Clean—Four one-act investigations of sexism and misogyny by bisexual activist Kyle Schickner. $15. 2/22–5 at 8, 2/25 at 2, 2/26 at 2 and 7. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (572-5996).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

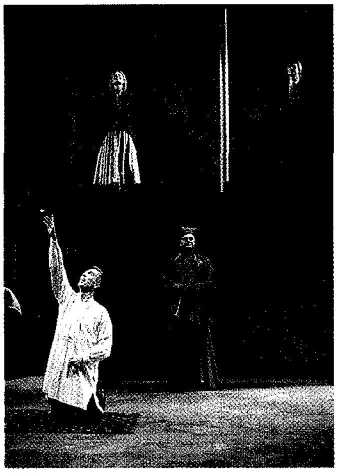
Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, Michael Winther, and David Wolos-Fontino. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Recently extended (for the second time) through 3/26, which will put Lincoln Center in the somewhat unusual position of housing two Stoppard plays concurrently when *Arcadia* arrives on 3/2. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Onstage

History, the Nightmare

The small, 153-seat Off Broadway space at St. Clement's Church on West 46th Street is currently the home of the most enthusiastically acclaimed Shakespeare in New York City and very possibly the United States. Theatre for a New Audience's two-part "distillation" of the *Henry VI* cycle has uncovered the breathtaking drama beneath scripts regarded, until recently, as unplayable apprentice work. (The three plays were last done in 1970 as part of a New York Shakespeare Festival compilation called *The Wars of the Roses,* and have rarely, if ever, been performed on their own here.) Director and Royal Shakespeare Company alumnus Barry Kyle has pared the repetitions of Shakespeare's text to reveal what may well be one of the founding documents of the modern sense of history, represented in *Henry VI* not as the working out of divine purpose but as a tangled knot of shadowy, unstable Realpolitik alliances driven by sex, money, and ambition.



TFANA's reputation as one of Manhattan's more imaginative producers of classic plays took a giant step forward last season with the popular and critical success of Julie Taymor's *Titus Andronicus,* another infrequently seen Shakespeare. According to artistic director Jeffrey Horowitz, the company seeks to explore new ways of playing the language of poetic drama that will be relevant to modern audiences. History itself, it might be noted, sometimes lends a hand; last Friday, as I walked through Times Square to see the first installment of this story about a naive, clueless ruler thrust unprepared into a position of power and sustained there by political operators and a manipulative wife, the papers on the stands were announcing that Dan Quayle had ended his campaign for the presidency.

RANDALL SHORT

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Loot—Joe Orton was writing plays about homosexual lust, prosthetics, and necrophilia back when those subjects were thought to be, you know, unusual. The Independent Theatre Company's production of his best-known script. Through 3/18. Wed.–Sat. at 8. $12, TDF accepted. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. south of Houston (353-3088).*

The Merchant of Venice—Whether one considers it patently anti-Semitic or simply too richly complex to be fodder for simple-minded debate, it's inarguable that Shakespeare's play provides one of his most challenging and intellectually interesting roles. Taking on Shylock is Ron Leibman, who reached a new career high playing another controversial Jewish figure—Roy Cohn—in Angels in America. Directed by Barry Edelstein. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 2/26. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Missing Persons—A new, substantially rewritten version of Craig Lucas's 1981 piece about a woman and her family trying to come to terms with one another and the past. Directed by Michael Mayer, who helmed the well-received production of Angels in America in Chicago, the first stop on its national tour. $22–$28. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. at 2. Through 2/25. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (645-1242).*

New by Noonan—Two new one-act plays by John Ford Noonan: *Waiting for the Word* and *The Drowning of Manhattan.* The evening also includes Anna Traina's *Winnie and G.* $10. 2/23-3/12; Thur.–Sun. at 8. *Common Basis Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., Rm. 500 (340-0152).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Oedipus at Colonus—In the Pearl Theatre Company's production of the middle, rarely performed play of Sophocles' Theban Trilogy, Robert Hock is featured as the blind king who comes to spiritual transcendence through suffering. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $20–$25. Tues., Thur., and Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/18. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place, nr. First Ave. (598-9802).*

The Old Lady's Guide to Survival—In a new comedy by Mayo Simon (screenwriter for Judy Garland's last film, *I Could Go On Singing*), June Havoc—onstage 79 years and counting—comes to grips with old age, the affliction memorably described by Everett Sloane in Citizen Kane as the only one you don't look forward to being cured of. With Shirl Bernheim as Shprintzy. Directed by Alan Mandell. $30-$35. Tues. at 7; Wed.—Sat. at 8; mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theater, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

"perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

The Sugar Bean Sisters—Three women living amongst the swampland and sugarcane fields of Watchalahoochie, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the twenty-fifth anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butler. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Split—A Michael Weller one-act about seventies relationships. $8. 2/23-8, 3/1–4 at 8, 2/26 at 3, 3/.5 at 3. *Fool's Company Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (501-8108).*

The State I'm In—Chicago performance artist Paula Killen specializes in bleakly comic portraits of women (and the occasional man) from the rough side of the street—strippers, Elvis imitators, the walking wounded in general. (An Ida Lupino for the nineties, you might say.) Her current one-woman show deals with a lovesick naïf who makes a pact with the devil and—as happens in art more often than in life—gets more than she bargained for. $12; TDF accepted. 2/23–3/4; Thur.–Sat at 10. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (254-6468).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

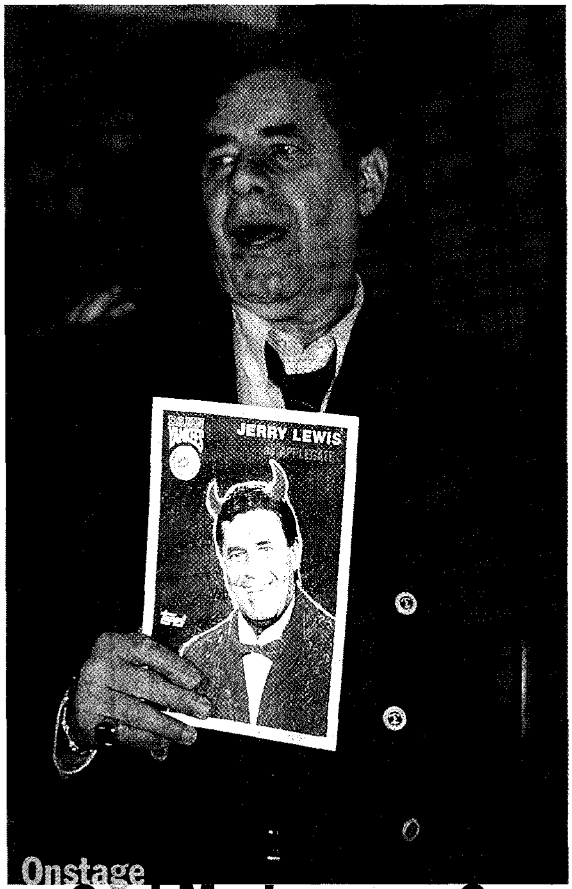
Tony n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.; then a reception at 147 Waverly Place, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200)

The Truth-Teller—A comedy from the ever-prolific Joyce Carol Oates concerns Hedda, the daughter of an affluent family who creates havoc when she makes a surprise visit to the upstate home. Other family members are called Nora, Maggie, Tiny, and Biff. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $32.50–$35 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards's English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Young Man From Atlanta—The Signature Theatre Company continues its season devoted to the works of Horton Foote with the world premiere of this show about a couple confronting the death of their only child. Directed by Peter Masterson. With Ralph Waite, Devon Abner, Christine Burz, Frances Foster, Carlin Glynn, Seth Jones, Michael Lewis, and James Pritchett. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/26. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (279-4200).*



Onstage

Quel Meshuga, ce Guy

After an unprecedented two-month hiatus, Broadway's hit revival of 'Damn Yankees' returns to the Marquis Theatre next week, with Jerry Lewis stepping into the role of the Devil. Joli, nu?

Off-Off Broadway

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, 131 East 10th St., 2nd floor (533-4650).*

Macbeth—The Habitual Theater's setting of the Scottish play in the modern worlds of high fashion, politics, and the entertainment industry Directed by Reese Madigan. $12. 2/28–3/5 at 8, 3/5 at 3. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (718 852-9754).*

Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Porter—In the Medicine Show company's revue, five Shakespeare plays meet 32 songs (a number of them unpublished) by Cole Porter. Directed by Barbara Vann; musical director, Sandra Sprecher. $10. Fri., Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3, through 3/4. *Medicine Show, 552 West 53rd St. (262-4216).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thur.-Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

Regrets Only/Knowing The Questions—Two solo pieces by San Francisco performance artist Jamie Berger. Directed by Roberta D'Alois. $8 (Wed., Thur., Sun.) and $12 (Fri. and Sat.). Opens 2/15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/11. *Miranda Theatre Company, 259 W. 30th St. (268-9829).*

Sexual Psychobabble—Four farces by Lissa Moira and Richard West: *Poetic Injustice, A Space For Seduction, Sexlax,* and *Low Accommodations.* $10. Thur.–Sun. at 8:15 through 2/26. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., bet. 9th and 10th (254-1109).*

Slight Return—Kyle deCamp plays a woman trapped in a hotel room during an earthquake, or maybe just in her own mind, in John Jesurun's latest multimedia meditation on the nature of consciousness. $12, TDF accepted. Through 2/26, Thur.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

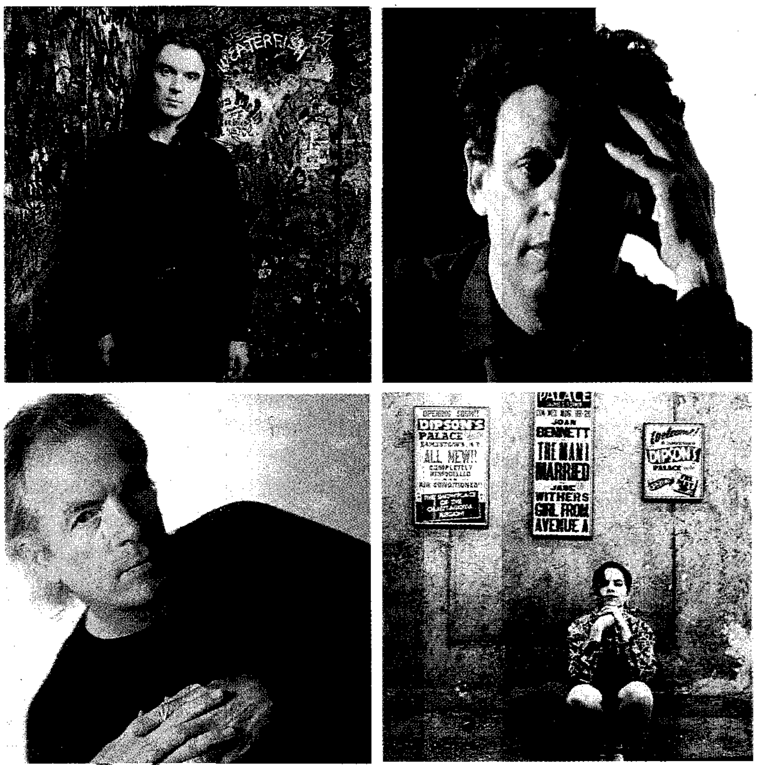
Thoughts Modern—A ten-day marathon of new plays, featuring—this gets complicated, so hang on—four mainstage programs, each consisting of two full-length plays and four one-act plays, plus three programs of late-night solo performances. Through 2/26; Tue.–Sun. at 8 (mainstage) and 10:30 (late-night). Individual mainstage admission is $10, which entitles you to hang around for the late-night program for an additional $5; otherwise, the latter is also $10. Passes for admission to all performances: $20. Call for schedule and details. Presented by Zena Group and One Dream. *One Dream, 232 West Broadway, entrance on N. Moore between Varick and West Broadway (431-0051).*

Theatron '95/'96—A series of Monday-night readings featuring new work by contemporary Israeli playwrights. 2/20: *Games in the Backyard,* by Edna Mayza. 2/27: *Hefetz,* by Hanoch Levin. 3/6: *Exile in Jerusalem,* by Motti Lerner. All at 7:30. Free; reservations required. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.*

Tiny Closets—A "Repression Era" evening of three one-act plays by William Inge—*The Tiny Closet, The Boy In The Basement,* and *A Murder*—written in the early 1950s but which, because of veiled references to homosexuality and necrophilia, went unpublished for a decade. Presented by the Peccadillo Theater Company. $10. Through 3/3, Tue.–Sun. at 8. *Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (460-0982).*

Photograph by Judy Burstein/Photoreporters.

ermano...Mambazo...and a Del Fuego



Performance

To Tibet With Love

David Byrne, Philip Glass, Natalie Merchant, and Spalding Gray (clockwise from upper left)—but, alas, no Richard Gere this year—appear on behalf of the Tibet House New York at Carnegie Hall on February 28.

Concerts

Ladysmith Black Mambazo—Nearly ten years after Paul Simon's *Graceland* propelled them to world fame, the South African vocal group continues to astound. Founder Joseph Shabalala says he formed the group after hearing its harmonies in a dream, and now, live especially, the nine a capella voices truly do sound otherwordly, weaving intricate melodies at once ancient and modern. They appear with the local blues trio the Holmes Brothers. 2/23 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $25 and $30.*

Concert for Tibet House New York—The beautiful people of art, letters, and music unite for Tibet House New York, the Dalai Lama–sanctioned outlet for Tibet fever. Musicians include David Byrne, ex-Maniac Natalie Merchant, Texas bard Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Celtic chanteuse Katell Keineg, composer Philip Glass, fiddler Ashley MacIsaac, and the Gyuoto Monks. Wordsmiths include Allen Ginsberg and Spalding Gray. Also in the house: Francesco Clemente, Harrison Ford, Uma Thurman, and more than a few shaved heads. 2/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 57th St. and Seventh Ave. (247-7800). $20–$75.*

Dave Matthews Band and Big Head Todd & the Monsters—The charismatic South Africa–born Dave Matthews leads this frat-rock sensation from Charlottesville, laying amiable enough lyrics and melodies over the same sort of sprightly, tie-dyed funk that propelled Blues Traveler and Phish to the arena. With the Ugly Americans. 2/23 and 2/24 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171).*

Trumpet Tribute—The occasionally hilarious and always inventive trumpeter Clark Terry celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday by toasting horn icons Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, and Miles Davis. He plays with the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, Lalo Schifrin, and Wallace Roney. 2/23 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 57th St. and Seventh Ave. (247-7800).*

A Forties Jazz Tapestry—The Jazz Foundation of America Orchestra performs music by Parker, Ellington, Basie, and Gillespie. 2/24 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (997-1003).*

Mel Tormé—The "Velvet Fog" swings a tribute to Benny Goodman, featuring a sung rendition of Gene Krupa's classic drum solo on "Sing, Sing, Sing." 2/25 at 8 P.M. *Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College, one block from Flatbush and Nostrand Aves., Brooklyn. (718-951-4500).* Also 2/26 at 2 P.M. *Colden Center, Queens College, Queens. (718-793-8080).*

Big Citi Jazz—Inner Circle All Stars Band, playing the music of Ellington and Basie, with the Nanette Bearden Contemporary Dance Theater. 2/24 at 6 P.M. *Atrium, Citicorp Center, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (559-6758).*

Varttina—Pop-folk from Finland. 2/25 at 8:30 p.m. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719). $16.*

Clubland

Academy—A grand old theater whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie with the 10,000th rendition of "Memory" being sung three blocks away. 2/27: Simple Minds; Lisa Germano. *234 W. 34th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

A.K.A.—A smallish, second-floor home to Downtown hipsters, acid jazzbos, and alternarock bands. 2/22: Arnie Lawrence and the Funk Co-Elation. 2/23: Meow. 2/25: Marmalade. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 2/24: Father Charlie Coen, an actual Irish priest from County Galway, plays concertina, flute, and tin whistle. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries, given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/21: Darlene Love, in a special one-hour set. 2/24: "Required Listening," features new underknowns Kyle Davis, Pete and Maura Kennedy, Barbara Kessler, Happy Rhodes. 2/25: Cliff Eberhardt, John Gorka, Patty Larkin, Cheryl Wheeler. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite cozy, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 2/23: Kevin Salem. 2/24: Handsome, Halcion, Angel Rot, Combine. 2/26: Raucous Seattleite post-punks Alice Donut play a benefit for Studio Twist, with Womyn of Destruction, Mecca Bodega, and Molotov Cocktail. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, eighteen years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. With comfy sofas. 2/22–2/23: Big Time Sarah. 2/24–2/25: Son Seals. 2/27: Night Owls Blues Band. 2/28: Ernie Williams and the Wildcats. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 2/21: Aquabooty. 2/23: Smackdab; Garden Variety; Vitapup;. 2/24: Harvey Sid Fisher, whose résumé distinguishes him as "one of L.A.'s top 10,000 photographic models," takes New York. His self-produced video to *Astrology Songs*—featuring the tuxedo-clad crooner lip-synching songs to the zodiac, a different dancing girl miming each sign—triumphed on public-access cable, fostering a nationwide video trade and a cult following that includes such disparate members as Cinderella and Dianne Ladd. He's joined by more traditional indie rockers Envelope, Gem, and Memphis Luxure. 2/25: James Chance and the Contortions. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Harvey Sid Fisher warms up for his Cooler show, digging the neo-Moroccan ambience and mingling on 2/22. 2/23: Mingus Big Band. 2/24: Singer Paula Cole. 3/1: Soul singer Fontella Bass. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Tim Cloherty, singer for New York buzz band the Rake's Progress, looks like a cross between the Germs' Darby Crash and Morrissey, although

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Kevin Knight; Tom Caravaglia; Michael Halsband; Scott Schulman.

the band cites R.E.M. and the Rolling Stones as influences. The band puts plenty of kinks in its tuneful hard-pop and the lyrics ("You Must Be on Drugs") and ("We're So Cool") tend toward catchy, collegiate smart-assery. They play with the Caulfields on 2/22. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side, with national blues acts and good time rock and roll. 2/23: Carey Bell, Mississippi-bred Chicago-trained harmonica master. 2/21: Voodudes. 2/22: Milo Z and Z Funk. 2/23: Carey Bell. 2/24: Johnny. 2/25: Allen. 2/26: "Manny's World Famous Blues Jam." 2/27: Black Widow Band. 2/28: Mardi Gras party with the Flying Neutrinos and the Gotham Playboys. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-*BLUES*).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's Indie-Rock Central or CBGB West, this is the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 2/23: Shirk Circus; Paul K. & the Weathermen; Starbilly. 2/24: Kate Jacobs; the Schramms; One Riot, One Ranger. 2/26: Tuscadero; Chisel. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening spots, this intimate room often hosts folk and rock artists ready for the more au courant slots on MTV. 2/24: Richard Barone. 2/25: Maggie Estep rants on the mike; ex–Del Fuego Dan Zanes sings soulfully with guitar. 2/26: the Rolls; Marry Me Jane; Kitty Winder. 2/28: Elastica; St. Johnny. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210). $.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 2/27: Antihootenany, with Lach. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 2/24: Phantoms; Marion Meadows. 2/26: Puerto Rico's hard-rock band Gunhill Road; Venezuela's King Chango; Lotus; and Situation Zero. 2/27: Asa Dife, playing Afro-Dominican roots music. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 2/23: Jefferson Starship. 2/24: El Debarge; Milo Z. 2/27: Loup Garou plays a special *bal de maison* party for Mardi Gras, with G. E. Smith and the High Plains Drifters, bass acrobat Rob Wasserman, Eric Schenkman, ex–Tower of Power saxophonist Lenny Pickett, and others. 2/28: Vieux Diop. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/24: Skadanks; Papa Jube. 2/27: Cycomotogoat; Johnny Skilsaw. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 2/20: David Azarian Quartet. 2/27: Pianist Laszlo Gardony leads a quintet with guitarist Mick Goodrick, taiko drummer Satoshi Takeishi, bassist Stomu Takeishi, and percussionist Jamey Haddad. 2/28–3/5: George Shearing Trio and Tommy Flanagan Trio. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 2/20–2/25: Peter Leitch; John Hicks; Rufus Reid. 2/26: Robin Eubanks Trio. 2/27–2/3/4: Pianist Mulgrew Miller leads a trio. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

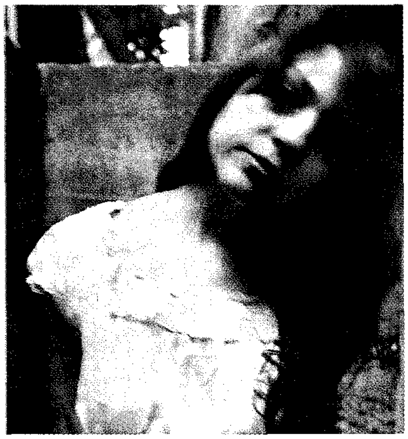
Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 2/27: Bobby Watson and Horizon. The 40-year-old former Jazz Messenger has been tearing it up lately, with a gruff alto tone and surprising hard-bop acrobatics. Although younger and older names are grabbing more ink, this is the state of the art. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Talent

Growing Up in Private

Frank sexuality and wounded journal entries are what Liz Phair brings to the party, but Lisa Germano (February 27 at the Academy) prefers you to listen alone. Dark, ethereal, and at times truly scary, Germano's *Geek the Girl* (4AD)—which she says she wrote without intending to release—is the kind of confessional you don't want to hear at first, but then can't stop listening to. In a flat, unnervingly calm voice, the ex-fiddler for John Mellencamp reveals a stalking victim's home ritual, paints a scene of teenage self-abuse, and tells the story of how some girls *aren't* treated like debutantes in the backseat of Jackie's car. Folky pop melodies and haunting, low-fi atmospherics carry these dreamscapes of private nightmares and desperate hopes. And though she's an assured musician, onstage the Indiana native projects an air of tortured uncertainty that makes you fear for her spirit as she grapples with all these demons. Opening for Simple Minds at such a large venue, Germano will probably make the psychodrama all the more compelling.

Chris Norris



Photograph by Melodie McDaniel.

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*–looking ballroom and host to many a jazz great. 2/24–2/25: Jill Hughes. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Mondays through February, "Five Star Guitars Play the Music of Charles Mingus," with a rotating roster of New York fret-burners—David Fiuczinski, Russell Malone, David Gilmore, and others. 2/22–2/26: The excellent vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson leads a quartet. 2/26: Kendra Shank. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. 2/22–2/25: Ronny Whyte. 3/1–3/4: Sir Roland Hanna. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—One of the most underappreciated drummers in jazz, Paul Motian, leads a band here on 2/22. The avant-minded but ever-swinging Armenian has brought such important figures as Joe Lovano, Tim Berne, and Bill Frisell to the fore, and his freewheeling bands are always breaking new ground. This time out he plays with occasional sideman Frisell. 2/23–2/25: The Lounge Lizards. 2/26: Marc Ribot performs an original score to the silent film *Aelita Queen of Mars*. 2/27: David Murray Big Band, conducted by Butch Morris. 2/28: David S. Ware Quintet. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Metropolis (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. 2/24–2/25: Benny Powell, trombonist. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Through 2/26: Charlie Sepulveda and the Turnaround. 2/28–3/5: The voracious young tenor saxophonist ascendant Javon Jackson leads a quartet, graced by legendary bassist Ron Carter. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 2/26: Joe Bushkin Trio. 2/28–3/11: Hollywood Musical vet Tony Martin, who's costarred with Fred Astaire, Hedy Lamarr, Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth, Debbie Reynolds, Judy Garland, and Lana Turner. He'll be singing and reminiscing. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. 2/21–2/26: Vanguard 60th Anniversary Celebration, featuring Shirley Horn (2/21), Dick Gregory (2/22), Allen Ginsberg (2/23), Bobby Short and Jimmy Rowles (2/24), Professor Irwin Corey and Jimmy Rowles (2/25), and Pete Seeger (2/26). Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off

Times Square. 2/23–2/25: Jeff Dunham and Peanut. 2/28: Flip Orley. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 2/26: Jeff Ross; Ray Romano; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Linda Smith; Mario Cantone. 2/27–3/5: Jeff Ross; Greg Rogell; Kevin Brennen; Dave Attell; Mario Cantone. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 2/26: Nancy Redman; John Rizzo; Danny Curtis; Ben Creed; Scott Bruce; Quentin Heggs; and Glenn "Mr. Bullhorn" Super. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 East 24th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (696-5233).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Westbeth Cafe—Michael Conway, Mary Huner, Jill Kinney, and Robert Sabin perform sketch comedy. Shows at 8:30. *151 Bank St. (206-0904).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Guitarist and singer John Pizzarelli regales the Oak Room with swing classics in a subdued mood, helped out by his brother Martin and Ray Kennedy on bass and piano, through 2/25. On 2/28, pianist and arranger Peter Howard moves in with vocalists Lorna Dallas and Bill Daugherty in "Crazy for Musicals," a lighthearted revue. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Barbara Cook checks in on 2/21, spreading acidulous wit through 4/8. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. No cover, no minimum. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Eighty Eight's—Mondays through 3/13 at 8, Marilyn Volpe singing the sons of Cy Coleman in a show called "You Fascinate Me So." $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Preview

One Voice

Nine epochal years after backing Paul Simon, South Africa's Ladysmith Black Mambazo still stuns audiences with its gorgeous a cappella. At Town Hall on February 23.

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. Tues.–Sat.: "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," a musical memoir of Irving Berlin. Nightly at 9 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Celebrating her fiftieth anniversary in show business, Rosemary Clooney raises the highest rafters in town through 3/4: Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet is in residence Fridays at 10:30 through 2/24 playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists. This week, Dan Tramon of Sound Associates sits in. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—Marc Lauren in "In Another Place and Time," a compilation of French and American standards. After a special Valentine's Day opening at 9, the show plays Wed. eves. at that hour through 3/15. $15 cover. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tatou—*Viva Brazil!,* a musical revue featuring The Girls From Ipanema. Wed.–Sat. nightly at 9 through 4/1. Jackets required. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

Bars

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; striped ties and strings of pearls; knock-knock jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

C. J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

Dama—Man-about-downtown Jean Claude Iacoveli and three fellow Eurocharmers have opened a playroom for themselves and their elegant and oversexed young trendies—some of whom (for fun, not profit) dance nearly naked. Though unnecessary, oysters are served until 3 a.m., or until they run out. *9 Seventh Ave. So., at Carmine St. (675-2638).*

d.b.a.—Beer geeks in an airplane hangar. The beer selection is so complete that it moves many of the customers to soliloquy. An empty stomach and a healthy curiosity about the dangers of increased degrees balling, fruity phenolic esters, and the Sumerian beer god Nimkasi are a must. *41 First Ave., nr. 3rd St. (475-5097).*

Decibel—Descend the iron stairs and ring the bell to enter this speakeasy sake bar. There are dozens of varieties on the menu. The well-pierced wait staff seems knowledgeable enough, and the clientele is a pleasant mix of gawking interlopers, curious novices, downtown hipsters, and Japanese night-crawlers. *240 E. 9th St. (979-2733).*

The Gold Bar—As gimmicks go, the bright light shining from the wide gash in the floor at the foot of the bar of this minimalist theme bar is, if nothing else, original. We know three guys who took it upon themselves to drop through the floor and guzzle as much of the warm beer being stored in the basement as possible before the cursing bartender chased them back up the stairs and out the door. That was long ago, and now there is a rail in front of the bar. *345 E. 9th St. (505-8270).*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—The least hateful bar on Amsterdam Avenue (at least until that idiotic Caddy started cruising the Upper Rich Side trying to dredge up more business). Attribute this to the relative long-in-the-toothness of its clientele. If your companion isn't absorbing, the décor is. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199).*

The Liquor Store—The low-key haunt you've been hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not have to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard in this former liquor store, but you'd feel like a jerk if you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pretzels from the bar, and a great view of the mounted unit from the 1st Precinct as it rounds the corner from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tour. *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

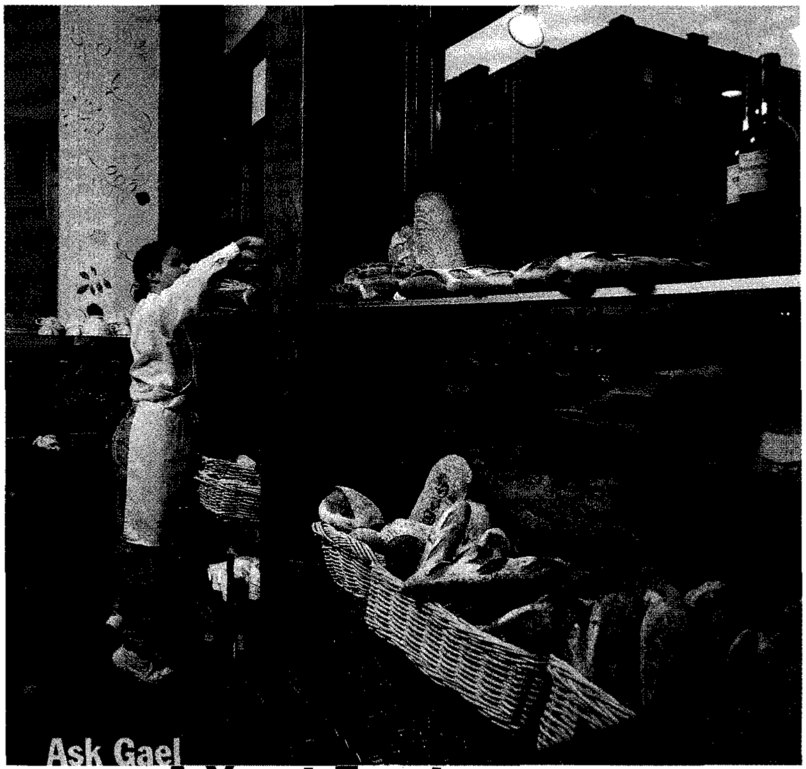
Red Strype—A downtown concept bar. Red Stripe, Dragon Stout, Ting, Hennessey, Baileys, and Amaretto; that's it. *33 Crosby St., nr. Broome St. (422-5788).*

S.T.—To the interloper, visiting this up-to-the minute East Village storefront will be like landing in a bar in Berlin without a working knowledge of German. The huddling young giddies pack this booze-up beyond capacity and make it so crowded that you can not only taste the alienation in the air but smell it. Heads up for the dartboard as you come out of the bathroom. *634 E. 11th St. (no phone).*

Teddy's—Soulful neighborhood haunt keeps the locals on the right side of the bridge even on the weekends. Live music occasionally, but the pressure to live up to the memory of the late in-house piano man Shorty Jackson keeps all but the ignorant or stouthearted away. *96 Berry St., at N. 8th St., Brooklyn (718-384-9787).*

restaurant

A Spleen Sandwich…New Bakery…Cheap *Hau*



Ask Gael

A Yeast Feast

Seen any new signs of civilization?

The proliferation of serious bread, and bakeries where folks are meant to linger, signals New York's golden age. Ark's new Columbus Bakery is very civilized indeed. Linger over a sonnet—read one, write one—and watch the bakers rolling out dough for sensational bread. Rosemary rolls, multigrain, and whole wheat in super-crusty ovals and baguettes. So maybe I can live without the mayo-manqué tuna sandwich and the tiny sticky bun. The chocolate bread pudding and an elegant blood-orange tart are grand with espresso. 474 Columbus Avenue, near 83rd Street.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist and owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. 475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. 281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Baluchis—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663).* (E) AE.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.

Chanterell—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E). AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Streghe—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. 331 W. Broadway at Grand St. (343-2080). (M) AE, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St., (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Two Eleven—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (925-7202) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

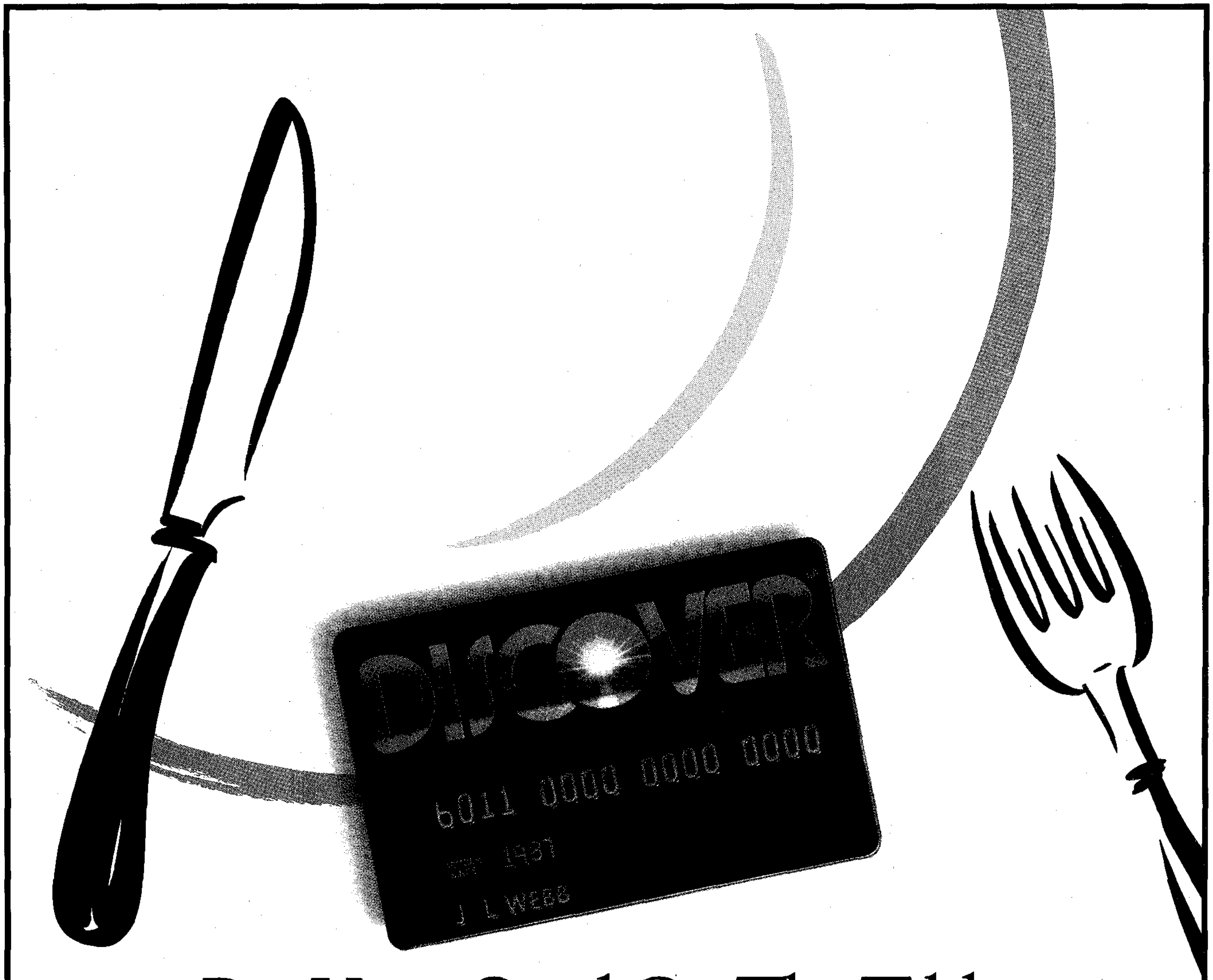
Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Warren Salowe



Put Your Card On The Table At These Fine Restaurants.

Allegria • Bombay Palace • Broadway Joe Steakhouse
Chantal Cafe • Danny's Grand Sea Palace • Dolce • Gallagher's
HSF • Il Giglio • Joey's Paesano • Knickerbockers • Le Madeleine
Liberty Cafe and Oyster Bar Atop Pier 17 • Lino's • Lucy's • Mr. Leo
Pomaire • Rosie O'Grady's • Toukie's

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Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the Peking, Ambrose, and Waverly moored at the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French bar-room bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. 54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M). ($)

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St. (633-bark). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. 117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

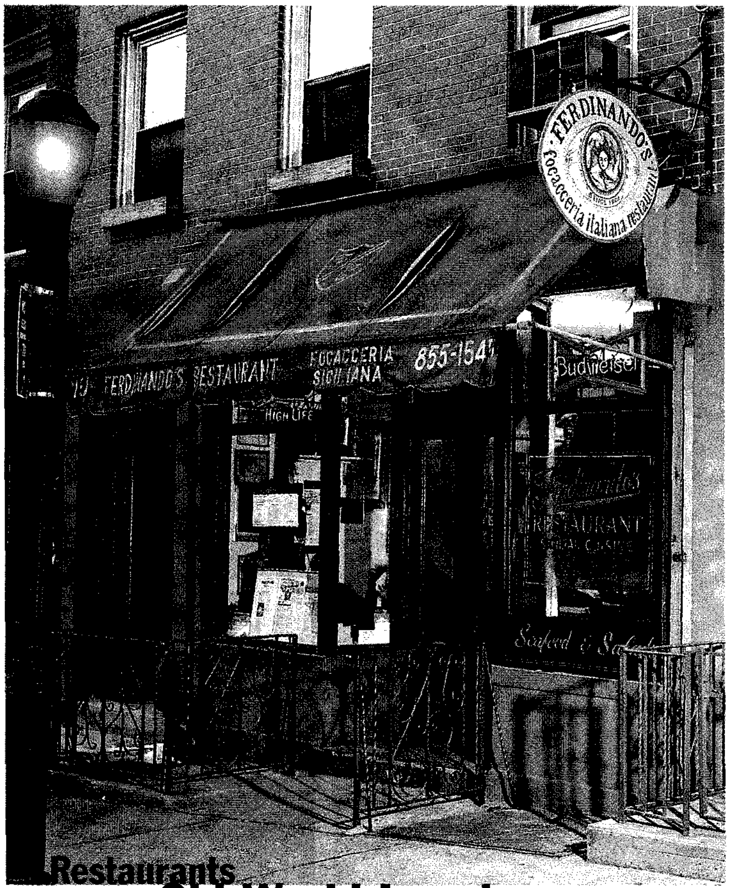
Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the Daily News, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 p.m., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. 21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steak house just blocks away from the city's meat market. Look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (I) (475-9891/260-4950). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.



Restaurants

Old-World Lunch

At the profoundly old-world Ferdinando's (in Brooklyn at 151 Union Street, west of Hicks Street), lunch starts at 10 a.m., and regulars tuck into Sicilian specialties like vastedda, a traditional lunch-pail sandwich made with spleen and ricotta cheese.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a menu to strictly American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brew—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that seems to move magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. 323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., nr. 29th St. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. 14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lola—A lively entrance that gives way to a vast and airy room made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. 30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with customers' art drawn at the table. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. 111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE, MC, V.

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries—and that of the *Times* best-seller list—over Perrier and paillard. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. Its packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

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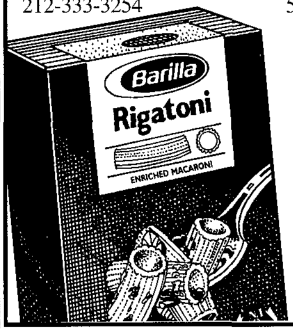

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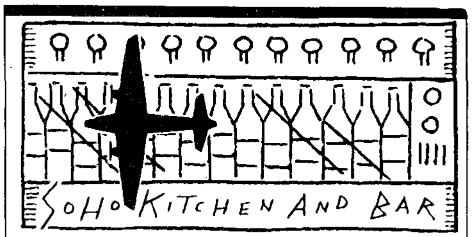

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315 W. 46th ST. (Bet. 8th & 9th Ave.) ★ 246-6513

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC,V.

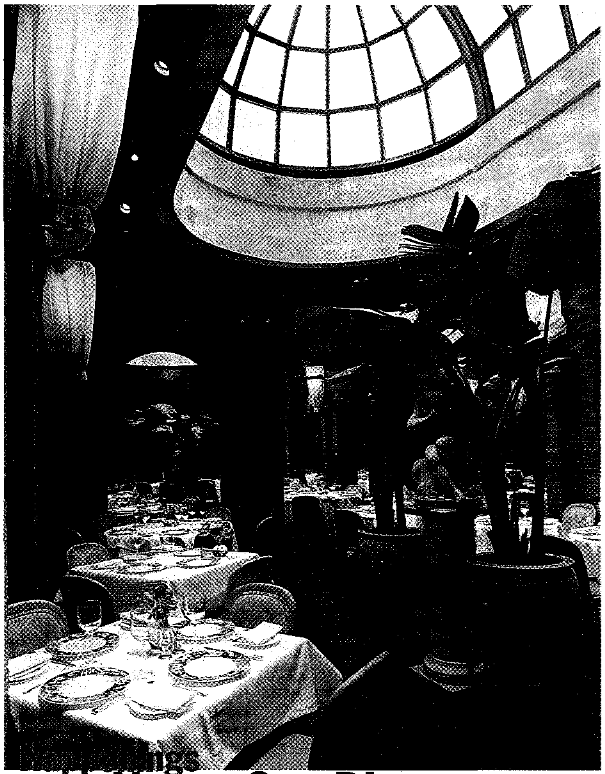
La Mangeoire—A Côte D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086. (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. 55 E. 54th St. (759-5941) (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Roma di Notte—Italian fare attracts a more mature crowd at this midtown spot that's been around for more than a quarter of a century. 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.



Happenings

Never Say Die

Sign of the Dove is doing a one-day, full-blitz renovation of its kitchen on the twenty-seventh. "We were going to close, but then we thought better of it," says manic co-owner Henny Santo. The restaurant is staying open by using the upstairs banquet kitchen to offer a priced-to-move $59 five-course dinner with wine and a champagne toast.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC,TM,V.

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave., at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,TM,V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC,V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours, free parking after 5:30 P.M. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steak house serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable *grill next door.* 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dish of Salt—Classic Cantonese that serves well as a pretheater meal or a business lunch. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242) (M) AE, CB, MC,V.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Keewah Yen—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. 50 W. 56th St. (246-0770) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC,V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro; reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC,V

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Marriott Marquis—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. 7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Olive Garden—A chain serving basic Italian fare but this one has been swanked up for the ever-so-sophisticated New York natives. The theater-district address attracts stouthearted natives and a tourist crowd. 201 W. 47th St., (246-4517). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Pasta Lovers—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short of compelling. 158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M). AE, MC,V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neopolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

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Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic and a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Rene Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean-Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near moma. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

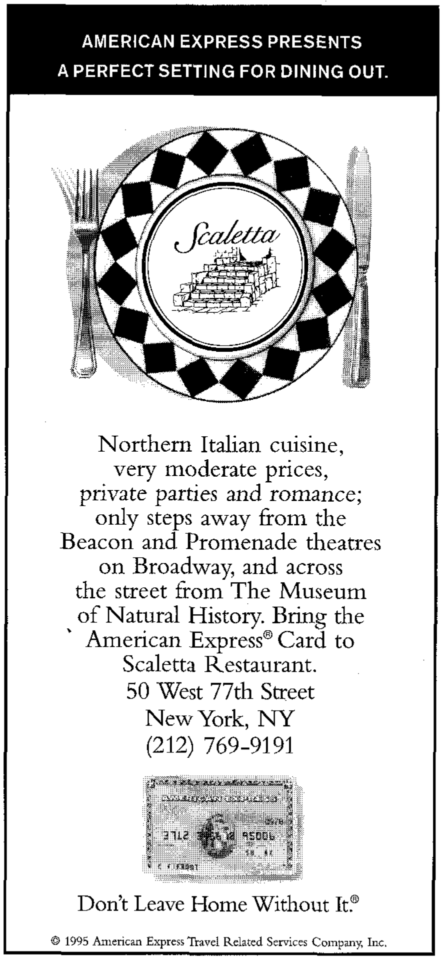
Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. 57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC,V.

"21" Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.



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57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. 475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717)(M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years. A Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fontana di Trevi—Hearty Italian that's been around for 44 years. Attracts business personalities at lunch, theatergoers at dinner. 151 W. 57th St. (247-5683). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded bird song, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

The Townhouse American—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. 206 E. 58th St. (826-6241) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1,000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

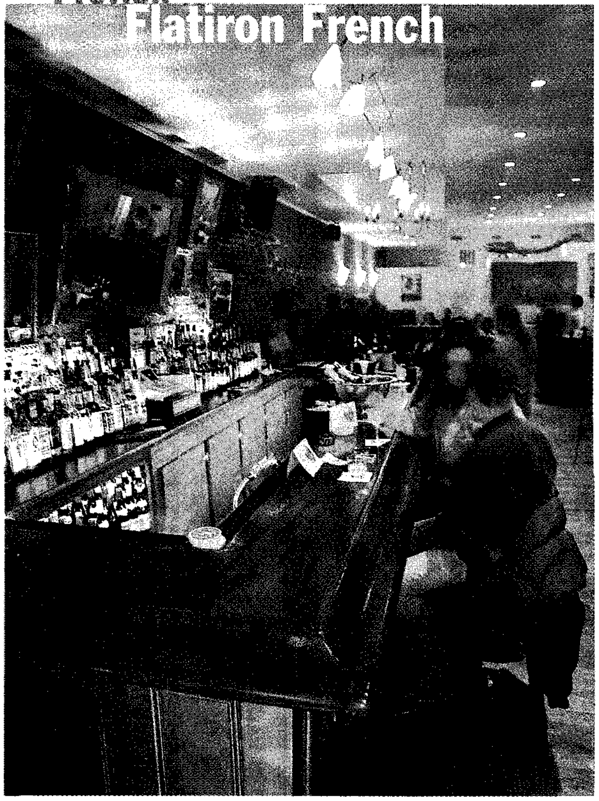
March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.

Preview
Flatiron French



The Flatiron district's newest arrival, Ricochet (43 East 20th Street), is a welcome departure from the stadium-size joints for which this neighborhood has become notorious. It's almost cozy, and the food is classic French.

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdales. Adobed-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440) (M) AE, MC, V.

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($)

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. 354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.

Cafe Equense—If it's not on the menu, just ask . . .

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

they'll make it. This cozy spot in the heart of Carnegie Hill likes to take care of its customers. Lite Italian fare served to the ladies who lunch and the families who sup. 1291 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (860-2300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Grazie—A small Italian cafe that attracts both worn-out museumgoers from the nearby Metropolitan and neighborhood regulars. 26 E. 84th St. (717-4407).(M) AE only.

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . mon cheri. And, sans blague, they have cooing doves. 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary American cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. 2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ci Vediamo—Almost two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. 1703 Second Ave., nr. 89th St. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewellike dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC,V.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but. . . .This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st st. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. 58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . Good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., nr. 78th St. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us; and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M). AE, MC,V.

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC,V.

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Tony Di Napoli's—Family style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. 154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the Yuppie Handbook and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. 467 Columbus Ave., nr. 83rd St. (769-1144). (M) AE.

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the

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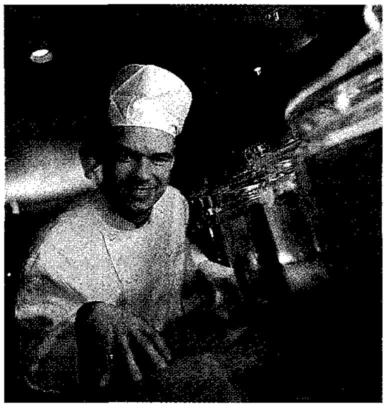
Talent

A Northern Light

"The biggest mistake you can make is using peppers only for heat. They're like red wines—they have a wide range of flavors," says Jan Sendel, one of the few Swedish chefs in this town who dares to deviate from the simple (i.e., stuffy, staid) tenets of his homeland's cuisine. It's an odd scenario, listening to the new executive chef of Aquavit—long a home away from home for the strictest devotees of traditional Swedish fare—waxing culinary about the unheralded subtleties of spicy cooking. Sendel, 33, with ice-blue eyes and Mr. Clean good looks, arrived here from Sweden in 1986 to launch an acting career. He settled on Ludlow Street, and happily spent his many idle days between auditions traipsing around Chinatown markets, where he was exposed to herbs and other fresh exotica for the first time. "I'd never seen fresh basil before, and it was like a dream," says Sendel, who decided then and there to return to kitchen work, something he'd pursued in Sweden since age 13. He worked at the Metropolis Cafe, then at El Teddy's, and then, ready for the big leagues, he knocked on the door at Mesa Grill. In August, after four years as sous chef under Bobby Flay, Sendel set up shop in this swank prix fixe known for a clientele that mainlines meat and potatoes. He redesigned the menu, cut some of the butter and cream in favor of infusions, and spun his native cuisine south and east with Latin and Asian accents. "The attitude in Sweden is that French food is good food," laments Sendel. "But southwestern, Thai, Japanese—that's fun food." As for his missed career opportunity, Sendel has no regrets. "I don't miss acting at all," he says. "I never got any work anyway."



MANNY HOWARD

upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Picholine—Skillfully prepared Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink faux-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. 50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.

Upstairs at Jack Sprat's—A second-story spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speak easy and an airport lounge. Healthy American fare with a creative twist—but never fear, they have burgers too. 169 Columbus Ave., at 68th St. (496-9494). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nicified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. 2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($ or Peter Luger's house charge card)

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Drive at the East River. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tuesday–Saturday 6–11. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.

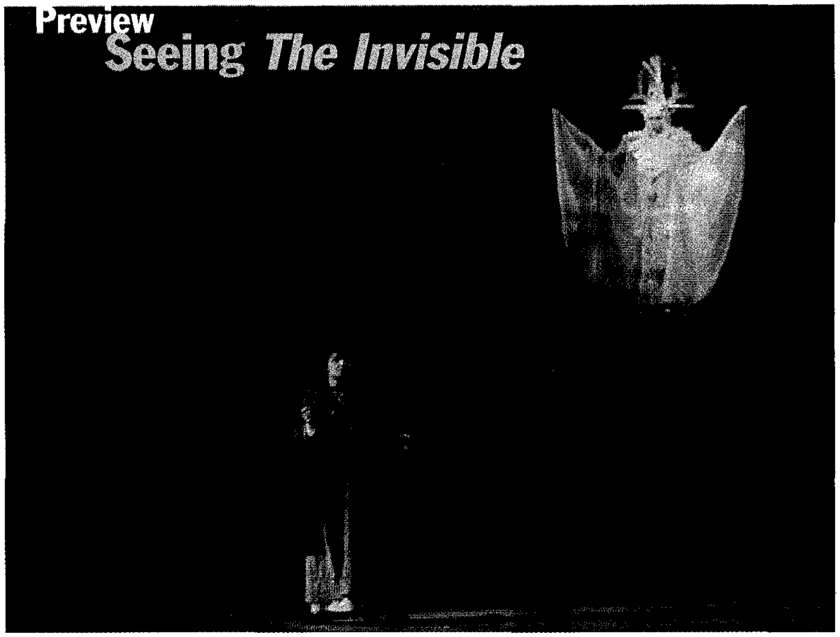
Photograph by Warren Salowe.

in concert

*Fallen Angel...*Orpheus Ascending

Preview

Seeing The Invisible



Known as the Russian 'Parsifal,' Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov's 'The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh' hasn't received a staged performance in New York since 1936. The Kirov Opera of St. Petersburg takes on this intensely spiritual work at BAM *February 28–March 5.*

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 21

New York Philharmonic—Neeme Järvi conducts works by Mendelssohn, Barber, and Prokofiev, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg as violin soloist. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $10–$55.

Emerson String Quartet—Members pair off with pianist Joseph Kalichstein to perform Brahms, Mozart, and more. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $22.50.

Wednesday, February 22

Emerson String Quartet—See 2/21.

Kodo—The Japanese ensemble performs. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25–$30.

Positive Music—The chamber ensemble performs. Lesbian and Gay Community Center, 208 W. 13th St. (840-2959), at 8; free.

Thursday, February 23

Arditti String Quartet—Performs New York premiere of a piece by Henry Brant, as well as Berg and Dutilleux. With pianist Ursula Oppens. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $25.

Next Stage Music Ensemble—Performs "Sound & Fury" on alternate nights through 2/26. "Sound" features pieces by Clarence Ferrari, Jerome Hughes, and others. Next Stage, 145 W. 46th St. (354-6121), at 8; $12.

Friday, February 24

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—Conductor Yuri Temirkanov leads it in performances of Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Britten, and others. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$38.

Toshi Ichiyanagi—The composer will speak about his work at 7, then he and various musicians—including the Cassatt String Quartet—perform several pieces at 8. The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742); $12.

Kusasa and the Andrew Lamb Quartet—Vocal troupe Kusasa performs songs that bridge traditional South African songs with gospel; the Quartet performs pieces by Lamb. BACA Downtown Theater, 195 Cadman Plaza W., Brooklyn (718-625-0080), at 8; $10.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Next Stage Music Ensemble—See 2/23. "Fury" features works by Pat Alessandrini and others.

Saturday, February 25

Brian Barclay—The pianist performs Beethoven and Prokofiev. Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $12.

Music From Japan—A concert by the Cassatt String Quartet and various artists; includes pieces by Somei Satoh and others. The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742), at 5; $12.

Next Stage Music Ensemble—See 2/23.

Orpheus—The chamber orchestra performs Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* with violinist Gil Shaham. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$43.

Sunday, February 26

Met Orchestra—James Levine conducts the New York premiere of Gunther Schuller's Pulitzer Prize–winning *Of Reminiscences and Reflections;* Dvorák, with violinist Raymond Gniewek; and Mahler, with tenor Ben Heppner and baritone Thomas Hampson. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$70.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—See 2/24; this performance at 3.

Mayumi Miyata—The pioneer of contemporary *sho* music performs a traditional from the court repertoire of *gagaku* and is joined by others to perform pieces by Cage and others. The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742), at 5; $12.

Next Stage Music Ensemble—See 2/23.

Garrick Ohlsson—The pianist performs Chopin. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 2; $30.

Monday, February 27

Anderson String Quartet—Performs Alvin Singleton's new piece *Somehow We Can,* Shostakovich, and Mozart. Benefits the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (722-6226), at 8; $75–$1000.

Christopher O'Riley—The pianist performs Bach, Beethoven, and Shostakovich. Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.

Tuesday, February 28

Musica Sacra Chorus—A special benefit performance for the chorus, with guests Dave Brubeck, Peter Schickele, and others. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (874-3104), at 8; $20–$40.

Tomohiro Okumura—The 1993 International Violin Award-winner performs Veracini, Bartók, and others with the Mosaic String Quartet. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15.

Opera

Kirov Opera of St. Petersburg—Performs Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh* on 2/28 at 7; 3/1 at 7; 3/4 at 1; and 3/5 at 2. BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $25–$150.

Metropolitan Opera—2/21 and 2/25 at 8: Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra.* 2/22 at 8 and 2/25 at 1:30: Verdi's *La Traviata.* 2/23 at 8: Puccini's *Turandot.* 2/24 at 7:30: Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier.* Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.

Dance

Tim Martin—The choreographer/dancer performs *Fallen Angel* and other works. 2/24 and 2/25 at 8; 2/26 at 2. St. Marks Studio Theater, 94 St. Marks Pl. (420-8679); $15.

New York City Ballet—The repertory season continues through 2/26. No performances Monday. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.

Ohio Ballet—New York premieres of works by Lucinda Childs, Charles Moulton, Heinz Poll, and a revival of Kurt Jooss's *Big City.* Tues–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7:30. 2/21–2/26. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $27.

Sally Silvers and Bill Frisell Band—The dancer/choreographer and the composer's trio collaborate on premieres of *Shouting Out Loud, Braceletizing,* and other works. 2/23 at 8. Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400), at 8; $16.

Photograph by Valentin M. Baranovsky.

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Continued from previous page.

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Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $35.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $30.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 3 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Lady With Class Wanted:—Affectionate, independent, positive attitude, professional, trim, physically fit, sense of humor, white female who likes to walk, cook, dinners out, nonsmoker, looks good in jeans or dress, about 5'5", 35-55, for Christian widower, 60 plus, 5'7", who is not a corporate executive but down-to-earth, successful, self-employed, fun, affectionate, caring, sincere, loves the beach and travel, upstate NY. No glitzy lifestyle. Skier a plus. Letter/photo/phone. 5666 ✉

Reasonable Man—Unreasonable requirements. Politically conservative academic, 37 (but looks younger), extremely well-educated intellectual - interested in intellectual conversation, literature, theater (would-be actor), non-Hollywood-type movies, classical music, art and travel. Likes to hike, play tennis and ski. 6'3" (not muscular); presentable but not handsome. Would like to meet politically nonliberal, stable, intelligent, well-educated, cheerful, slim, attractive lady (25-30) who shares his interests. Must be tolerant of his long working hours and general messiness. 5665 ✉

Don't Answer This Ad—Unless you want a family. I've raised others' kids and enjoyed it. I'm 6'2", 45, Irish descent, slim, never watch sports. I earn a six-figure income (barely), working with both my head and hands. You are 30-something, intelligent, beautiful and wonderful. Kids okay. NYC vicinity. Photo/phone. 5646 ✉☎

No Time For A "Cute" Ad—Pretty JD, writer, 30s, blond, thin, good character, midtown - seeks and deserves a sincere, intelligent, handsome, genuinely nice man with integrity and humor. Asking too much? Let's exchange photos and notes. You go first, okay? Confidential replies to: 5631 ✉

Attractive Writer/Professor—Redhaired, great smile, literary, sensuous, fit, humorous outlook; passionate about the arts and outdoors; a Francophile; loves travel but also domestic bliss; seeks accomplished, cultivated man of substance (50-68) ready to connect with a kindred spirit. 5705 ✉

Seeking Single Dad—42-55, who's funny, kind, smart, to meet warm, pretty, well-educated, easy-to-like woman who has green eyes and likes to sing. Photo. 5642 ✉

Almond-Eyed—Sensual, slim, active, caring professional; loves antiques, books, Fire Island and independent daughter. Seeks creative man, 43-55, with inner richness, for friendship, love and lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5681 ✉☎

Ready To Be Committed?—Handsome, successful, exotic ad exec, 42, seeks a "real" woman, 30-35, who wants a "real" man. Object: marriage. Photo a must. 5678 ✉

Don't Make Me Laugh—Just send me a letter. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, 28, curvaceous and Rubenesque, is happy playing tennis, hiking, reading Flannery O'Connor or watching "Free Willy" on video. Looking for discerning guy who likes trees, big-budget movies and the dog show. Picture, please. 5708 ✉

Sassy, Saucy, Smart—Beautiful too. Petite, slim and trim, Jewish. Love champagne, fine dining, picnics on the beach or in bed. I've biked around Manhattan, been white-water rafting and traveled the world first class. Looking for that sensuous, sensitive guy, 45-55, as financially successful and emotionally spirited as me, for now or forever. P.S. I'm an incurable optimist. Note/phone/photo please. 5661 ✉☎

Love, Lust And Laughs!—Sought by an easygoing, accomplished surgeon, unusually successful, with a mind, muscles, manners. Fun, humorous, with good looks and heart, tall, 38, culture. Seeks nurturing lady under 38, tall, for fun, future and family. Reply requires photo. 5717 ✉

Skiing, Sailing And Riding—Are just a few of our many passions. Wealthy Jewish entrepreneur, 40, seeks to share his love for life with one special lady, forever. This handsome, athletic, very intelligent man, blue eyes, 5'10", 170 lbs, is into foreign travel, fine food, soft music, close dancing and hearing from you. Photo please. 5336 ✉

Affluent Male—6'3", witty and urbane, seeks a quality woman, 25-41. Hear tape. Send photo/handwritten bio. 5725 ✉☎

My Best Friend—Is every man's dream. *Beautiful in and out - no kidding. If you* are single, Jewish, male, professional and ready for new beginnings, send note/photo/phone. You won't be sorry. 5710 ✉

Irreverent, Observant—Tall, good-looking, very successful professional, (212), charming, 42, kosher/elegant, sophisticated/playful, communicative/introspective, self-aware/complex. Seeks exciting female counterpart with a distaste for monotony and a need for a romantic best friend. Note/photo, please. 5677 ✉

Romance Is Important—To this tall, dark, handsome single male, 30, who has but one accomplishment left: to find slender, intelligent, compassionate, idealistic female, 21-32, for lifelong relationship. If romance is important to you, make the next move. Photo. 5728 ✉☎

Siren Seeks Odysseus—Adler, Billington, Frankel, Lederberg, Kissinger, Mailer, Mehta or Miller may be spoken for, ergo the man I seek will also know everything (and enjoy matching wits), will have been everywhere (but not mind returning to Tikal or Palenque, two places I've missed along the way in my travels to over 50 nations). He'll be as passionately amorous as he is intellectual and thus revel in this voluptuous, overly-endowed femme fatale and scholar. I'm in my 50s; he can be any age. My lifestyle is quite upscale Manhattan; his can be anything - but having trustees' dining room privileges, as I do, says more about his cultural proclivities than his finances. Gray matter (and accrual therein), charm and outstanding quality of 17-beta-OH steroid-driven choreography (partnership deferred until the other aspects mesh exceptionally well - and then won't be flippant...but wholeheartedly meant, con gusto) are the selective criteria. P.S. Marxian apportionment of the number of dinner/event checks shall be the rule, which, all other aspects being equal, is likely to allot at *least half to me.* 5650 ✉☎

Are You A Good Kisser?—6'2" male, athletic, 30, looking for a confident, sexy woman who knows how to have fun and enjoy life. Photo. 5700 ✉

Quality Gentleman—A youthful 59, 5'11", 170 lbs, attractive, elegant and casual, unpretentious, funny, caring, respectful and highly successful owner of high-profile entertainment company. Never bored, very happy and seek a special woman in my life. You are equally accomplished and extremely intelligent, honestly possessing all of the other good qualities a person of substance and filled with love and kindness would desire. You're most attractive and in great shape - mentally, emotionally and physically. I carry no bad baggage after many marriages. Have a blessed, interesting and exciting life. Love NYC and enjoy its pleasures. Jewish, grown children, luxurious life style. Will be pleased to exchange more informative letter and photo. With all respect, please be the best in show. Letter/current photo appreciated. 5674 ✉

Recognizing Mr. Right—You'll be an athletic male, 37-45, and have a great sense of humor. Integrity, sincerity, intimacy and communication a must. Successful and financially secure. I'm an attractive, svelte, green-eyed brunette entrepreneur who enjoys skiing, boating, traveling, gourmet cooking and the arts. You'll be spoiled by my honesty, kindness and sensitivity. 5622 ✉

Smart Redhead—34, very active, experienced, busy, wants a big life. Loves restaurants, theater, entertaining, exercise, travel, good friends, interesting conversations. Feminine, soft side. Looking for someone who can keep up and slow down with me. No smokers. Sense of humor and photo a must. 5698 ✉

Seeking Elusive Dream—But ever hopeful. White male, 45, attractive professional, seeks sincere, commitment-minded female to share life's simple pleasures...forever and ever. 5682 ✉

No Trolls, Please...—A good guy with all the right stuff seeks a woman who feels joy on a sunny day, caring, values mutual respect. A fan of Letterman, Sotheby's, teddy bears, La Boheme, Benny's Burritos, step classes, frozen hot chocolate, Cheryl Crow, Charlie Rose, Jour et Nuit and skiing. I'm tall, handsome, 35, athletic, third generation businessman. Please be under 34, Jewish, Ivy League compatible, nice-looking, enjoys laughter and easygoing with others. Photo/note please. 5712 ✉☎

Rescue Me...And I'll Rescue You—Right back. Attractive, 36-year-old Jewish physician, moving back to NYC from Boston. Athletic, thin adventurer, looking for 32-38-year-old, handsome Jewish male with strong sense of style and adventure, who loves the outdoors and travel. Send note/photo. 5644 ✉☎

Attention: Mr. Mom—Wanted by nearly perfect Christian woman with traditional values, great looks, body, brains and spirit. I have a love for the city yet long for the country. Please be 40-55, over 5'8", have child(ren) or wish to adopt. Please be fun and handsome, with style - financially and emotionally secure (I am). No superficial Don Juans or couch potatoes need apply. Short note, photo and phone, please. Will exchange. 5684 ✉

Successful Writer—Ivy grad, 41, who loves music, sports, food, laughter and the outdoors, and who prizes integrity, loyalty and trust. Like you, I'm hopelessly inept at being single, and frustrated by the difficulty of meeting someone who truly gets it - and means it. If you're a woman who shares my impatience and my hope, I'd love to hear from you. Note/photo appreciated. 5649 ✉

Attractive, 34, 6'0"—Brown hair/eyes, athletic, sports-minded, looking for Dolly Parton-like, fun-loving gal, 24-35, for caring, serious relationship. Photo. 5695 ✉☎

Writer—Single Jewish female, pretty, athletic, fun-loving, 5'8", slim, looking to meet "good all-around Joe", 45-55, for fun and friendship. 5679 ✉

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD! CALL 1-900-454-1800

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 3 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Gay Female—European-born, classy/educated, seeks stable/refined counterpart, 53 plus, for quality time. 5626 ✉

Looking For Someone Unique...—Take a chance! Adventurous, attractive, nonmaterialistic/financially responsible white male, athletic build, 175 lbs, 5'9" 42-year-old (who can easily pass for 41 1/2), with a great sense of humor. Interests include: traveling, hiking, biking, sailing, animals (have two dogs and a cat), theater, music (folk to classical), movies, children (I'm a teacher and summer camp director/owner), community volunteering, picnics, fireplaces, candlelit dinners and sharing quality time with a special person. I seek a trim, 30-38-year-old, nonsmoking, long-term/marriage-minded woman who is balanced, honest, loyal, sociologically concerned, and who can be appreciative of and responsive to kindness, affection, passion, compassion and generosity, who might care to share life's pleasures and future family together. Photo and phone appreciated - will gladly reciprocate. POB 31143, Greenwich, CT 06831

Looking To Love And Laugh—Jewish woman, 53, vivacious, petite and successful, looking for independent male counterpart who is emotionally and financially secure, loves people and enjoys life! Note/photo. 5653 ✉ ☎

Genuine Nice Guy—Semi-retired, financially secure and physically fit. Seeks a nonsmoking, slim, classy lady - 49 plus, who enjoys dining out, theater, travel, tennis and trips to the city and country. Note/phone/photo. 5673 ✉

Petite Physician—50ish, enjoys walks, city and country living, skiing, sailing. Seeks vibrant professional man, 50-65, for travel, laughter, love. 5614 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome Jewish MD—32, seeks soul mate. Photo, please. 5598 ✉

Slim, Vivacious Redhead—30-something, attractive - loves theater, music, movies, museums, biking, traveling, animals, children and chocolate - singing, piano-playing fool...seeks warm, sincere, marriage-minded man with a good sense of humor. Photo appreciated. 5639 ✉ ☎

No Games - Unless In Private—26, Jewish, attractive, emotionally generous med student with offbeat intellect/humor, seeks attractive, understanding diva to share the beauty of life's rich pageant. Note, photo and phone. 5689 ✉

Physician, Patriot—36, seeks Jewish gal, born and bred in USA, who hates government tyranny and believes in the ideas of Jefferson (Thomas, not George). Sense of humor important; science interest a plus. 5680 ✉

Tall, Striking Blond Wasp—Extremely successful, athletic, loves travel. Seeks same in guy who is worldly, secure in tux or jeans, funny, generous, in CT/Manhattan. Young 40-48. Send photo/note. 5618 ✉

Striking, Classy, Happy Lady—45, 5'6", slim, in need of a change and looking for you... A communicative, confident, thoughtful Jewish man who is passionate and loving, wise and responsible yet spontaneous and fun. Sound like you? 5629 ✉

35-Year-Old, Happy—Single Jewish female, avid squash/tennis player, seeks intelligent, athletic Jewish male who can laugh with me about life. I'm told by many that I'm pretty cute. I take my professional life and wish for a family seriously - and hope you do too. 5592 ✉

Are You Ready—For a romantic adventure with super guy, mid 30s, 6', Jewish, playful, Ivy MBA, athletic, successful, warm and open? If you're bright, slim, charming, 24-36, mischievous, send note/photo to start exciting journey. 5669 ✉

Enthusiastic, Dynamic, Handsome—Fun-loving, successful executive, 6', slim, 35, seeks beautiful female counterpart, 22-35, with comparable wit, class and humor, for pasta dinners, long walks on the beach and a permanent relationship. Photo please. 5611 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Loving—Jewish, 33, 5'5", 120, professional, former dancer, cultured, world traveler - loves Israel, ski, scuba and children. Seeks handsome, family-oriented Jewish guy, to 40, for keeps. Note/photo/phone. 5635 ✉ ☎

Mensch Wanted—Jewish professional female, 27, seeking Jewish professional male, 27-35. Note and photo. 5713 ✉ ☎

Does Hiking In Copper Canyon—Or rafting on the Green River appeal to you? If so, I would like to hear from you. This very pretty, single white female, 30s, blond, 5'5", seeks handsome professional male, 35-45, with great sense of humor, warm heart and adventurous spirit, for a lasting relationship. Will exchange note/photo. 5643 ✉

Handsome Jewish Man, Told I Am—Fit, financial professional, 33, into bagels, biking and ball games. You're a truly pretty, caring Jewish woman, 28-33, ready for marriage. Photo, yes. 5664 ✉ ☎

Gorgeous Woman—Looking for her soul mate. If you are Jewish, 48-55, successful, passionate, romantic, fun-loving, exciting, athletic and fit, I would love to hear from you. Picture/note. 5722 ✉

Elder Princess—With all it implies, waiting for a 65-plus Prince Charming. Frogs okay. Smokers not. Portrait please. 5632 ✉

Best Friend And Beyond—5'2", eyes of green, 34, incredibly cute, very fit, athletic professional woman desires very handsome, intelligent, athletic Jewish professional, 34-40, who looks great in jeans as well as Brooks Brothers suits. If you don't think of yourself as "the kind to answer ads" - go for it! Photo essential. 5623 ✉

Handsome, Unpretentious, 6'—Gentleman, dentist, 38, seeks pretty, friendly, intelligent lady. Photo/bio. 5658 ✉

Bewitching—Pretty, slender, 36, 5'6", interior designer with wit, style and spunk, in search of a special man with heart, brains and enough courage for a walk down the yellow brick road leading towards marriage. If you are attractive, fit, articulate, 30s-40s, and not afraid of lions, tigers, bears or my two fabulous felines, please respond with note and photo. 5686 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Woman—Mid 40s, 5'5", slim and athletic - with fine education, high-powered corporate career, and love of the arts, outdoors, family and friends, seeks professional man. 5627 ✉

Entrepreneur—5'10", 180. Original thinker, discipline and health oriented. Likes restaurants, some of the arts. Seeks very pretty lady, ambitious, health conscious. Note/photo/phone. 5731 ✉

Love Life!—Very attractive 28-year-old with one child seeks genuine, caring, successful man, 30-44, for committed, caring relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5619 ✉

Strikingly Beautiful Commercial Artist—50, is looking for Hungarian-speaking partner or spouse. Send letter written in Hungarian, including photo and telephone number. 5116 ✉

Mad About You!—Jewish guy, real-life Paul, seeks - Elaine?! 28, 5'7", good-looking/shape. Must: nonsmoker, good conversationalist, offbeat sense of humor (a la Seinfeld). Appreciated: professional, athletic, open. Likes home but with sense of adventure. Loves books, dogs. Required skills: ordering in, selecting movies and ice-cream flavors (Ben & Jerry's preferred). Some baggage okay - no luggage warehouses! Superficial, no - realistic, yes. Please include/exchange photo. 5616 ✉

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With good family genes, captivating smile, energetic, fun, athletic and successful, seeks quality, Jewish, nonsmoking male, 30s-40s, tall, educated, sincere, monogamous, optimistic and marriage-minded. Photo required. 5620 ✉

Fun And Fit—Attractive, petite woman - loves to travel, go to the movies and is a novice golfer - seeking Christian male over 35, who is honest and intelligent, for fun, love, marriage, family. Tell me about your world. 5656 ✉

Jewish Physician—37, divorced, no children, 5'10", 155 lbs. I enjoy running, travel, scuba and Thai food. I would like to meet a female Jewish physician. Photo a plus. 5610 ✉

Savvy Dad—35, with looks and brains, seeks dynamic gal. 5726 ✉

Very Attractive, Very Successful VP—In shape, romantic, funny yet sincere, well-traveled, divorced - seeking slender, attractive, nonsmoking professional woman between 30-38. Note/photo/phone. 5647 ✉

Attractive Polish Lady—30, seeks professional, solvent gent for marriage with children. England. 5624 ✉

Pretty Jewish female—42, MBA, enjoys travel, sailing and the arts. Seeking marriage-minded man. Note/photo. 5615 ✉

Anarchy And Humor—Ethical MBA, blue eyes, 36, warmhearted guy seeks a fair-eyed woman, 28-34, fit, educated, articulate, nice, Protestant and cultured, to travel with. Dancer a plus. 5628 ✉

Handsome And Sensual—Out-of-town yuppie man - comes to Manhattan frequently. Seeks warm, cuddly type woman who is passionate, friendly, attractive, fairly slim and adventurous. Note/photo, please. 5659 ✉

Vivacious Redhead—Very pretty Jewish female, young 44, warm, intelligent, classy, sexy. Seeking tall, handsome professional man, 44-54, kind, fun-loving, secure, strong inside/out with a passion for life. Note/photo please. 5612 ✉

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD

CALL 1-900-454-1800

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 3 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

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SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Brown-Eyed Beauty—Who is smart, slim and sweet - 36-year-old Jewish professional - seeking sincere, intelligent male, 36-44. 5654 ✉

Editor, Early 50s—Widow, no kids, kind heart, great mutt, redhead (this week), blue eyes, 5'5", 140 lbs, health club dropout, pretty and pretty funny, looking for guy around my age, with liberal politics, unpretentious, unmarried, good disposition and a job you love - or at least like. Note and photo, please. 5707 ✉

Beautiful Latina Under 35 Sought—By *super-handsome, romantic lawyer with* GQ looks and diverse cultural interests - for love forever. Photo. 5670 ✉ ☎

Sparkling Blue-Eyed Woman—31, Jewish, adventurous skier who likes Vermont but loves Colorado, athletically active - loves movies, cooking, arts and culture among other things - looking for the right one, 30-40. Note/photo/phone please. 5663 ✉

Handsome, Fun, Sweet—Intelligent, fit, slim, 6', 30, computer professional, white Christian male - seeks attractive, nice, fun, slim, 23-32, 5'4"-6', nonsmoking female for friendship. I enjoy laughing, music, dining. Note/photo, please. 5721 ✉

Very Pretty, Vivacious Blond—Mom (10, 14), petite, educated, caring, honest, witty, sports-minded. Seeks male equal, 37-49, fit, kind, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 5613 ✉

Brainy, Kind, Cultured Female—Loves Pavarotti, Hitchcock, the Brontes, sushi, children. Seeks spirited, generous, Ivy-schooled gentleman, 30s. 5720 ✉

Pretty Professional—Single, white Catholic female, 30-something, 5'4", 112 lbs, brown hair and eyes, healthy, *athletic, honest and kind. Enjoys travel,* dining out and cooking at home, movies, *theater, dancing, skiing, tennis, racquetball* and the beach. Looking for handsome, professional, single, white Catholic male, 30-45, healthy, honest and kind, with similar interests and capable of a monogamous relationship. Preferably not divorced with children. Photo please. 5702 ✉

Cute, Decent, Nonreligious—Professional white male, 33, enjoys working out, cooking, jazz clubs, museums, pets, *dining out and drives in the country.* Seeks single, professional, attractive *Hispanic, white or Asian female with* similar interests. Photo please. 5701 ✉ ☎

Great Catch—Me: handsome, athletic investor, Jewish, 34. You: sensitive, sexy, energetic, 25-30. Photo. 5672 ✉ ☎

Special Man—With good manners, good values, sense of self, sense of humor. Slim, fit, 5'6", 50. Seeks youthful, smart, refined, attractive woman, 45-55, *who smiles easily and thinks she's a* little special, too. 5719 ✉

Springtime Is Almost Here—Early-40s man in the 'burbs, seeks woman of any age to enjoy the season with. 5696 ✉

Honest Heart—Successful professional male, mid 40s, who enjoys life, seeks a *female (35-40) with looks, charm and a* great sense of humor, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5703 ✉

Have Boat, Will Fish—Ski, swim or take walks with pretty girl, 25-30, for serious relationship. I'm 30, 5'9", nice-looking, blue/blond, with good future. 5718 ✉

(201) Or (212)—*Mentally, physically* and financially sound and stable widower of 68 (5'8", 170 lbs), seeks a Jewish nonsmoker who is intelligent, upbeat, slim and attractive - for enjoying dining, theater, opera, walking, skiing, travel, and most of all, mental stimulation. Note/photo please. 5625 ✉

Seeking A Smart—Sophisticated Wasp lady, 50, for sublime times in the city and country. 5676 ✉

Gay Wife Wanted—Good-looking, successful, 100-percent closeted, 34, gay, white Jewish male seeks feminine, closeted wife. Please be pretty, sweet, mentally very fit. Marriage and family. Religion not important. Photo preferred and will be returned if requested. Age 25-32. 5655✉ ☎

Does Brahms Make You Swoon?—There's one passage in the `A Major' Intermezzo that does it for this musician/banker/Ivy woman. You're a funny, brilliant, urbane Manhattan male, 35-45, *hoping to find a serious relationship.* Send detailed note/photo/phone. 5657 ✉

Looking For—Beautiful, free-spirited mom, 35-39. I'm attractive, intelligent, in-shape dad, 44. Please send note and photo. 5637 ✉

Okay, I'm Asking—Don't you find life *amusing, sad, sweet? Admitted nice guy,* writer, 6'2", slim, fit, youthful 47, no kids *(yet), financially okay, genuine skeptic* (beware of imitations) - seeks smart, trim, tall nonsmoking woman. 5660 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Very Funny, Clever—Divorced Manhattan woman, artist/writer; well-traveled, finds every day a wonder. I'll bake a pie for a bright, Jewish, 45-55ish man over 5'9", who has a kind and worldly wit. Enjoy all the arts, science, photography, nature, flea markets, city/country. Healthy lifestyle a must. Letter/photo/telephone. 5648 ✉

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AND WIN A FABULOUS TRIP TOO!

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Winning ad will appear in the March 13th issue of NY Magazine

Ex-Cheerleader, Now Artist—Successful, beautiful, offbeat intellect, 48 minus. Wants man - successful, kind, spiritual, brilliant, 48 plus, forever. Photo. 5671 ✉

Very Bright—34-year-old man, good-looking, fit and successful, non-Orthodox Jewish, seeks slim, smart, sexy girlfriend. *I ski a lot in the winter and bike and run a* lot in the summer, but also love the down*town scene or simply staying at home with* a good book. Note/photo please. 5729 ✉

Beautiful Professional, Class Act—6', seeks well-rounded, warm, sincere professional man, any race, 40-55, nonsmoker. 5730 ✉ ☎

Nice Guy—37, Jewish, seeks attractive, fun-loving woman, 25-37, with sense of humor, for friendship/relationship. Note/photo please. 5683 ✉

Physical And Mental Knockout—Drop-dead gorgeous, green-eyed brunette, 32, cable TV producer, NYC and Nassau County resident, would like to meet a very successful man, 35-50. Doctor, lawyer or CEO preferred. 5704 ✉ ☎

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Terrific date!
Found your mate!
Was it fate?
1.6 million people can't wait!

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YOU MUST INCLUDE A DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

Enjoy A Good Friend—Fun and laughter. Love travel, food, dance, music, art, theater, movies, walks in the country or on a sophisticated avenue. Is there anything I forgot? A New York person, female, 60ish. Good-looking? You bet. 5'3 1/2", slender and ready for the educated, successful, bright, nice guy. Are you the one? 5699 ✉

Parenthood—Unusual woman - who is quite gorgeous, brilliant, creative and loving, with great passion for life - is ready to have a baby. If you think you want to be a father and are serious, sincere, stable, and especially caring, please write. Photo preferred. 5687 ✉

Quiet Man—Would like to become *friends with an intelligent woman in* her 30s. I like Renaissance music, *racquetball and writing, long walks* and family. I wear a beard and glasses, and am a devout Christian heretic and masseur, 43, 5'7", a fairly exercised, 160 lbs, a white nonsmoker and lawyer. This is my first personal ad. Note/photo appreciated. 5668 ✉

Torn Between Two Cities—Possessions in Boston, body and soul in NY. Very pretty, slim Jewish professional, who is active athletically and culturally, works in NYC a few days a week - seeks handsome, professional, adventurous, hilarious guy, 30-40, with a twinkle in his eye, who knows *who he is and where he is going, to bring* me home. Note/photo/phone. 5630 ✉ ☎

Winsome, Ravishing Blond—Ooops - she's only 5. But her mother is lovely, too. Attractive, tall, slender, mid 30s, quietly unconventional, successful artist - looking to meet a warm, creative man with a sense of humor. Note/photo. 5716 ✉

Life Is Like An Amusement Park—With its ups and downs, lots of fun and excitement, but most of all winning prizes... I'm the best prize in the park (single female, 34, auburn hair, dark brown eyes)... Come win me... Send recent photo. 5640 ✉

Ex-UPS Man—39, handsome, 5'10", well-built; MD, diver, pilot, nonconformist. Looking hard for a lasting, *passionate relationship with a younger* woman who is more than just a head*turner. You will not be disappointed.* Photo/note please. 5662 ✉

Are You A Full-Figured Woman?—If so, then this cute, warm male, 39, would love to hear from you. 5715 ✉

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Seeking A Handsome Man—To share the rest of my life with. You are loving, educated, successful, self-assured and funny. You want a woman who is very pretty, intelligent, cultured, warm and giving. I am 5'3", slim, blond, 50ish, German-born - an accomplished and financially secure professional. We both enjoy our work, love people, life, sports, the arts, and exploring the world. Together, we are committed to creating a relationship that begins with fun, friendship and passion...and then grows into a full and equal, loving partnership. Photo and bio, please. 5634 ✉

Retired Psychoanalyst—Separated, youthful 70, invites attractive, educated lady for summer holiday in Austria. She's a fashionable 40-50 nonsmoker - likes nature, movies, opera, food, New Age, easy fun. Letter/photo essential. 5621 ✉

British Beauty—Very attractive Jewish female, 30, seeks tall, intelligent and kind Jewish male, 29-38, for long-term relationship. Note/photo please. 5694 ✉

Pretty Redhead—Seeks kind, intelligent man, 37-50, who is on the road less traveled. I'm 42, 5'2", slim, educated and professional, with a smile to warm your heart. Note/photo. 5633 ✉

Renaissance Man Wanted—Single female with penchant for the unusual, wishes to meet single man (35-50) with traditional values, who has a myriad of interests and an occasional wild streak. No smokers/drug users. 5645 ✉

Cute, Kind Jewish Female—35, 4'11", seeks honest, caring Jewish male, non-religious, nonsmoker, never-married professional, 30s, to share movies, dining, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 5544 ✉

Do You See Yourself—Being with a tall (5'10"), stunning, energetic, youthful 40-year-old single mom with red hair, blue eyes, of Irish descent? A woman who is educated, athletic, affluent, loyal, trustworthy, humorous and stylish... She will take a negative and turn it into a positive. She can also go from golfing to a black tie with ease. If you are a tall, accomplished gentleman who possesses the skill of laughter and loyalty, turn your vision into reality with note/phone/photo. 5697 ✉ ☎

East Side MD—44, 5'10", 185. Interests include restaurants, classical music, maritime disasters. Seeks very attractive lady nonsmoker, upbeat. Knockout shape won't hurt. Note/photo/phone. 5732 ✉

NJ Female—27, 5'4", 116 lbs, attractive, Italian and affectionate, seeks a radio disc jockey who is fun, sensitive and is looking for a romantic, stable relationship. Let's start by having "some enchanted evening". Photo a must - will exchange. 5651 ✉

Seek British Man—Sane and loyal, intelligent and fun - for friendship, maybe more. I am a slim, attractive blond editor, 34, who has lived in London and misses it. 5709 ✉

Sleek, Auburn-Haired Woman—Likes to run but would love to be caught by an honest, warm, attractive, successful man, 33-50. I'm a green-eyed, very attractive businesswoman, 30s, who enjoys tennis, working out, dining out, movies and the beach. Let's explore the jungles of New York together. Photo and handwritten note, please. 5638 ✉

Love, When You Steal Into My Room—What earthly body will you assume? NJ attorney, 37, attractive, voluptuous, Hellenic ancestry...seeks intelligent, honest, kindhearted man for romantic, real happily ever after. Bonus: terrific 10-year-old sports fan. 5641 ✉ ☎

Smart, Pretty Asian Woman Desired—By handsome, creative, successful white male, 39, for friendship or more. 5693 ✉ ☎

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Gay Woman—44, androgynous, attractive, educated, seeks feminine counterpart to share long walks, good books, interesting conversation, etc. 5727 ✉ ☎

Let's Do It All—Fun-to-be-with businessman, affectionate, caring, romantic. 50s, tall, thin. Enjoys ballet, quality conversation, country living. Active sports lifestyle, nonsmoker. Looking for that one special woman, 40s, with feet on the ground and zest for life. Note/photo preferred. 5675 ✉

Downtown Psychoanalyst—In style and sensibilities. Young 40. French/Italian dark good looks and style. Slim, sexy, athletic, intelligent, articulate, warm, loving, verbally and emotionally accessible, deep yet playful and funny, successful and accomplished. Easily moved by love, kindness, music and beauty. Enjoys modern art and design, film, fashion, Manhattan, jazz, singing, dancing, especially good communication, and the sweet pleasures of life and love. Seeks a very pretty, slim, stylish, petite, sincere female counterpart/soul mate, 27-37, with similar qualities and interests, with whom to share my love, my life, my destiny, and occasionally dessert. Nonreligious/nonsmoker. No response without recent photo/letter/phone. 5685 ✉

Green-Eyed, Sensuous Brunette—Seeks mature, generous gent to make her American dream come true. 5559 ✉

STRICTLY PERSONALS COUPON

Use this coupon or call 212-779-7500. Rate is $35.50 per line, two line minimum. Add $30.00 for NYM Box Number. Mail to: Attention Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

INSERTION ORDER

WOULD YOU LIKE A VOICE BOX? IF SO, CHECK HERE. ☐
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LINCOLN CENTER
Join the 20s & 30s crowd for Pol Roger champagne and hors d'oeuvres at 6:45 on Fri, Feb 24, followed by a concert of Brahms, Hindemith & Zelenka, for $35. Limited space. Call The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center at: **212-875-5788**

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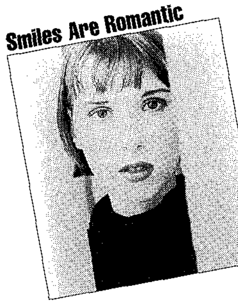
Rock 'n' Roll Party—Tues, 2/28, 6-9pm at **Le Bar Bat,** 57th St (betw 8th & 9th). Music & dance + silent bid of Ruby Mazur original. $25. Benefits **Creative Arts Rehab Center.** RSVP: **212-765-9553**

JEWISH SINGLES TAKEOVER
Concord Resort Hotel - March 24-26.
Age groups: 20/30s & 40+. **914-725-1225**

Your Rights In This Electronic Age—Wed, 3/8, 6pm. Examine issues relating to electronic freedoms. Spkrs, refresh. $10, $5 mem. **Workmen's Circle,** 45 E 33 St.



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4 Women Want To Be Swept Away—Attractive, accomplished, electric, fun women, hosting an evening of wining and dining to escape the singles scene. Would like to invite accomplished, spontaneous, interesting, available men, 35-50. RSVP with note, photo and phone. 5691 🖂

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LOEWS NY Super Gala! Friday, Feb 24, Mezzanine, Lex & 51, 6-12 PM, Dessert, Top DJ, $20, 28-39, 40-52. **212-249-3636**

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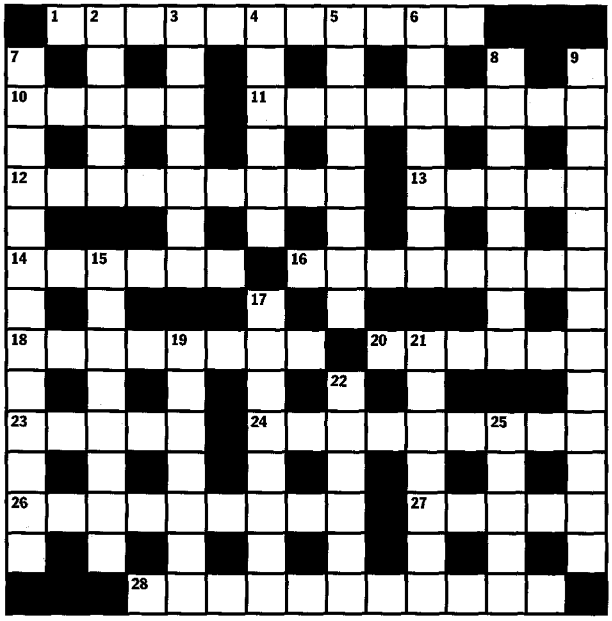
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Noisy, eccentric bankrupt promises to pay. (11)
10 Nonsense is ingredient of bluster. (5)
11 A reviver needed, after animal's in a state of stupor. (9)
12 Stressing when the man joins me in Venice, I take off. (9)
13 A doctor has to right the vehicle. (5)
14 Ambassador in supreme command. (6)
16 The big game, perhaps, and a crazy time from start to finish. (8)
18 Nothing I'd not do, to replace something like a tooth. (8)
20 Fear of teacher's first miscalculation. (6)
23 Catches about a quarter of the creatures. (5)
24 When it's connected with spiders, dear Anna, I panic! (9)
26 Account for a Rolls-Royce entered in race! (9)
27 Make fast in a moment. (5)
28 Ban roses, put in Oriental greenery instead. (4-7)



DOWN

2 Chap with trendy hair-style. (5)
3 Soon you'll see insects swarming around the boy. (7)
4 Gear for a supporter. (6)
5 Ride pinto that's bucking, nonetheless—being of this nature. (8)
6 Wild enough to daunt me? (7)
7 Two poets out of five may be useful in the kitchen. (5-8)
8 Water-rate row it's even harder to unsnarl. (8)
9 Red carpet rolled out for this climber? (7-6)
15 Parasite suitable to use as bait? (8)
17 Expansion making lid fly up from an empty can. (8)
19 Those who will must so die. (7)
21 Vote for rejection of gold plating. (7)
22 Doze through pet card-game. (6)
25 The general meaning seems to lack purpose. (5)

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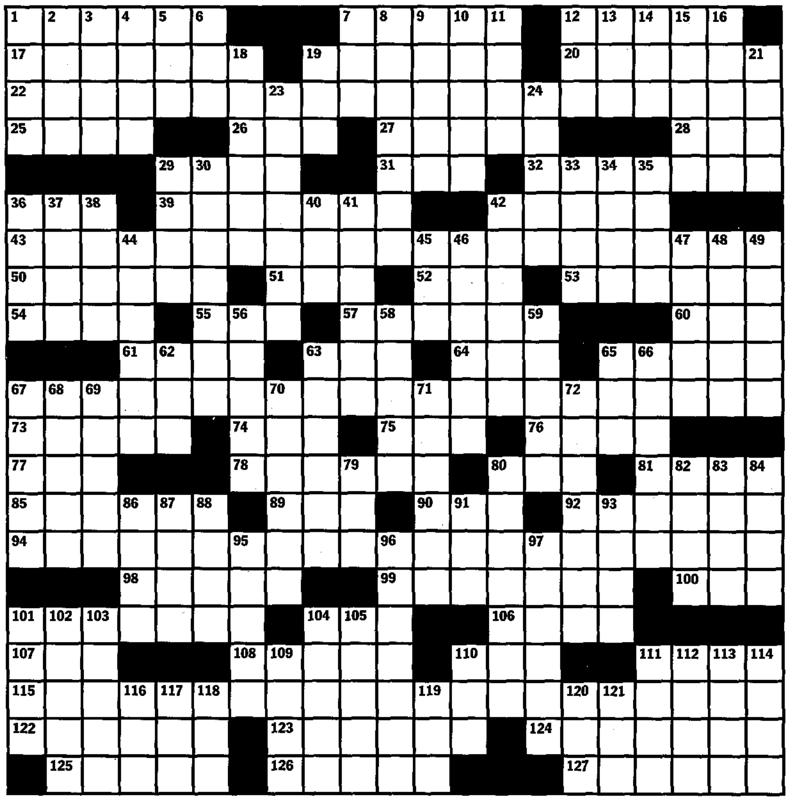
'Rift Among the Birds': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Salesman's spiel
7 Perfume holders
12 Conscious (of)
17 Bess's predecessor
19 Desperado
20 Inborn ability
22 Neither one ——.
25 Isn't a standee
26 Cry audibly
27 Keep up with a pen pal
28 Bedridden
29 Of the ear
31 Former queen of Spain
32 Governmental city
36 Madre's title: abbr.
39 In at —— (present at the finish)
42 Realtors' sales
43 Their differences were ——.
50 McArdle or Doria
51 Entrance signs
52 Electroencephalogram: abbr.
53 Sow again
54 Strike an attitude
55 Beige
57 Scottish nobles
60 —— Dinh Diem, Vietnamese leader
61 Dope sleuth
63 Model T contemporary
64 Finale of the "Old MacDonald" refrain
65 Log in, as data
67 He wished she ——.
73 Surrealist Max
74 Inlet
75 Suffix for sugars
76 Quip
77 Kin of the carp
78 Finally
80 At a long distance
81 Tick off
85 Witty comeback
89 Dorothy's aunt, et al.
90 Mrs. Gynt
92 "Do —— Waltz?"
94 She said he ——.
98 Prayer conclusions
99 Used a swizzle stick
100 Word to Birdie
101 Revived from a decline
104 Allen of "Home Improvement"
106 Laurel's partner, to a Cockney
107 Sash for Suzuki
108 Ovid's Muse
110 Mentalist Geller
111 Father of 14-Down
115 And so they ——.
122 Heir's concern
123 Infrequently
124 Obvious
125 Impede, at law
126 Rendezvous
127 Clears the tape

DOWN

1 Chapel benches
2 Jai- ——
3 Campus ordeal
4 Index-card projections
5 British rocker Brian
6 Pick pockets
7 Moving-day rental
8 Pen dip, on an old school desk
9 Add garnish
10 Mother of Tiberius
11 No dele, to printers
12 "One Day —— Time"
13 Looking peaked
14 Rita's Khan
15 Send payment
16 Name on the A-bomber
18 More red-cheeked
19 Mealtime dickey
21 Like Wilt the Stilt
23 Fastening peg
24 Scout's mission, for short
29 Will- —— -wisp
30 Old Vic, e.g.
33 Alias for Cupid
34 Father: Fr.
35 Ideologies
36 Ginger cookie
37 Las Vegas rival
38 Pitches in
40 Charged atom
41 Sheen
42 Goddess of health
44 General drifts
45 Crumpets' go-with
46 Go back on a promise
47 Female buttinsky
48 Desert of Israel
49 Idolize
56 Ghana metropolis
58 Vagrants
59 Henie of the ice
62 Quick to learn
63 Domains
65 Onetime Third Ave. trains
66 Sampras and colleagues
67 Eerie
68 Instruct the waiter
69 —— a customer
70 Check bouncers
71 Make —— (begin)
72 Gotten from a source
79 Inquired, in Dogpatch
80 Autostrada auto
82 Metrical foot, as in pentameter
83 Become threadbare
84 Lose that fresh look
86 White House office
87 Before fa
88 Amish pronoun
91 Go schussing
93 Actress Lamarr
95 Over with
96 Donny and Marie
97 Show up
101 After-bath garment
102 Rough up
103 Sites of knights' fights
104 Narrow gradually
105 Europe's "boot"
109 Result of corrosion
110 Einstein's birthplace
111 Hawkeye Pierce portrayer
112 "And so it ——"
113 Sharpen
114 Picnic scroungers
116 Do lacework
117 From —— Z
118 Dem.'s opponent
119 E, in Morse code
120 First lady
121 Broadcast



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 138.

MARY ANN MADDEN #815

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

SILAS WONK (Daddy Gumm) was last seen as Miss Prothero in *Memories of Dylan.* His troupe, the improvisational Talking Mimes, received an Obie in 1982.

MUFFY DE WYNTER (Little Frances) marks her Broadway debut in *Happy Little Bluebirds.* She thanks her mother and her agent, and would also like to credit God with an assist.

KATHARINE HEPBURN-FREUD (Mommy Gumm) feels she was born to play this role. Her previous credits include "Amy" in the road company of *Company* and the title role of M.Butterfly in the Phil Spitalny production of that play in Eastland.

GRANT DOGMAS and OMAR JANKLOW (Music and Lyrics) co-authored last year's short-lived *Eine Kleine Anne Klein* at the Fashion Institute of America.

Above, Who's Who in the Cast. Competitors are invited to devise one brief profile, please, suitable for a *Playbill* left in one's seat.

Results of Competition 812, in which you were begged for names based on inherited businesses.

Report: Hello again, hello. Lena Cuisine. Ma Zola. And the winsome Perry Adonis, defined as Greek Tooth Fairy. Here and occasionally there, the shade of an old joke. But which among us is, from time to time, not? *Ou sont les beiges d'antan?* Seek truth wherever you go. Wear that green that you wore the last time. Meanwhile, thank you for entering this and for being, well, you know, all that you can be.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

MEG SWELLHOUSE—socialite heiress to a coffee dynasty often featured in *Architectural Digest.*
Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

MAGOO GUY PENN—nearsighted owner of Philadelphia's China Moon restaurant; heir to a cookie fortune.
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

SHANNEN BLANC—Napa Valley girl, heiress and temperamental star of *Beverly Hills 902 Wino.*
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

NEWT REGINA—cosmetics queen elected speaker of the House of Commons.
Julie Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

And Honorable Mention to:

NOAH FENCE—agreeable mob-warehouse owner. Second-generation.
Kim Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

TONTO BLUE JAY SILVERHEELS—The Texas Rangers' faithful acting companion.
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

MAHATMA BELL—great-granddaughter of the founder of The Bombay Phone Company.
Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.

WHOOPIECOOSH AHN—granddaughter of actor Philip Ahn, and star of *The Color Raspberry.*
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

SCOTT ISSUE—high-school debate-club president and heir to U.S. bath product throne.
Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

JEANNE GENIE—only beneficiary of a garage-door fortune.
Franc Dillon, Beachwood, Ohio

ANGEL HEIRPASTA—Italian gospel singer and granddaughter of Francesco Rinaldi.
Mitzi Marks, Princeton, N.J..

TY MEKANG AROODOWN—Australian bungee-cord king.
Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

CHAIM GLATTA MEETCHA—Scion of the Tel Aviv Welcome Wagon founder, Israel Plezure.
Judy Gammon, Englewood, Fla.

DEE FLEETINGMOUSE—ruler of the La Scala Pest Control empire.
Ron Pozzo, Canton, Mass.

FERDINAND DE SOTO VOCE—soft-spoken grandson of the founder of the Explorers Club of Greater Detroit.
Jay S. Gingold, N.Y.C.
similarly: Harold Kaiser, Minneapolis, Minn.

PLACID "DODO" MINGUS—even-tempered singer; successful son of Charlie Mingus and a mother now thought to be extinct.
Brett Newton, Palo Alto, Calif.

BERTHA D. BLOOS—Married daughter of W. C. Handy.
Audrey Farber, Franklin, Mich.

"PILLS BARRY" DOUGHBOY—pharmaceuticals scion and World War I veteran; the original flour child.
Mark D. Becher, Brooklyn

MARY ELIZABETH "TIPPER" WEAR—successful CEO of Blair House Clothiers.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

CHILI MARLENE—singing entrepreneuse of Das Taco Bellkeller fast foods.
Marlene Anderka, Cambridge, Mass.

COREY O'GRAF—son of Zeppelin manufacturer now appearing in the Dublin company of *A Chorus Line.*
Buff Bethlen, N.Y.C.

PIERROT ZACK—drugstore king and resident of Paris, Texas.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

KLEEN X—tenth ruler of the Kleen dynasty.
S. J. Bernstein, N.Y.C.

BARON KLAUS VON BIERMUG—princely sibling of Baron Mick von Biermug, sole franchiser of "Steins 'R' Us."
Mary Anne Pozzo, Canton, Mass.

BENNY FISHERY—sole inheritor of the seafood empire founded by his uncle, Julius "Big Red" Haring.
Howard W. Lederer, N.Y.C.

LAZAR BEAME—founder and mayor of New York's first leper colony.
Penny Westmoreland, Centreville, Va.

ANNA "BOLLOCKS" STEROID—short-tempered owner of Anna's World Class Gyms.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

YORICK PEPPERMINT PATTY—new-rich candy queen. Charlie Brown: "A poor lass. I knew her, Schroeder."
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

TELLY MARKETER—successful lollipop salesman: "Who phones ya, baby?"
Kaith Karraker, Berkeley, Calif.

DEE DEE TEA—White House social secretary.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va .

MIKE CROWSOFT—Native American computer-software king.
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

KAREEM DE MENTHE—cordial shot-blocker and owner of the L.A. Liqueurs.
Lucy Oblonsky, Berkeley, Calif.

CHER WEAR—actress, singer, and Internet fashion consultant.
Jane Kretzmann, Vienna, Va.

"SPA" GETTY FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCE—billionaire rocker playing at an N.Y.C. bath-house.
Abigail Dobbs, Stone Mountain, Ga.

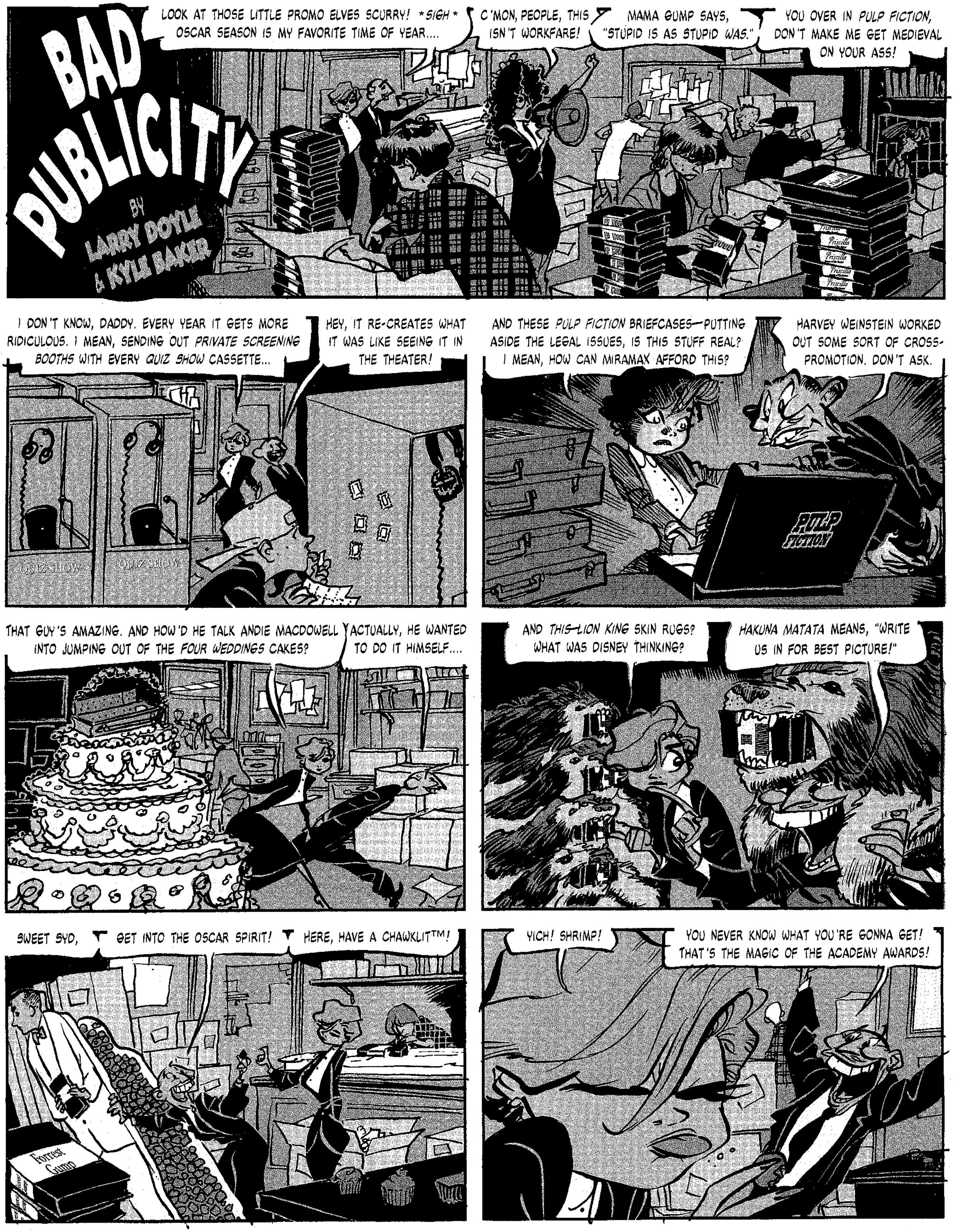
F. LEE COLLAR—billionaire expert on Miranda appeals. "The Defense Never Arrests."
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif .

"BEARSKIN" ROBBINS—defensive end for his own team, the 31ers.
Harvey Widell, Oceanside, N.Y.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 815, New York Magazine, N.Y. 10017-5998. It must be received by March 3. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of New York. Results and winners' will appear in the March 27 issue. Out-of-town post postmarks are given three days' grace.

Oscar Meister

Sandy and Sydney Flacco know real Hollywood creativity is saved for the merch.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
LOOK AT THOSE LITTLE PROMO ELVES SCURRY! *SIGH* OSCAR SEASON IS MY FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR....
C'MON, PEOPLE, THIS ISN'T WORKFARE!
MAMA GUMP SAYS, "STUPID IS AS STUPID WAS."
YOU OVER IN PULP FICTION, DON'T MAKE ME GET MEDIEVAL ON YOUR ASS!
Priscilla
I DON'T KNOW, DADDY. EVERY YEAR IT GETS MORE RIDICULOUS. I MEAN, SENDING OUT PRIVATE SCREENING BOOTHS WITH EVERY QUIZ SHOW CASSETTE...
HEY, IT RE-CREATES WHAT IT WAS LIKE SEEING IT IN THE THEATER!
QUIZ SHOW
QUIZ SHOW
AND THESE PULP FICTION BRIEFCASES—PUTTING ASIDE THE LEGAL ISSUES, IS THIS STUFF REAL? I MEAN, HOW CAN MIRAMAX AFFORD THIS?
HARVEY WEINSTEIN WORKED OUT SOME SORT OF CROSS-PROMOTION. DON'T ASK.
PULP FICTION
THAT GUY'S AMAZING. AND HOW'D HE TALK ANDIE MACDOWELL INTO JUMPING OUT OF THE FOUR WEDDINGS CAKES?
ACTUALLY, HE WANTED TO DO IT HIMSELF....
AND THIS—LION KING SKIN RUGS? WHAT WAS DISNEY THINKING?
HAKUNA MATATA MEANS, "WRITE US IN FOR BEST PICTURE!"
SWEET SYD,
GET INTO THE OSCAR SPIRIT!
HERE, HAVE A CHAWKLIT™!
Forrest Gump
YICH! SHRIMP!
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET! THAT'S THE MAGIC OF THE ACADEMY AWARDS!

KARASTAN'S NEW BAKHTIARI COLLECTION: THE BUY OF SEVERAL LIFETIMES

Save 40% on the Chahar Mahals at Einstein Moomjy

They're thought to be the most resilient people on Earth. People who think nothing of walking barefoot over snow and ice for miles every year. And for generation upon generation, their families have passed down some of the most beautiful and durable rugs in existence.

The Bakhtiari knew how to make a rug. A fact that you'll undoubtedly appreciate once you see the new Chahar Mahal Collection from Karastan.

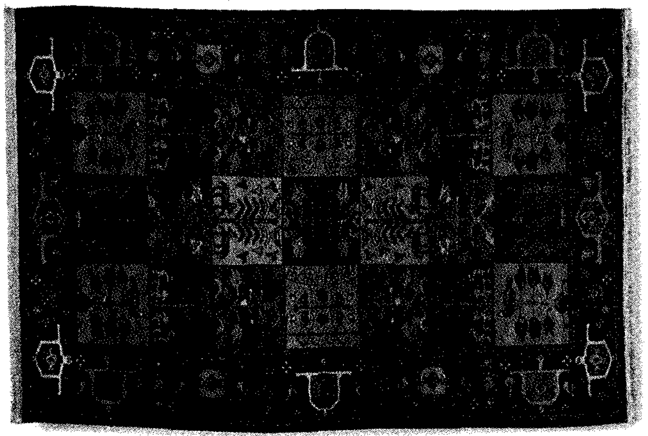
Shotur

Even a member of the Bakhtiari tribe would be suitably impressed. Made on Karastan's patented looms entirely of pure New Zealand Decorwool,™ each rug is woven through to the back. Its fringes are even handknotted for the utmost authenticity. Finally, to give it the proper finish, each rug is carefully lustre-washed.

Chahar Mahal Collection

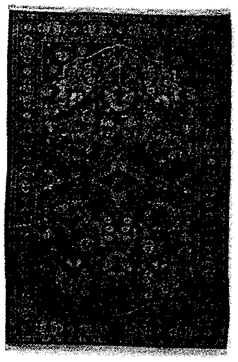
SIZE	SUGGESTED RETAIL	PREMIER PRICE
4.3' x 5.6'	$699	$399
5.9' x 8.6'	$1399	$799
8.8' x 11.3'	$2599	$1499

Equally meticulous are the rugs' designs. Each of the four rugs in Karastan's Chahar Mahal Collection has its own distinct pattern that was inspired by a Bakhtiari original.



Village Garden

Come to Einstein Moomjy and see the new Chahar Mahal Collection. Like all of the famous Karastan rug collections in the store, they're currently 40% off.



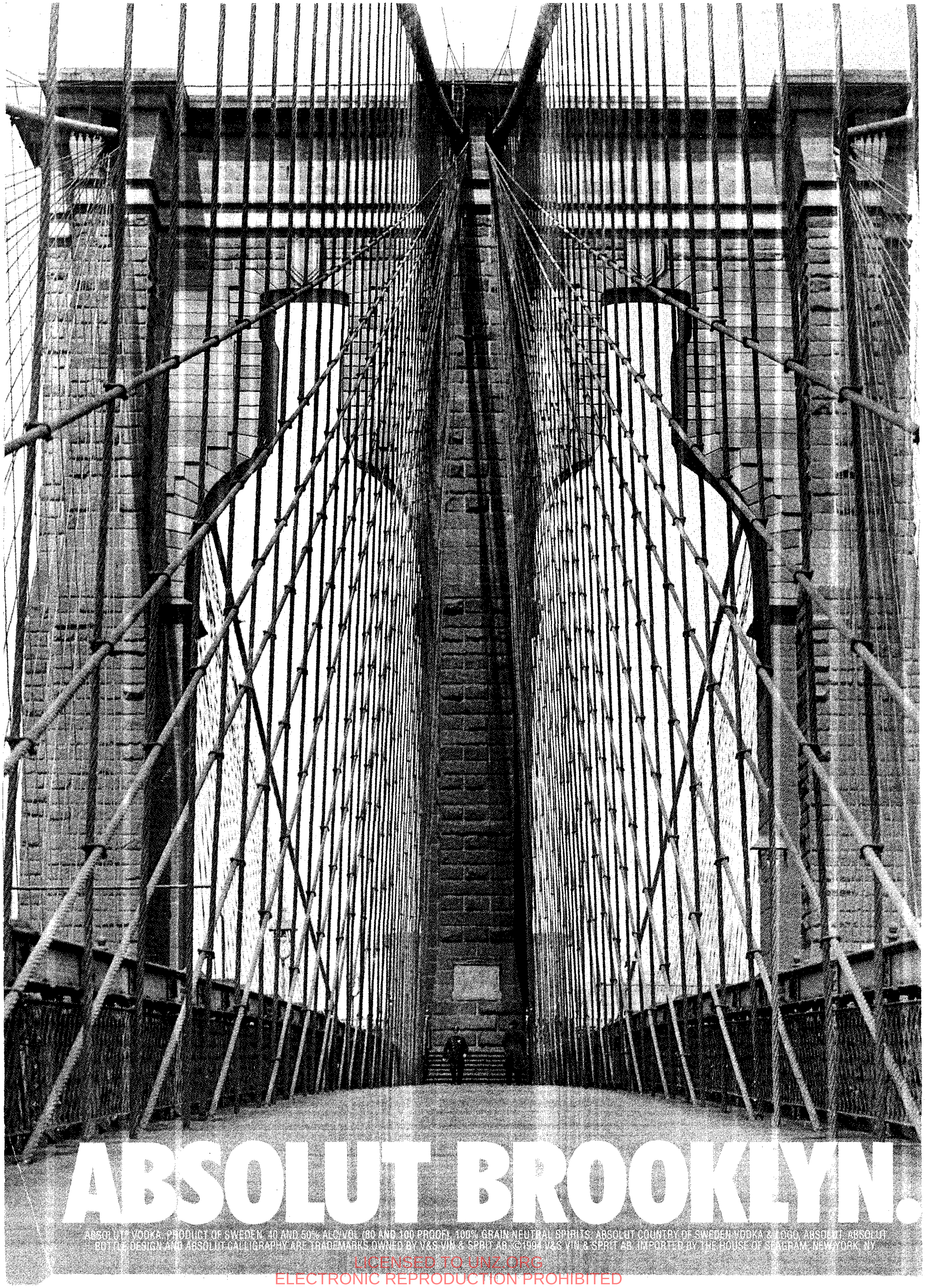
Shalamzar

Destgird

But we strongly suggest that you hurry in. Because these gorgeous rugs are so well made, we're just sure they won't last.

Einstein Moomjy. The Carpet Department Store®

To order call 800-864-3633. IN NEW YORK: 150 EAST 58TH STREET. (212) 758-0900. STORE OPEN 9:30AM-6:30PM INCL. SAT; MON TILL 7PM & THURS TILL 8PM. NEW JERSEY: PARAMUS, 526 ROUTE 17 (201) 265-1100. N. PLAINFIELD, 934 ROUTE 22 (908) 755-6800. WHIPPANY, 265 ROUTE 10 (201) 887-3600 LAWRENCEVILLE, (ALT U.S. 1) (609) 883-0700 ALL N.J. STORES OPEN DAILY TO 9PM; SAT TO 6PM. WE ACCEPT MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. ALL STORES OPEN SUNDAY 12 NOON TO 5PM (EXCEPT PARAMUS). We ship anywhere.



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